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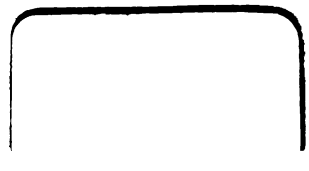

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THE MOST POPULAR HOME SONGS

Selected and Arranged by
GILBERT CLIFFORD NOBLE, *A.B.*
(HARVARD UNIVERSITY)

New Revised Edition

HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE
31-33-35 West 15th Street New York City

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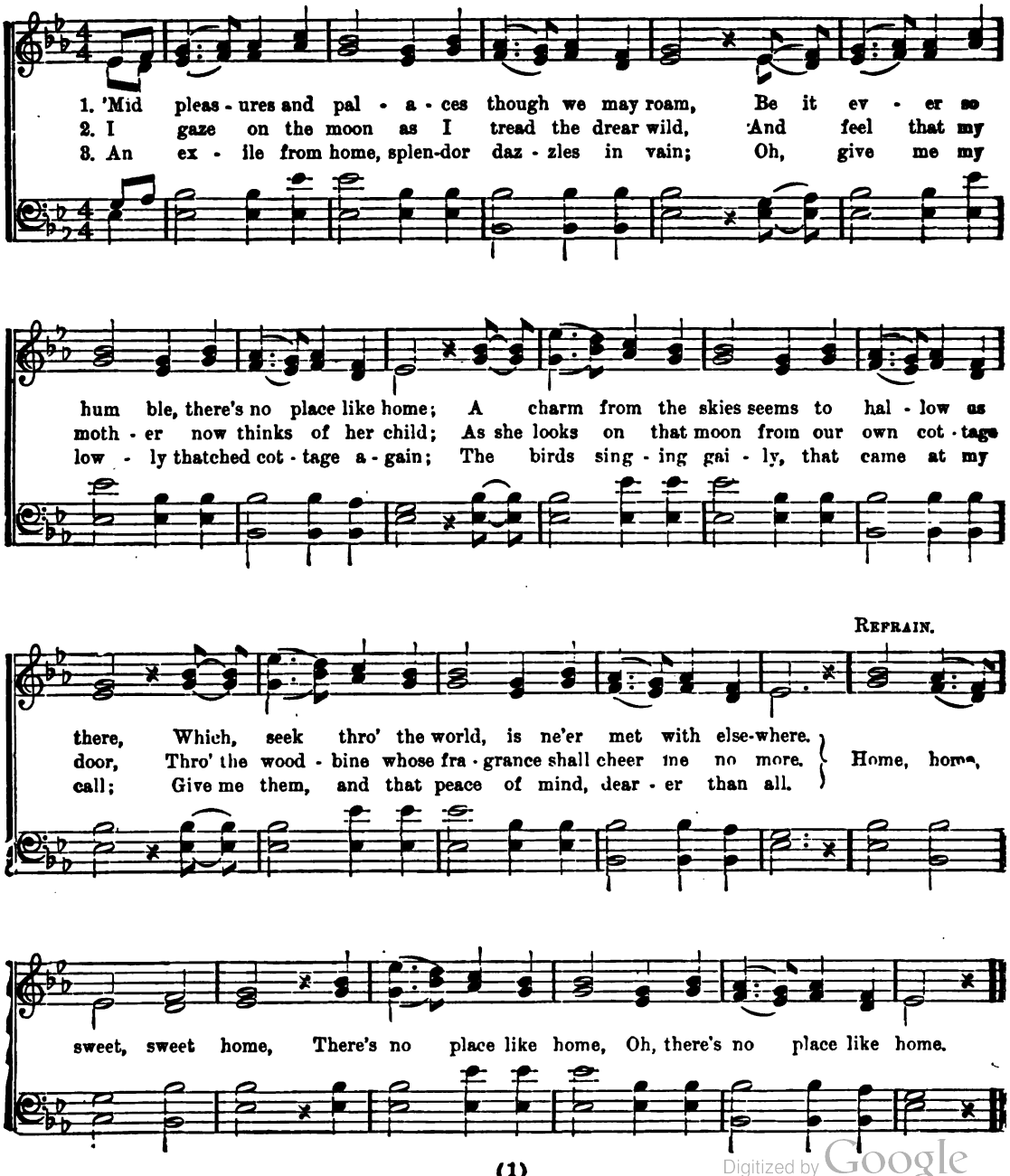
THE MOST POPULAR HOME SONGS.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by John Howard Payne. **Music by Sir Henry Bishop.**


1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
3. An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my
hum ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us
moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage
low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that came at my
Refrain.
there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no more.
call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all.
Home, home,
sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

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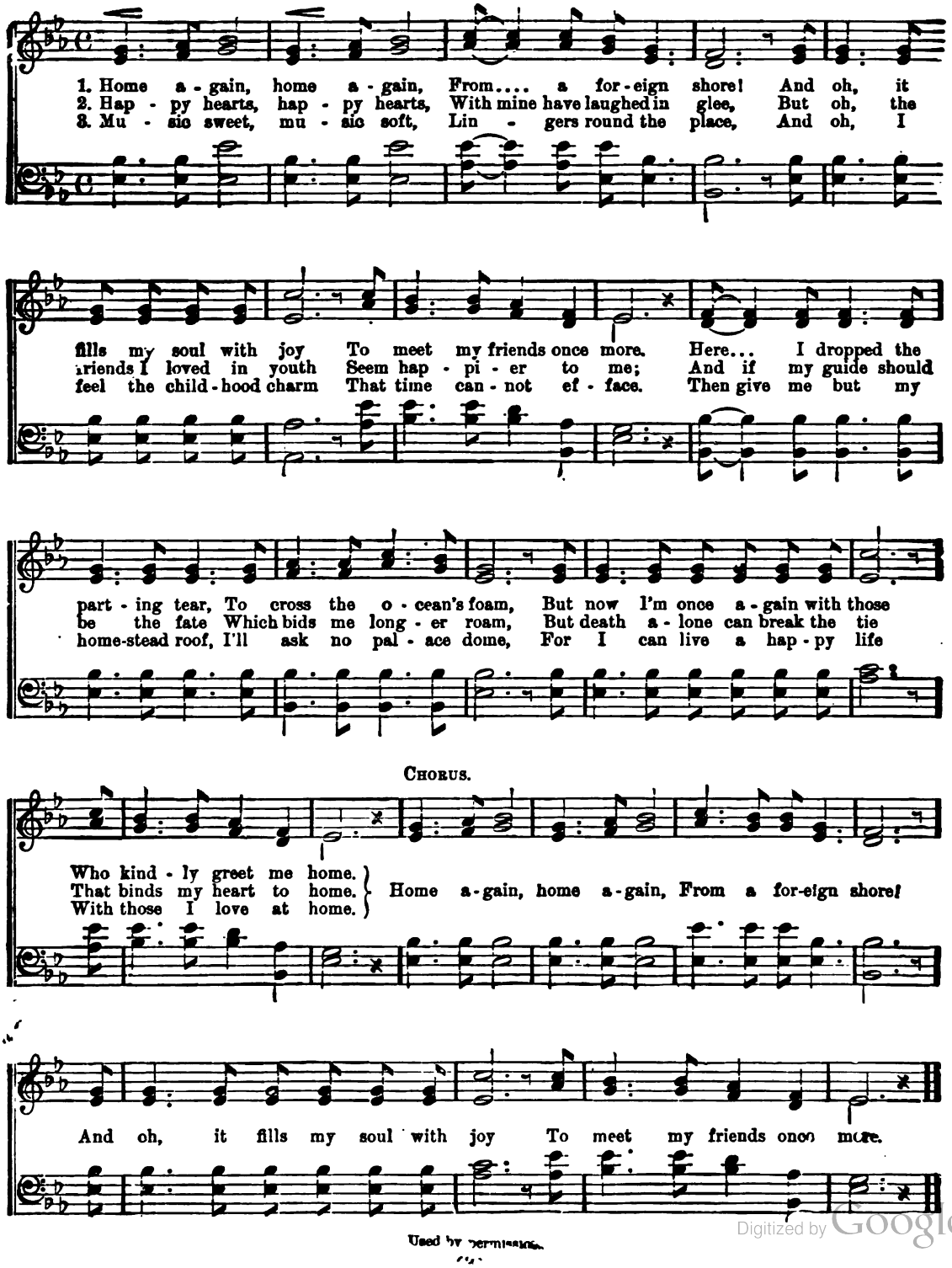
HOME AGAIN.

Words and music by Marshall S. Pike.

1. Home a - gain, home a - gain, From.... a for - eign shore! And oh, it
2. Hap - py hearts, hap - py hearts, With mine have laughed in glee, But oh, the
3. Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, Lin - gers round the place, And oh, I
fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more. Here... I dropped the
friends I loved in youth Seem hap - pi - er to me; And if my guide should
feel the child - hood charm That time can - not ef - face. Then give me but my
part - ing tear, To cross the o - cean's foam, But now I'm once a - gain with those
be the fate Which bids me long - er roam, But death a - lone can break the tie
home-stead roof, I'll ask no pal - ace dome, For I can live a hap - py life
CHORUS.
Who kind - ly greet me home.
That binds my heart to home.
With those I love at home.
Home a - gain, home a - gain, From a for-eign shore!
And oh, it fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more.

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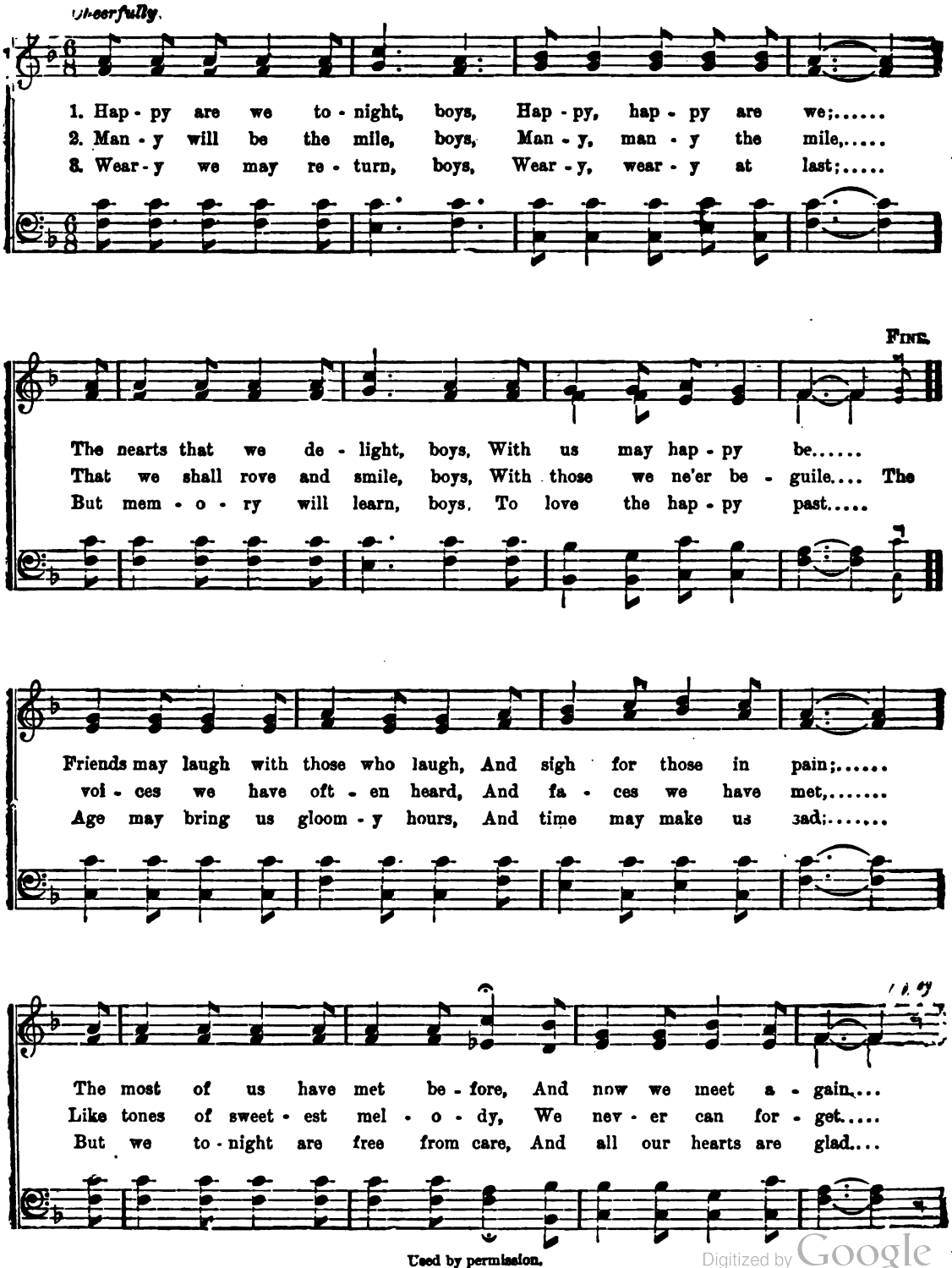
HAPPY ARE WE TO-NIGHT.


Cheerfully.
1. Hap - py are we to - night, boys, Hap - py, hap - py are we;.....
2. Man - y will be the mile, boys, Man - y, man - y the mile,.....
3. Wear - y we may re - turn, boys, Wear - y, wear - y at last;.....
Fine.
The hearts that we de - light, boys, With us may hap - py be.....
That we shall rove and smile, boys, With those we ne'er be - guile.... The
But mem - o - ry will learn, boys, To love the hap - py past.....
Friends may laugh with those who laugh, And sigh for those in pain;.....
voi - ces we have oft - en heard, And fa - ces we have met,.....
Age may bring us gloom - y hours, And time may make us sad;.....
The most of us have met be - fore, And now we meet a - gain....
Like tones of sweet - est mel - o - dy, We nev - er can for - get.....
But we to - night are free from care, And all our hearts are glad....

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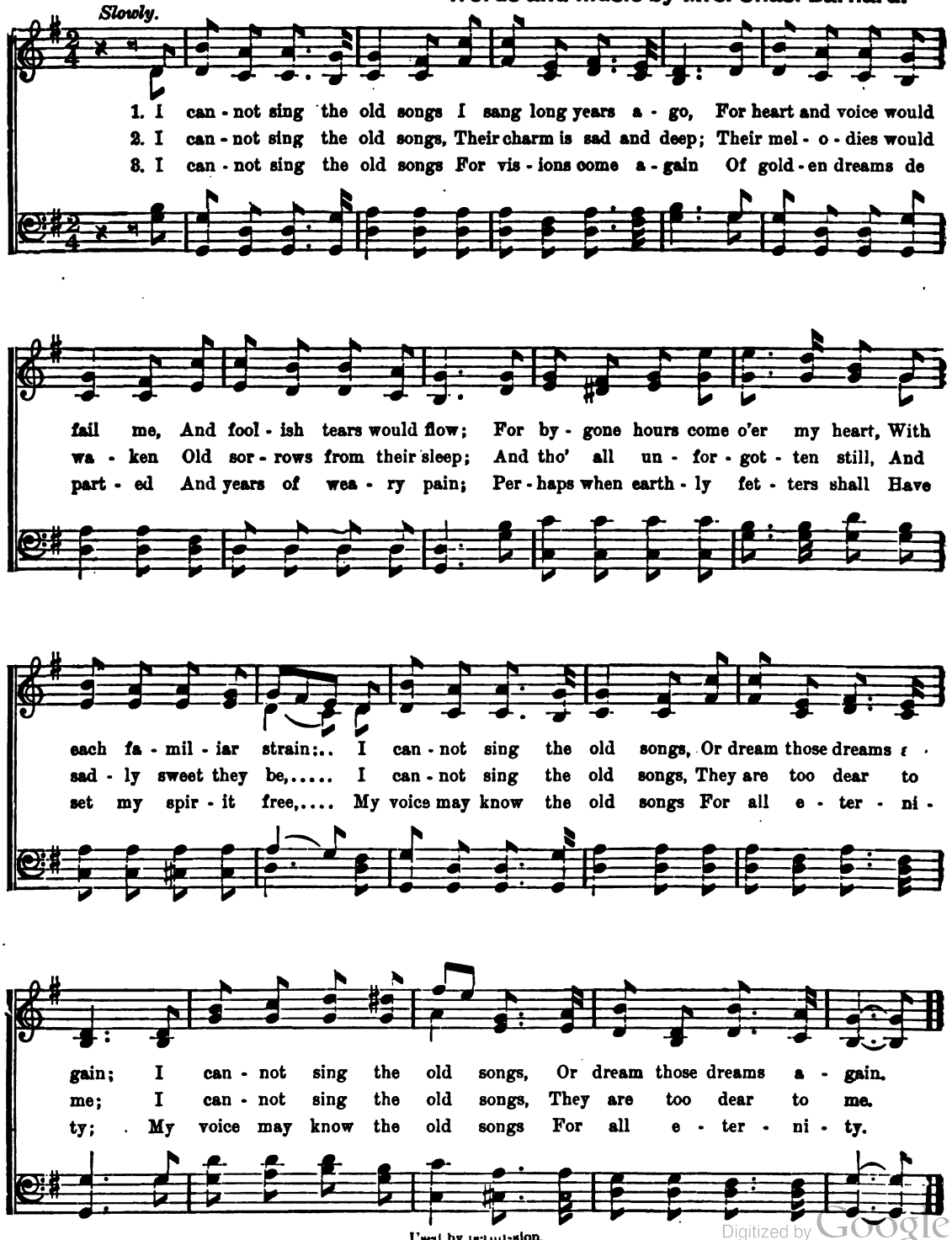
I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

Words and music by Mrs. Chas. Barnard.

Slowly.
1. I can - not sing the old songs I sang long years a - go, For heart and voice would
2. I can - not sing the old songs, Their charm is sad and deep; Their mel - o - dies would
3. I can - not sing the old songs For vis - ions come a - gain Of gold - en dreams de
fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow; For by - gone hours come o'er my heart, With
wa - ken Old sor - rows from their sleep; And tho' all un - for - got - ten still, And
part - ed And years of wea - ry pain; Per - haps when earth - ly fet - ters shall Have
each fa - mil - iar strain;.. I can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a
sad - ly sweet they be,..... I can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to
set my spir - it free,.... My voice may know the old songs For all e - ter - ni -
gain; I can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain.
me; I can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me.
ty; My voice may know the old songs For all e - ter - ni - ty.

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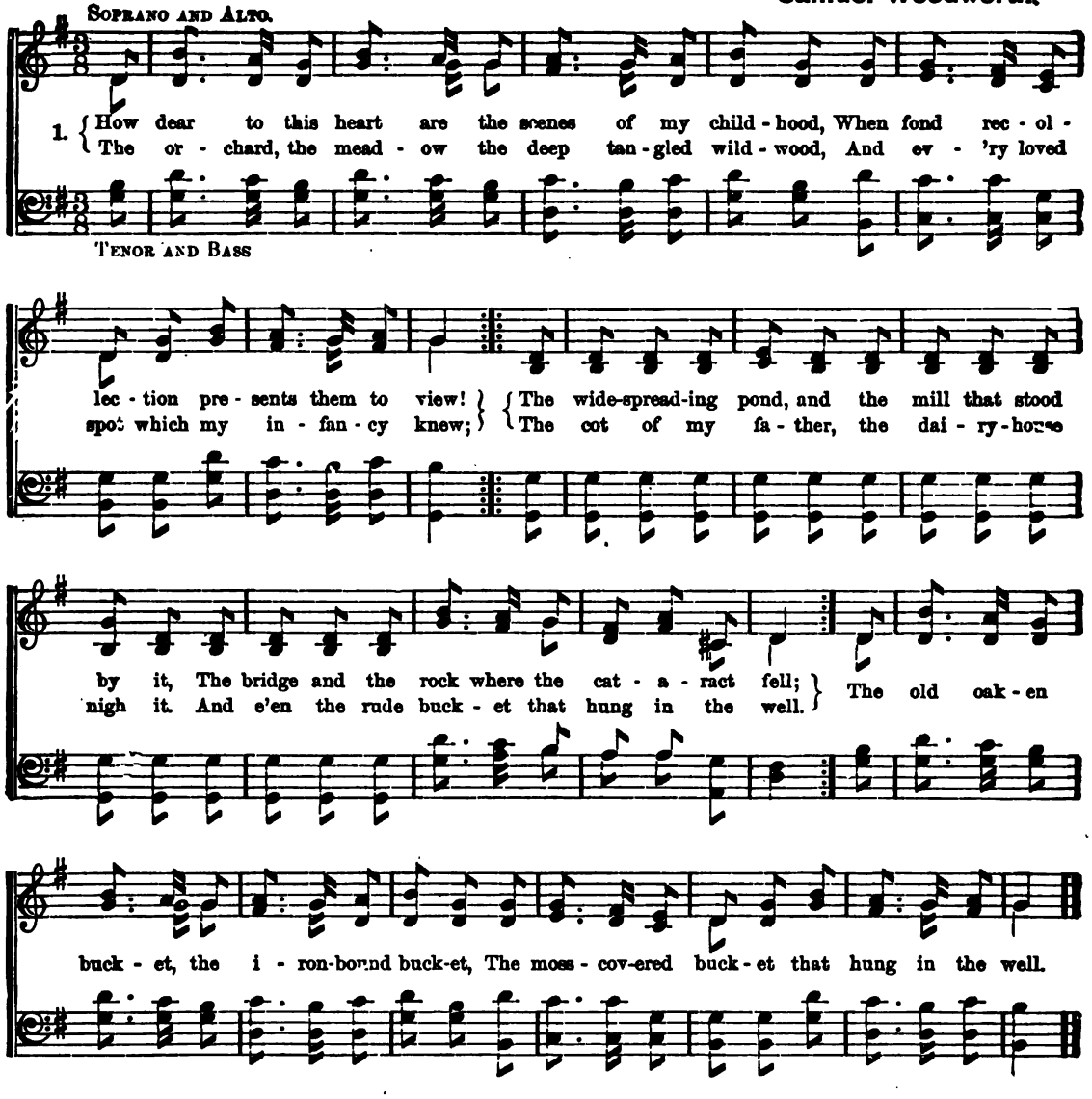
THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

Samuel Woodworth.

Soprano and Alto.
1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-
The or-chard, the mead-ow the deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev-'ry loved
Tenor and Bass
lec-tion pre-sents them to view!
spot which my in-fan-cy knew;
The wide-spread-ing pond, and the mill that stood
The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry-house
by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell;
nigh it. And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well.
The old oak-en
buck-et, the i-ron-bound buck-et, The moss-cov-ered buck-et that hung in the well.

2 The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing.
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing.
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation.
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

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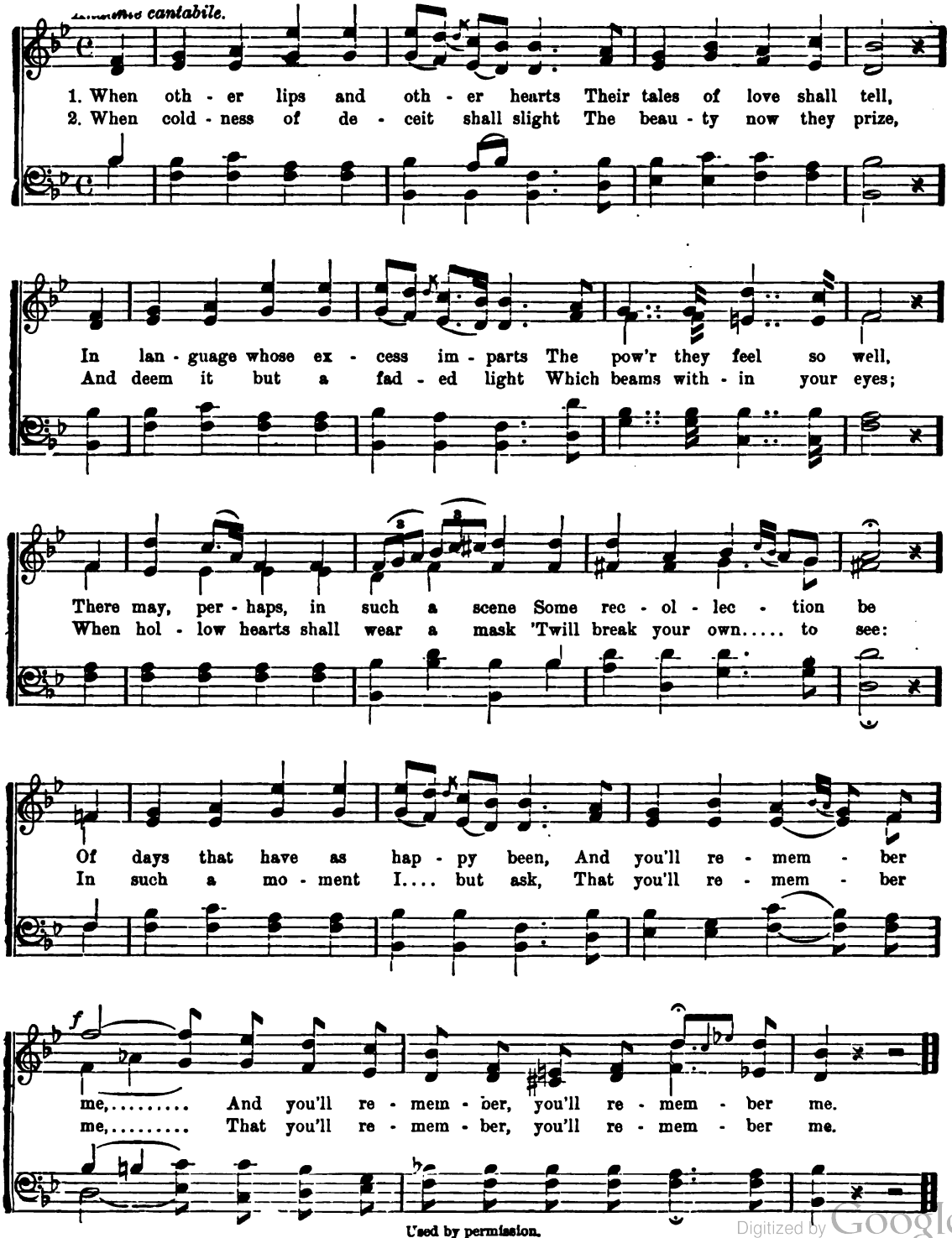
THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

Words and music by M. W. Balfe.

cantabile.
1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell,
2. When cold - ness of de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they prize,
In lan - guage whose ex - cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so well,
And deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams with - in your eyes;
There may, per - haps, in such a scene Some rec - ol - lec - tion be
When hol - low hearts shall wear a mask 'Twill break your own..... to see:
Of days that have as hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber
In such a mo - ment I.... but ask, That you'll re - mem - ber
f
me,..... And you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.
me,..... That you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.

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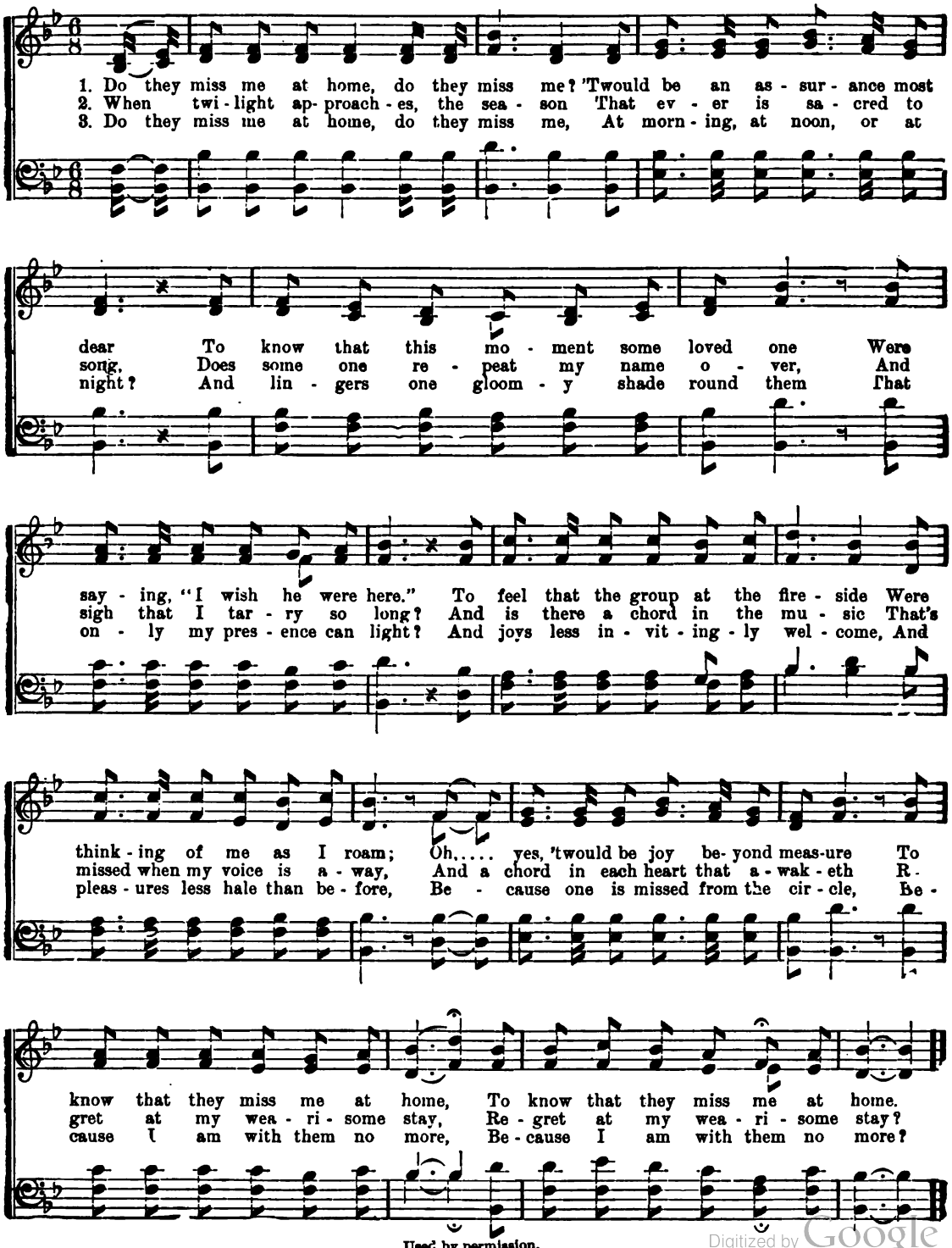
DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME.

Words by Caroline A. Mason. **Music by S. M. Grannis.**


1. Do they miss me at home, do they miss me? 'Twould be an as - sur - ance most dear To know that this mo - ment some loved one Were say - ing, "I wish he were here." To feel that the group at the fire - side Were think - ing of me as I roam; Oh..... yes, 'twould be joy be - yond meas-ure To know that they miss me at home, To know that they miss me at home.
2. When twi - light ap- proach - es, the sea - son That ev - er is sa - cred to song, Does some one re - peat my name o - ver, And sigh that I tar - ry so long? And is there a chord in the mu - sic That's missed when my voice is a - way, And a chord in each heart that a - wak - eth R - gret at my wea - ri - some stay, Re - gret at my wea - ri - some stay?
3. Do they miss me at home, do they miss me, At morn - ing, at noon, or at night? And lin - gers one gloom - y shade round them That on - ly my pres - ence can light? And joys less in - vit - ing - ly wel - come, And pleas - ures less hale than be - fore, Be - cause one is missed from the cir - cle, Be - cause I am with them no more, Be - cause I am with them no more?

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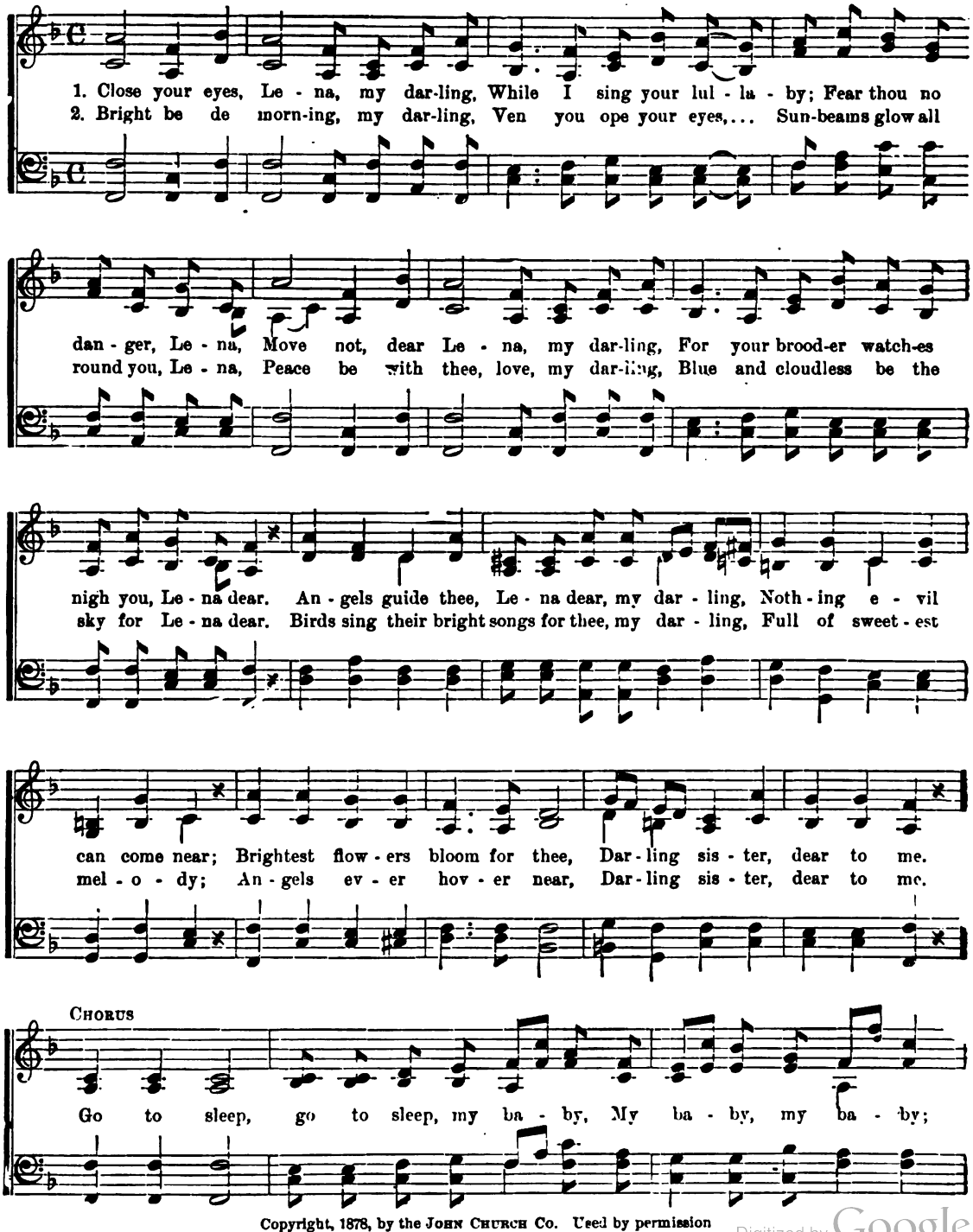
GO TO SLEEP, LENA DARLING.

(EMMETT'S LULLABY.)

Words and music by J. K. Emmett.

1. Close your eyes, Le - na, my dar-ling, While I sing your lul - la - by; Fear thou no
2. Bright be de morn-ing, my dar-ling, Ven you ope your eyes,... Sun-beams glow all
dan - ger, Le - na, Move not, dear Le - na, my dar-ling, For your brood-er watch-es
round you, Le - na, Peace be with thee, love, my dar-ling, Blue and cloudless be the
nigh you, Le - na dear. An - gels guide thee, Le - na dear, my dar - ling, Noth - ing e - vil
sky for Le - na dear. Birds sing their bright songs for thee, my dar - ling, Full of sweet - est
can come near; Brightest flow - ers bloom for thee, Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me.
mel - o - dy; An - gels ev - er hov - er near, Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me.
CHORUS
Go to sleep, go to sleep, my ba - by, My ba - by, my ba - by;

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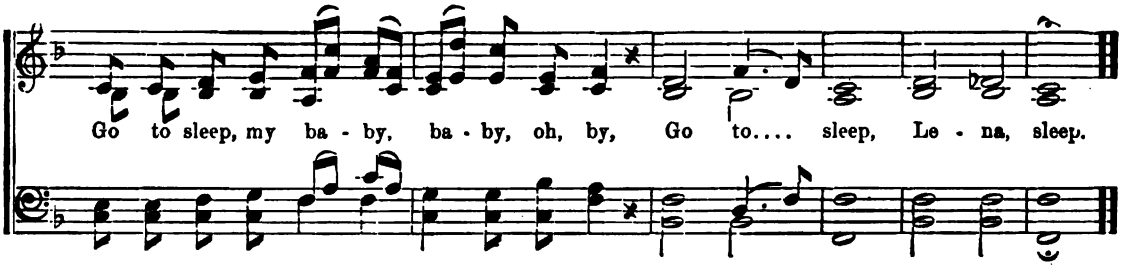
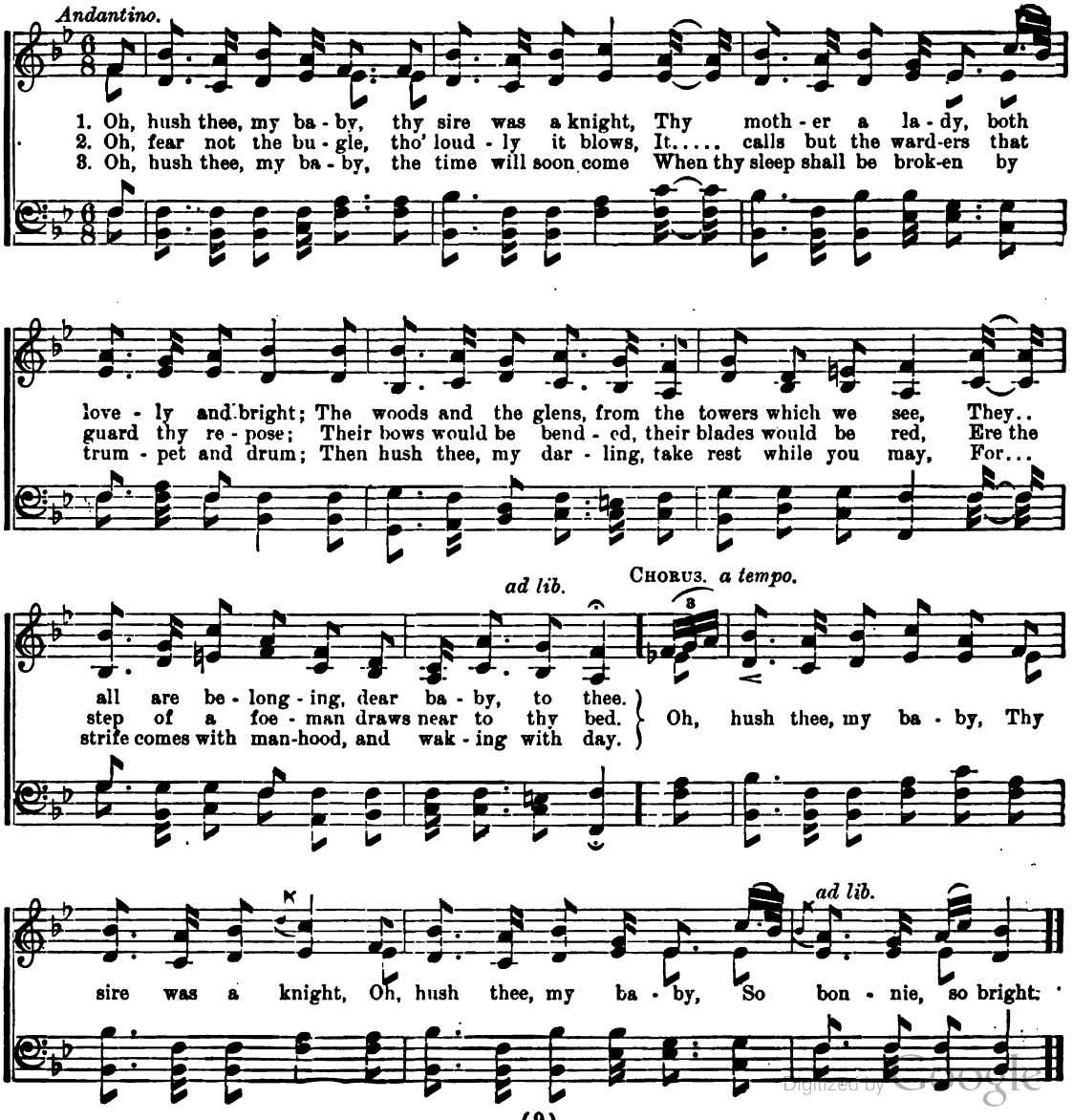
GO TO SLEEP, LENA DARLING.

OH, HUSH THEE, MY BABY.

Words by Sir Walter Scott. **Music by T. Whittaker.**

Andantino.


1. Oh, hush thee, my ba - by, thy sire was a knight, Thy moth - er a la - dy, both
2. Oh, fear not the bu - gle, tho' loud - ly it blows, It..... calls but the ward-ers that
3. Oh, hush thee, my ba - by, the time will soon come When thy sleep shall be brok-en by
love - ly and bright; The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see, They..
guard thy re - pose; Their bows would be bend - ed, their blades would be red, Ere the
trum - pet and drum; Then hush thee, my dar - ling, take rest while you may, For...
ad lib.
Chorus. a tempo.
all are be - long - ing, dear ba - by, to thee.
step of a foe - man draws near to thy bed.
strife comes with man-hood, and wak - ing with day.
Oh, hush thee, my ba - by, Thy
sire was a knight, Oh, hush thee, my ba - by, So bon - nie, so bright.
ad lib.

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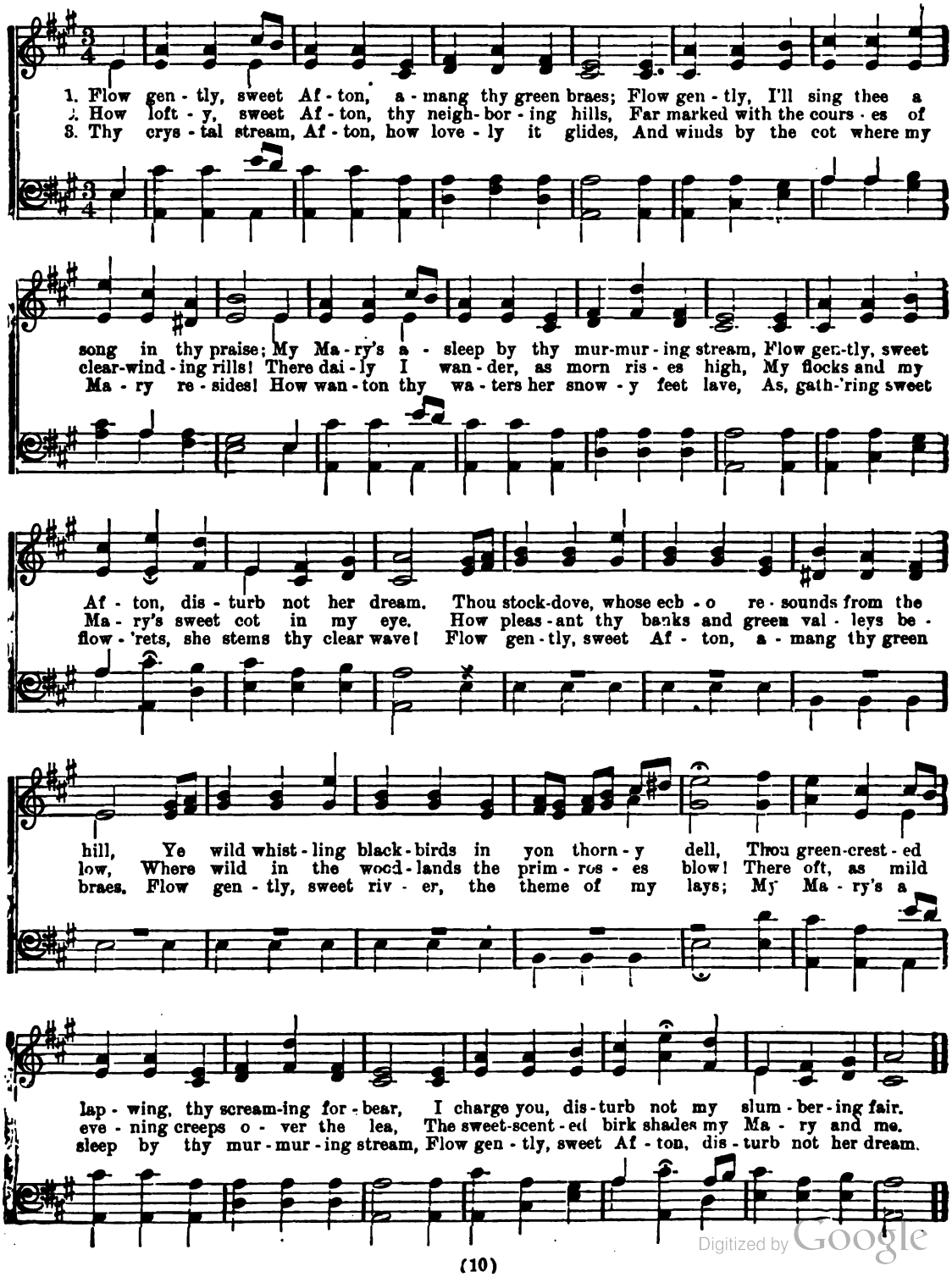
FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Words by Robert Burns. **Music by J. E. Spilman.**


1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a
2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bor - ing hills, Far marked with the cours - es of
3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my
song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur-mur - ing stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet
clear-wind - ing rills! There dai - ly I wan - der, as morn ris - es high, My flocks and my
Ma - ry re - sides! How wan - ton thy wa - ters her snow - y feet lave, As, gath-'ring sweet
Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech - o re - sounds from the
Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be -
flow - 'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green
hill, Ye wild whist - ling black - birds in yon thorn - y dell, Thou green-crest - ed
low, Where wild in the wood - lands the prim - ros - es blow! There oft, as mild
braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays; My Ma - ry's a
lap - wing, thy scream-ing for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.
eve - ning creeps o - ver the lea, The sweet-scent - ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.
sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

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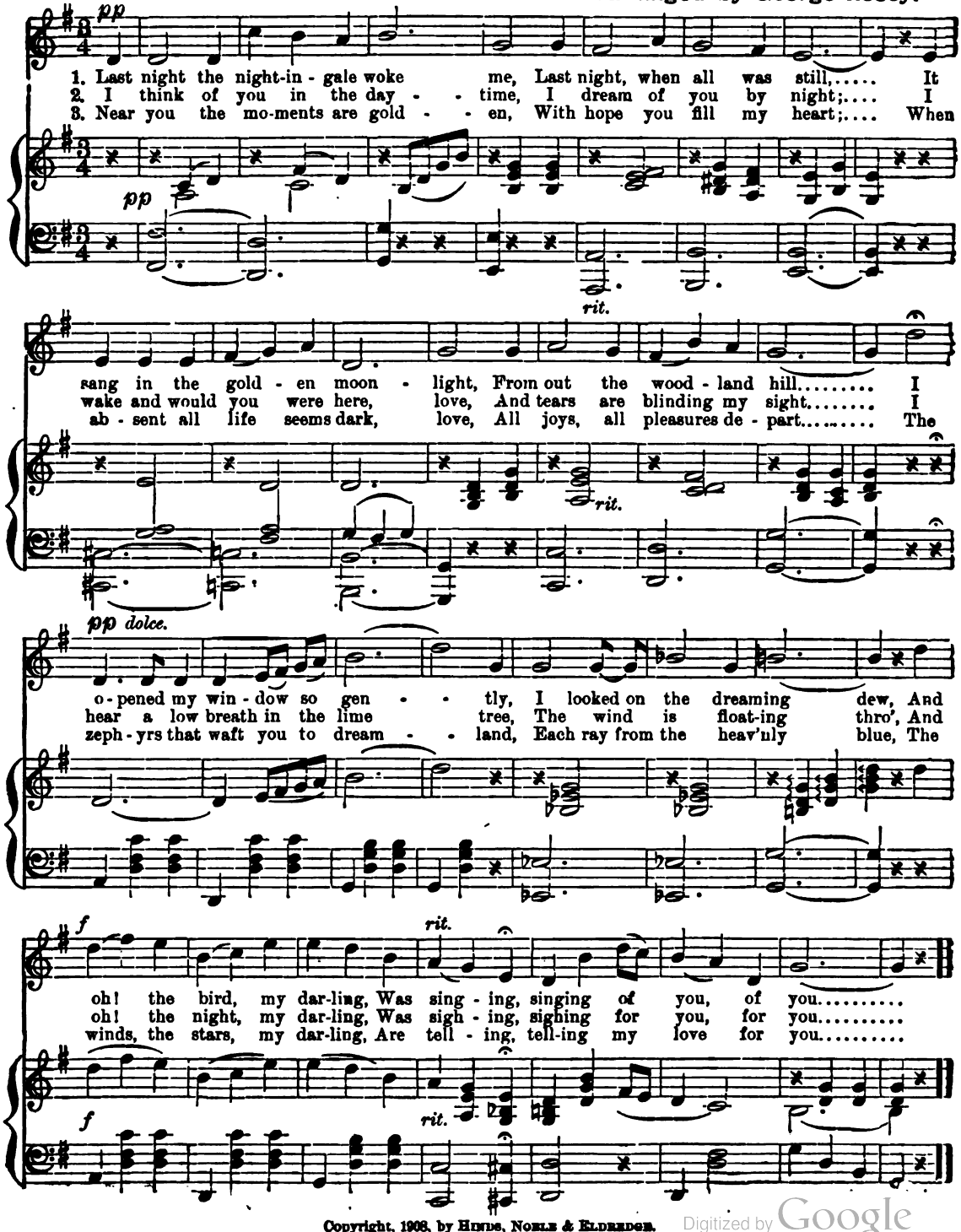
LAST NIGHT.

Words of 3d verse by Arthur Nash. **Halfdan Kjerulf.**

Andante Moderato. **Arranged by George Rosey.**

pp
1. Last night the night-in - gale woke me, Last night, when all was still,..... It
2. I think of you in the day - - time, I dream of you by night;.... I
3. Near you the mo-ments are gold - - en, With hope you fill my heart;.... When
rit.
sang in the gold - en moon - light, From out the wood - land hill..... I
wake and would you were here, love, And tears are blinding my sight..... I
ab - sent all life seems dark, love, All joys, all pleasures de - part..... The
pp dolce.
o - pened my win - dow so gen - - tly, I looked on the dreaming dew, And
hear a low breath in the lime tree, The wind is float-ing thro', And
zeph - yrs that waft you to dream - - land, Each ray from the heav'nly blue, The
f
rit.
oh! the bird, my dar-ling, Was sing - ing, singing of you, of you.....
oh! the night, my dar-ling, Was sigh - ing, sighing for you, for you.....
winds, the stars, my dar-ling, Are tell - ing, tell-ing my love for you.....
f
rit.

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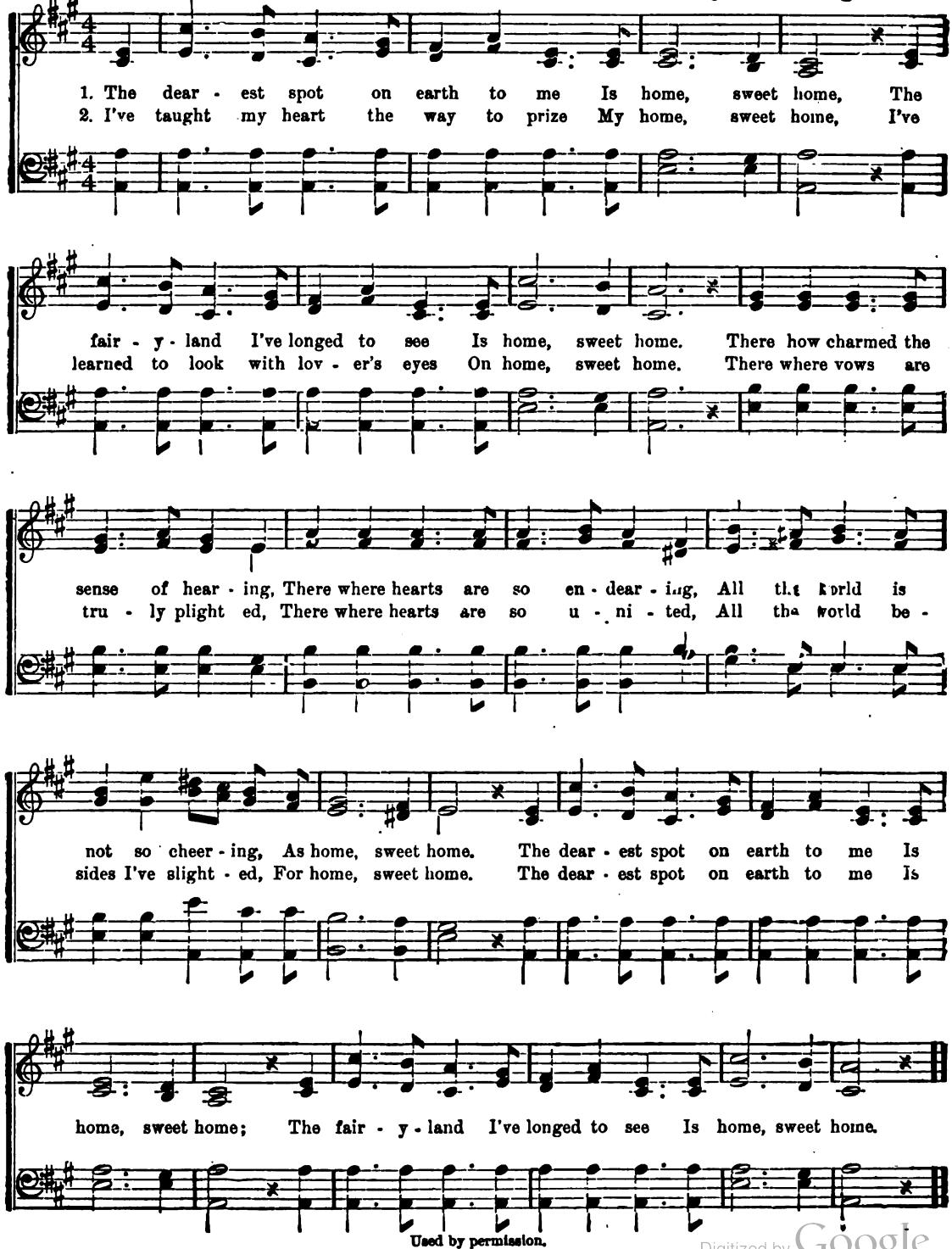
THE DEAREST SPOT IS HOME.

Words and music by W. T. Wrighton.


1. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home, The
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home, I've
fair - y - land I've longed to see Is home, sweet home. There how charmed the
learned to look with lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home. There where vows are
sense of hear - ing, There where hearts are so en - dear - ing, All the world is
tru - ly plight ed, There where hearts are so u - ni - ted, All the world be -
not so cheer - ing, As home, sweet home. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is
sides I've slight - ed, For home, sweet home. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is
home, sweet home; The fair - y - land I've longed to see Is home, sweet home.

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SWEET AND LOW.

Alfred Tennyson. **J. Barnby.**

Larghetto.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . Rest, rest on

TENOR AND BASS.

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . O - - ver the
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . Fa - - ther will

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails all out of the west,

wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of . the west, Un - der the sil - ver
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon . . and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

wa - ters go, Come . . . from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails out of the west,

rall e dim.

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . . .
moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . . .

rall e dim.

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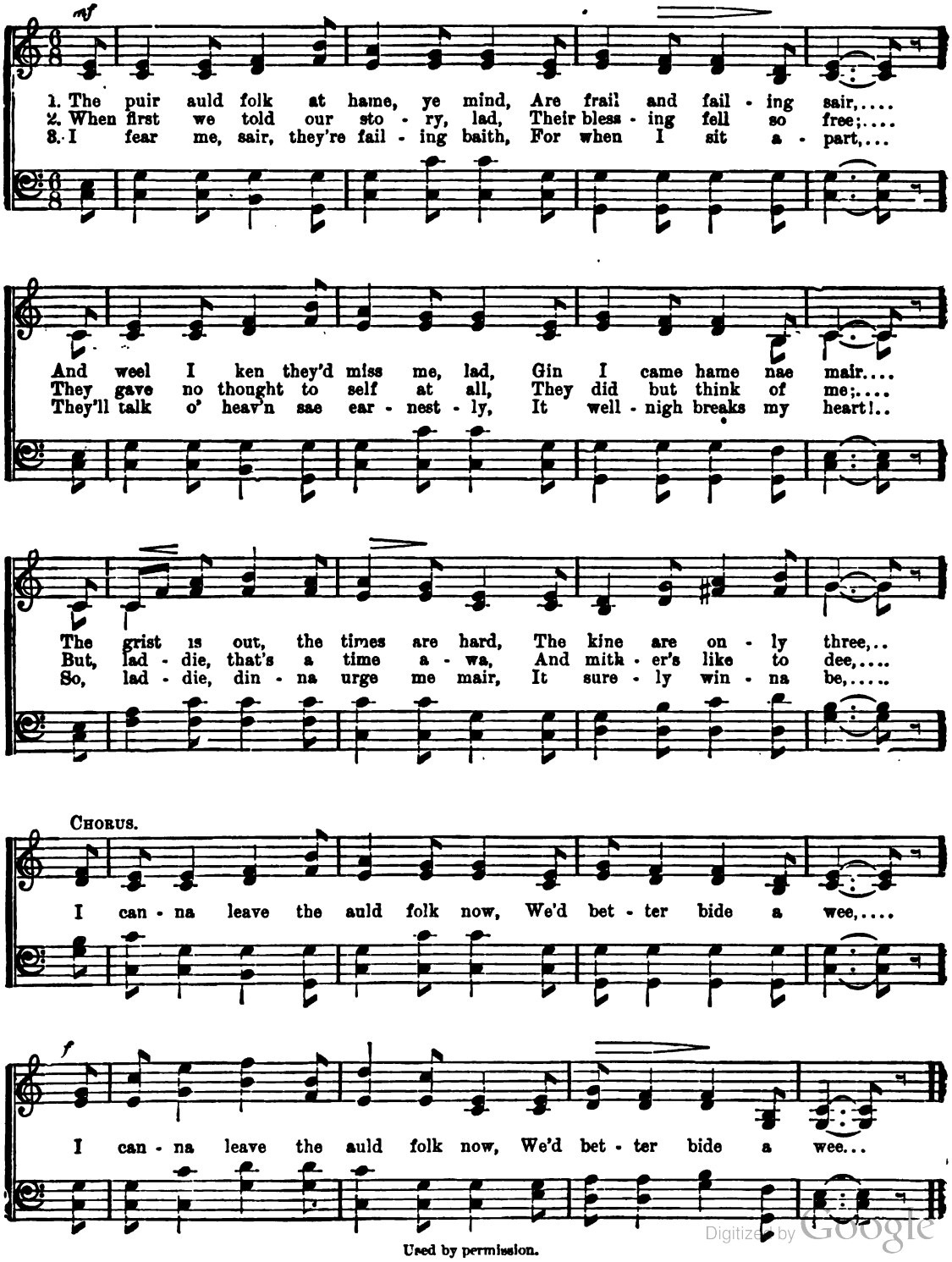
WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE.

Words and music by Mrs. Chas. Barnard.

1. The puir auld folk at hame, ye mind, Are frail and fail - ing sair,....
2. When first we told our sto - ry, lad, Their bless - ing fell so free;....
3. I fear me, sair, they're fail - ing baith, For when I sit a - part,...
And weel I ken they'd miss me, lad, Gin I came hame nae mair....
They gave no thought to self at all, They did but think of me;....
They'll talk o' heav'n sae ear - nest - ly, It well - nigh breaks my heart!..
The grist is out, the times are hard, The kine are on - ly three,..
But, lad - die, that's a time a - wa, And mith - er's like to dee,....
So, lad - die, din - na urge me mair, It sure - ly win - na be,.....
Chorus.
I can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet - ter bide a wee,....
I can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet - ter bide a wee...

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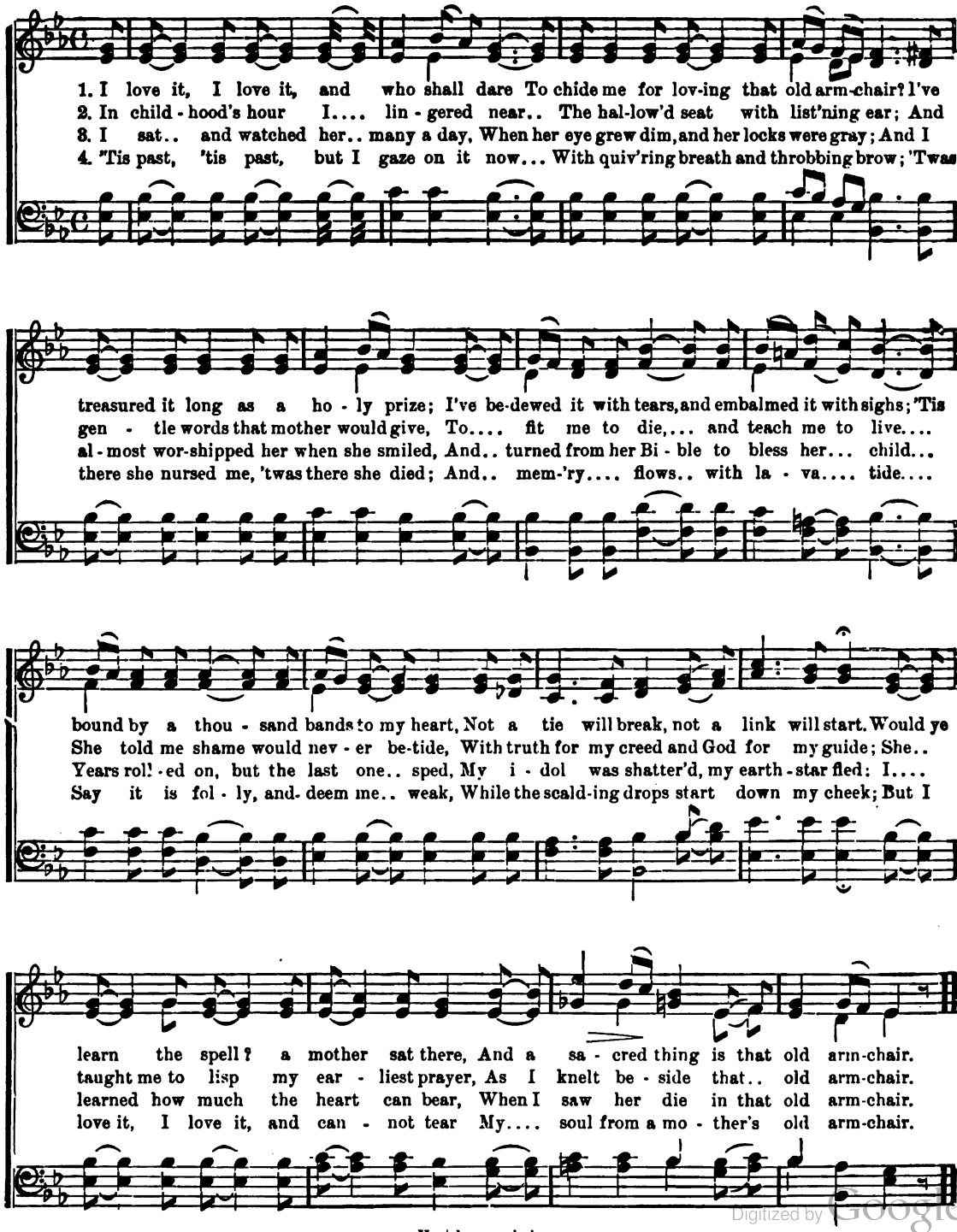
THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

Words by Henry Russell. **Music by Eliza Cook.**


1. I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To chide me for lov-ing that old arm-chair? I've
2. In child-hood's hour I.... lin-gered near.. The hal-low'd seat with list'ning ear; And
3. I sat.. and watched her.. many a day, When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray; And I
4. 'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now... With quiv'ring breath and throbbing brow; 'Twas
treasured it long as a ho-ly prize; I've be-dewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs; 'Tis
gen-tle words that mother would give, To.... fit me to die,... and teach me to live....
al-most wor-shipped her when she smiled, And.. turned from her Bi-ble to bless her... child...
there she nursed me, 'twas there she died; And.. mem-'ry.... flows.. with la-va.... tide....
bound by a thou-sand bands to my heart, Not a tie will break, not a link will start. Would ye
She told me shame would nev-er be-tide, With truth for my creed and God for my guide; She..
Years roll-ed on, but the last one.. sped, My i-dol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled: I....
Say it is fol-ly, and deem me.. weak, While the scald-ing drops start down my cheek; But I
learn the spell? a mother sat there, And a sa-cred thing is that old arm-chair.
taught me to lisp my ear-liest prayer, As I knelt be-side that.. old arm-chair.
learned how much the heart can bear, When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.
love it, I love it, and can-not tear My.... soul from a mo-ther's old arm-chair.

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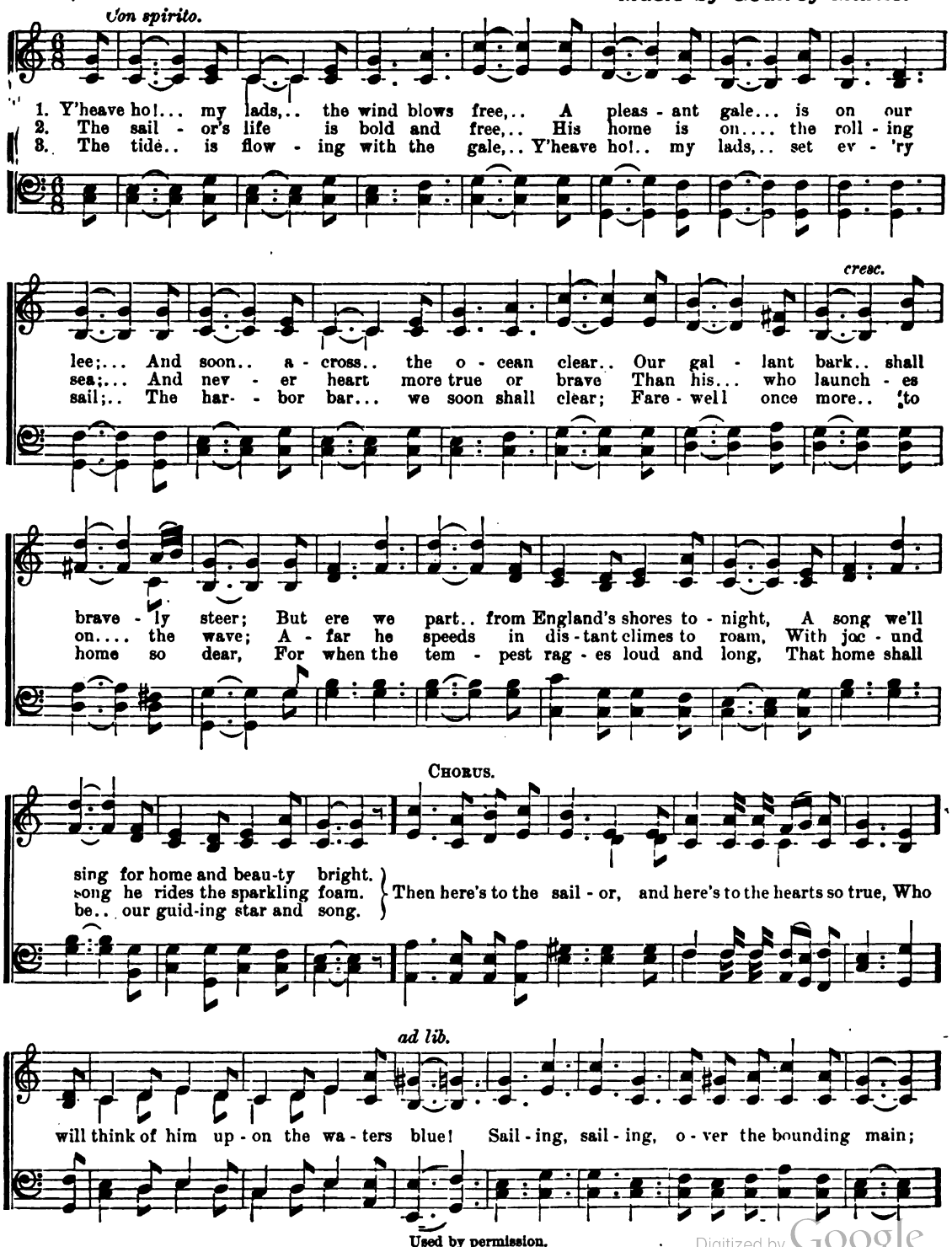
SAILING.

Music by Godfrey Marks.

Con spirito.
1. Y'heave ho!... my lads,.. the wind blows free,.. A pleas - ant gale... is on our
2. The sail - or's life is bold and free,.. His home is on.... the roll - ing
3. The tide.. is flow - ing with the gale,.. Y'heave ho!.. my lads,.. set ev - 'ry
cresc.
lee;... And soon.. a - cross.. the o - cean clear.. Our gal - lant bark.. shall
sea;... And nev - er heart more true or brave Than his... who launch - es
sail;.. The har - bor bar... we soon shall clear; Fare - well once more.. to
brave - ly steer; But ere we part.. from England's shores to - night, A song we'll
on.... the wave; A - far he speeds in dis - tant climes to roam, With joc - und
home so dear, For when the tem - pest rag - es loud and long, That home shall
Chorus.
sing for home and beau-ty bright.
song he rides the sparkling foam.
be.. our guid-ing star and song.
Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to the hearts so true, Who
ad lib.
will think of him up - on the wa - ters blue! Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bounding main;

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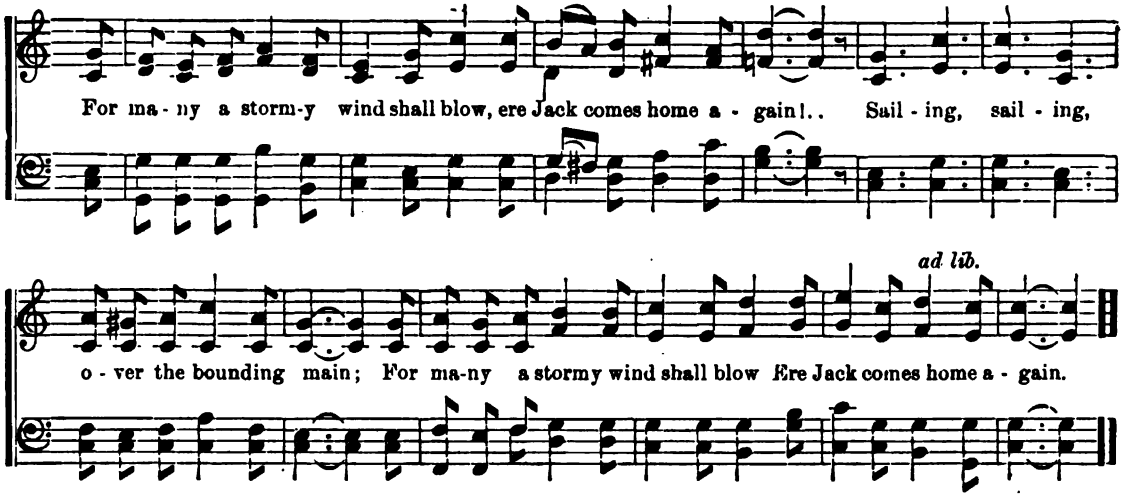
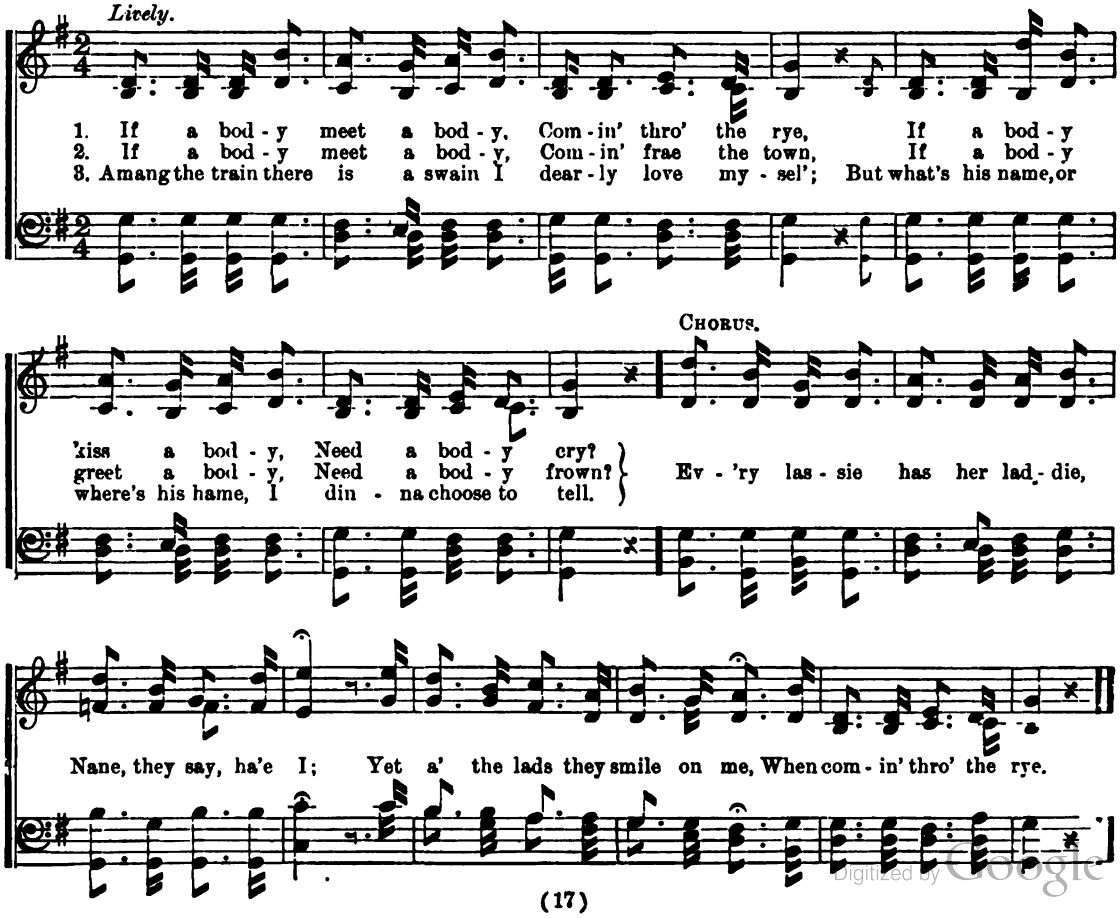
SAILING.


For ma - ny a storm-y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain!.. Sail - ing, sail - ing,
ad lib.
o - ver the bounding main; For ma-ny a stormy wind shall blow Ere Jack comes home a - gain.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Words by Robert Burns.

Lively.


1. If a bod - y meet a bod - y, Com - in' thro' the rye, If a bod - y
2. If a bod - y meet a bod - y, Com - in' frae the town, If a bod - y
3. Amang the train there is a swain I dear - ly love my - sel'; But what's his name, or
Chorus.
'kiss a bod - y, Need a bod - y cry?
greet a bod - y, Need a bod - y frown?
where's his name, I din - na choose to tell.
Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die,
Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When com - in' thro' the rye.

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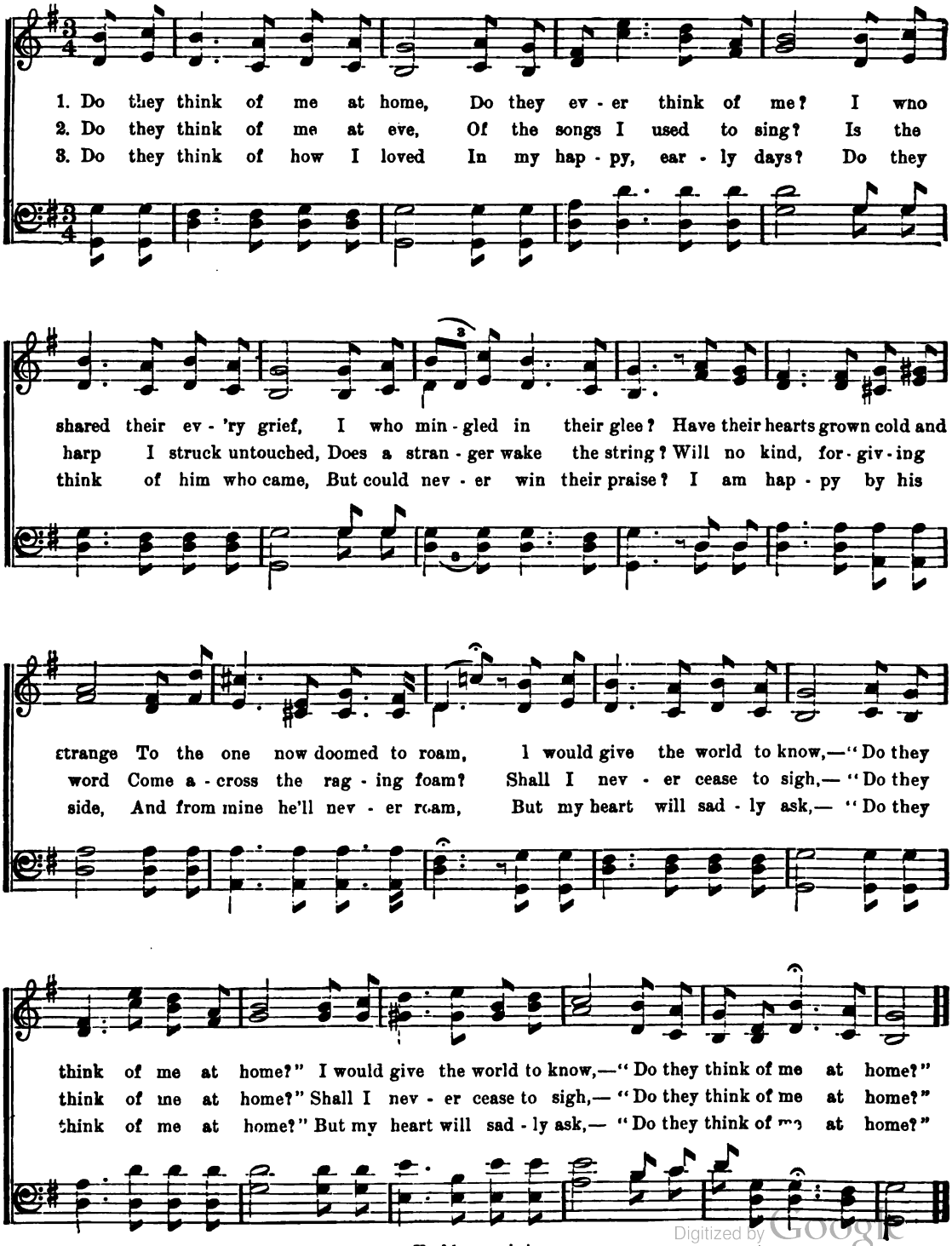
DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME.

Words by J. E. Carpenter. Music by Chas. W. Glover

1. Do they think of me at home, Do they ev - er think of me? I who
2. Do they think of me at eve, Of the songs I used to sing? Is the
3. Do they think of how I loved In my hap - py, ear - ly days? Do they
shared their ev - 'ry grief, I who min - gled in their glee? Have their hearts grown cold and
harp I struck untouched, Does a stran - ger wake the string? Will no kind, for - giv - ing
think of him who came, But could nev - er win their praise? I am hap - py by his
strange To the one now doomed to roam, I would give the world to know,—"Do they
word Come a - cross the rag - ing foam? Shall I nev - er cease to sigh,—"Do they
side, And from mine he'll nev - er roam, But my heart will sad - ly ask,—"Do they
think of me at home?" I would give the world to know,—"Do they think of me at home?"
think of me at home?" Shall I nev - er cease to sigh,—"Do they think of me at home?"
think of me at home?" But my heart will sad - ly ask,—"Do they think of me at home?"

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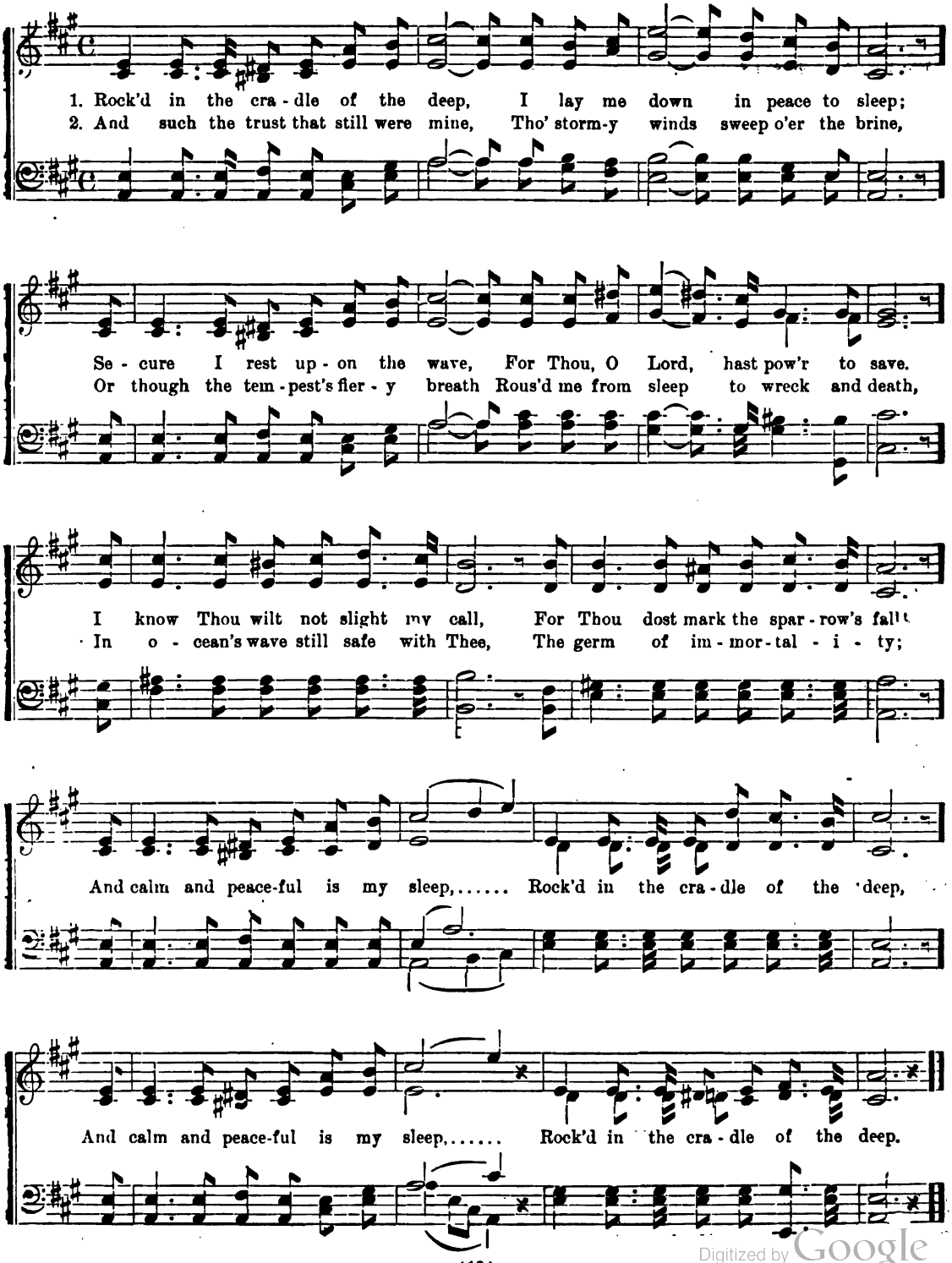
ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

1. Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm-y winds sweep o'er the brine,
Se - cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
Or though the tem - pest's fier - y breath Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death,
I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar - row's fall
In o - cean's wave still safe with Thee, The germ of im - mor - tal - i - ty;
And calm and peace-ful is my sleep,..... Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep,
And calm and peace-ful is my sleep,..... Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep.

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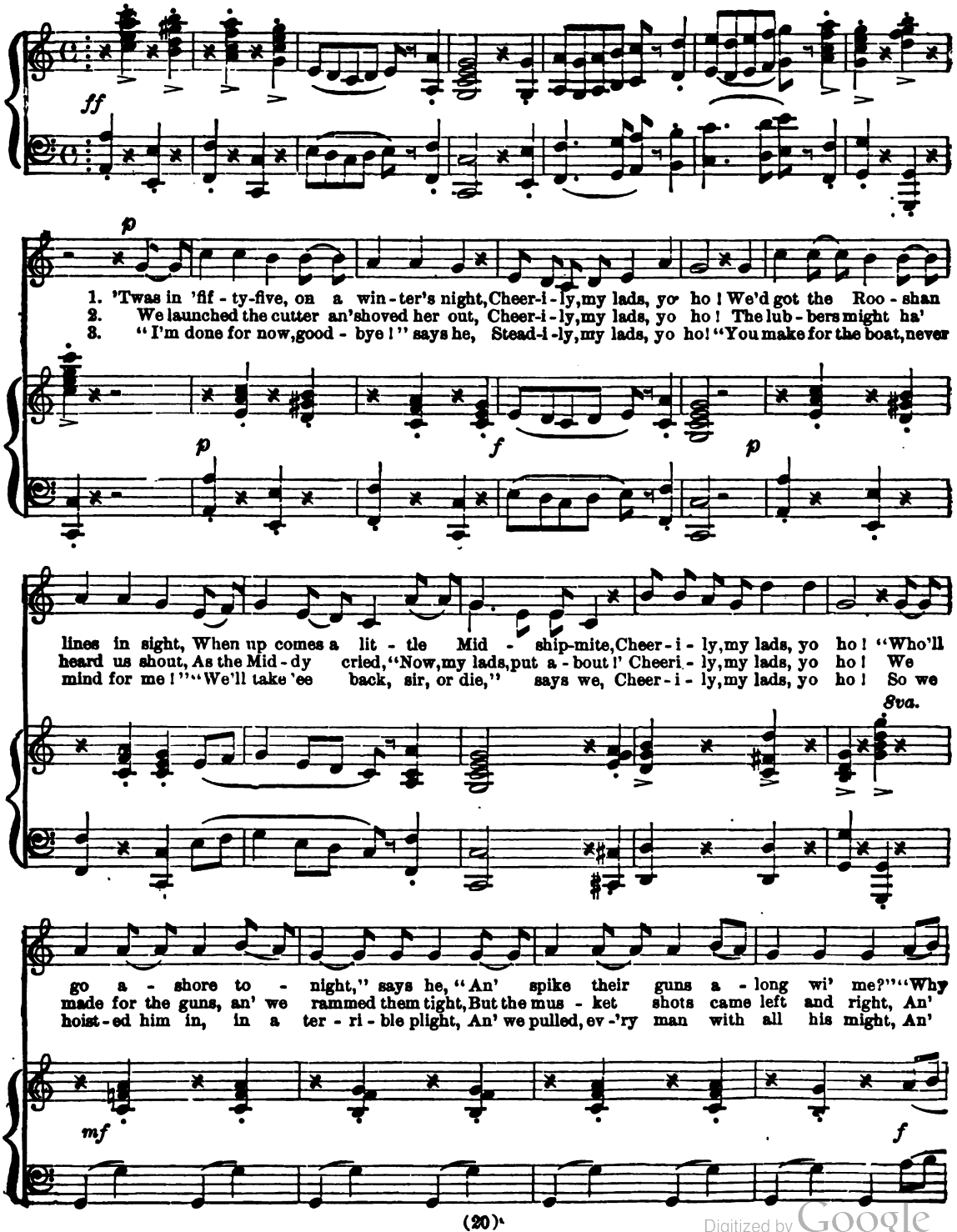
THE MIDSHIPMITE.

Words by Fred. E. Weatherly. **Music by Stephen Adams.**

Con spirito.

ff
p
1. 'Twas in 'fif - ty-five, on a win - ter's night, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We'd got the Roo - shan
2. We launched the cutter an' shoved her out, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! The lub - bers might ha'
3. "I'm done for now, good - bye!" says he, Stead-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "You make for the boat, never
p
f
p
lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle Mid - ship-mite, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll
heard us shout, As the Mid - dy cried, "Now, my lads, put a - bout!' Cheeri - ly, my lads, yo ho! We
mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or die," says we, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! So we
8va.
go a - shore to - night," says he, "An' spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why
made for the guns, an' we rammed them tight, But the mus - ket shots came left and right, An'
hoist - ed him in, in a ter - ri - ble plight, An' we pulled, ev - 'ry man with all his might, An'
mf
f

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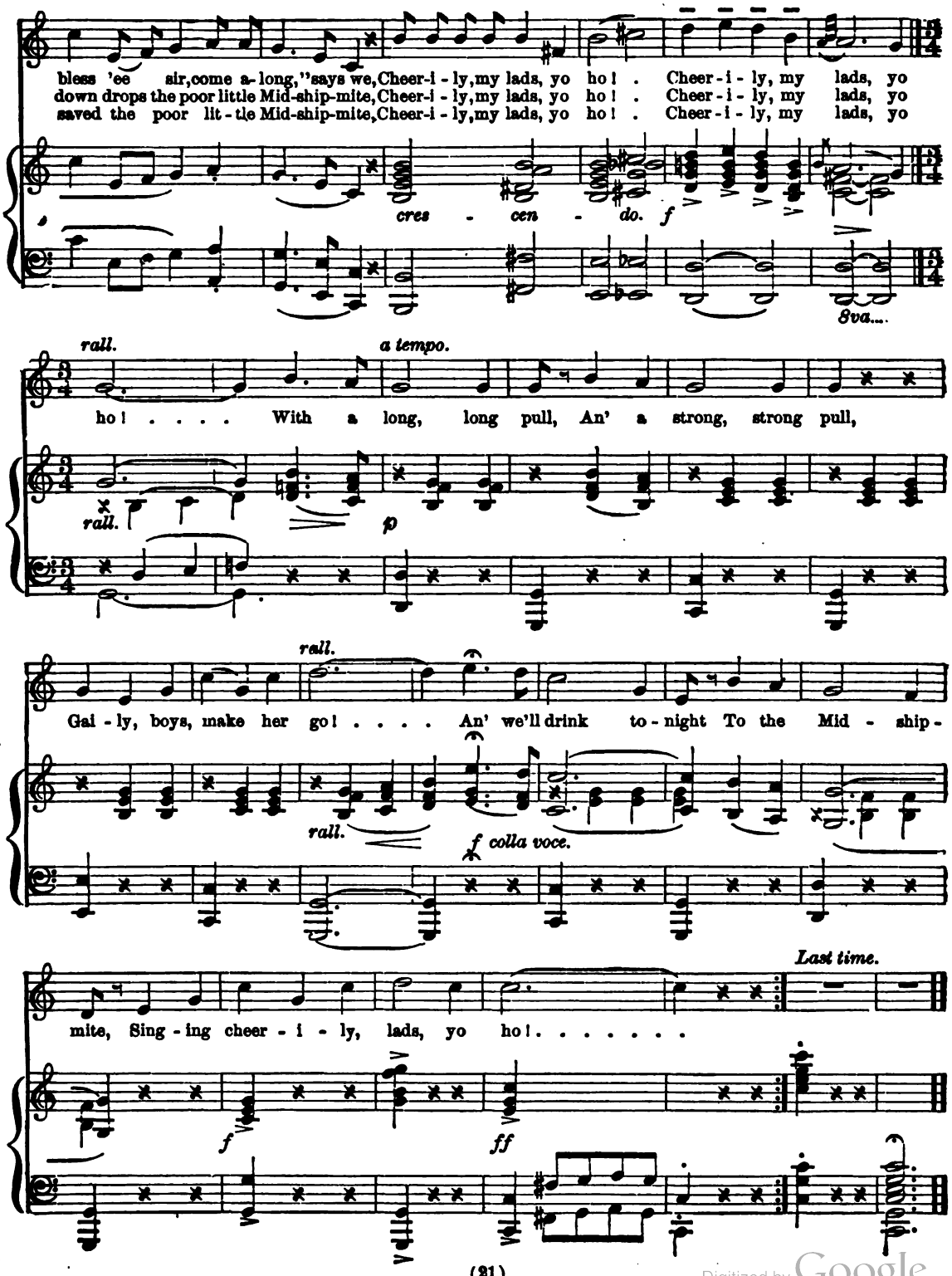
bless 'ee sir, come a-long," says we, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo
down drops the poor little Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo
saved the poor lit-tle Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo
cres - cen - do.
f
8va....
rall.
a tempo.
ho! . . . . With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull,
rall.
p
rall.
Gai-ly, boys, make her go! . . . . An' we'll drink to-night To the Mid-ship-
rall.
f colla voce.
Last time.
mite, Sing-ing cheer-i-ly, lads, yo ho! . . . . . .
f
ff

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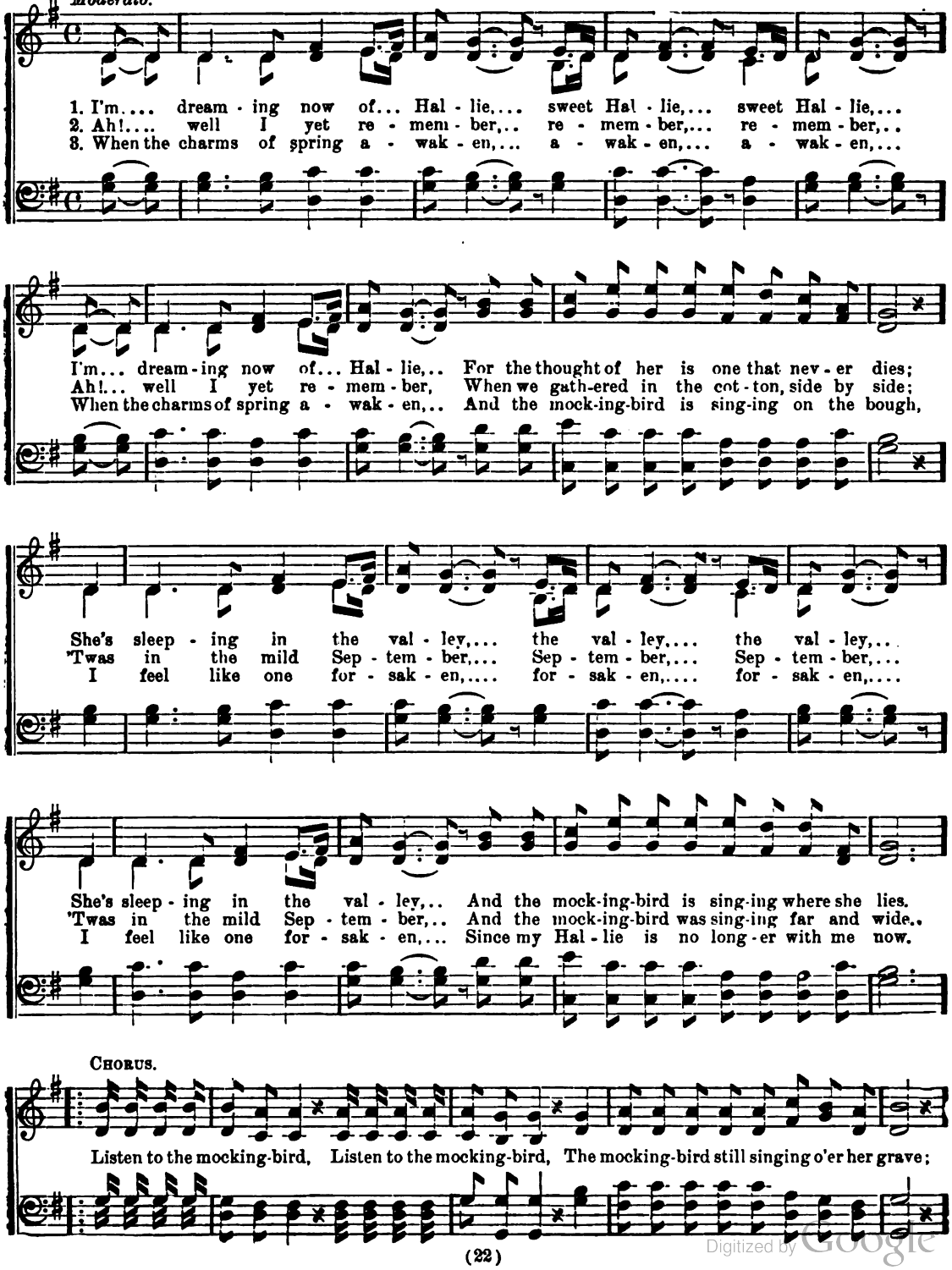
LISTEN TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Words and music by Alice Hawthorne.

Moderato.

1. I'm.... dream - ing now of... Hal - lie,.... sweet Hal - lie,... sweet Hal - lie,...
2. Ah!.... well I yet re - mem - ber,.. re - mem - ber,... re - mem - ber,..
3. When the charms of spring a - wak - en,.... a - wak - en,... a - wak - en,...
I'm... dream-ing now of... Hal - lie,.. For the thought of her is one that nev - er dies;
Ah!... well I yet re - mem - ber, When we gath-ered in the cot - ton, side by side;
When the charms of spring a - wak - en,.. And the mock-ing-bird is sing-ing on the bough,
She's sleep - ing in the val - ley,... the val - ley,... the val - ley,...
'Twas in the mild Sep - tem - ber,... Sep - tem - ber,... Sep - tem - ber,...
I feel like one for - sak - en,.... for - sak - en,.... for - sak - en,....
She's sleep - ing in the val - ley,.. And the mock-ing-bird is sing-ing where she lies.
'Twas in the mild Sep - tem - ber,.. And the mock-ing-bird was sing-ing far and wide..
I feel like one for - sak - en,... Since my Hal - lie is no long - er with me now.
CHORUS.
Listen to the mocking-bird, Listen to the mocking-bird, The mocking-bird still singing o'er her grave;

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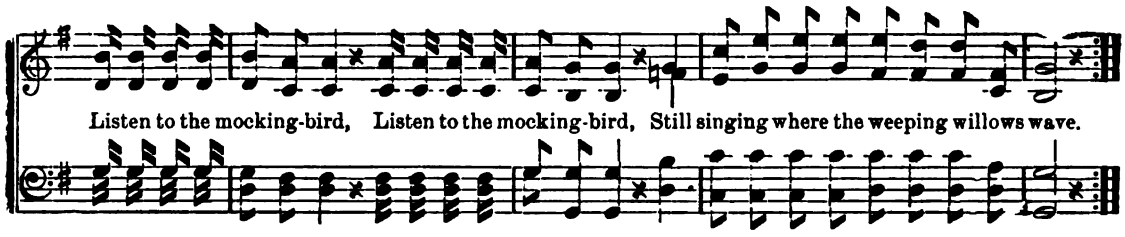
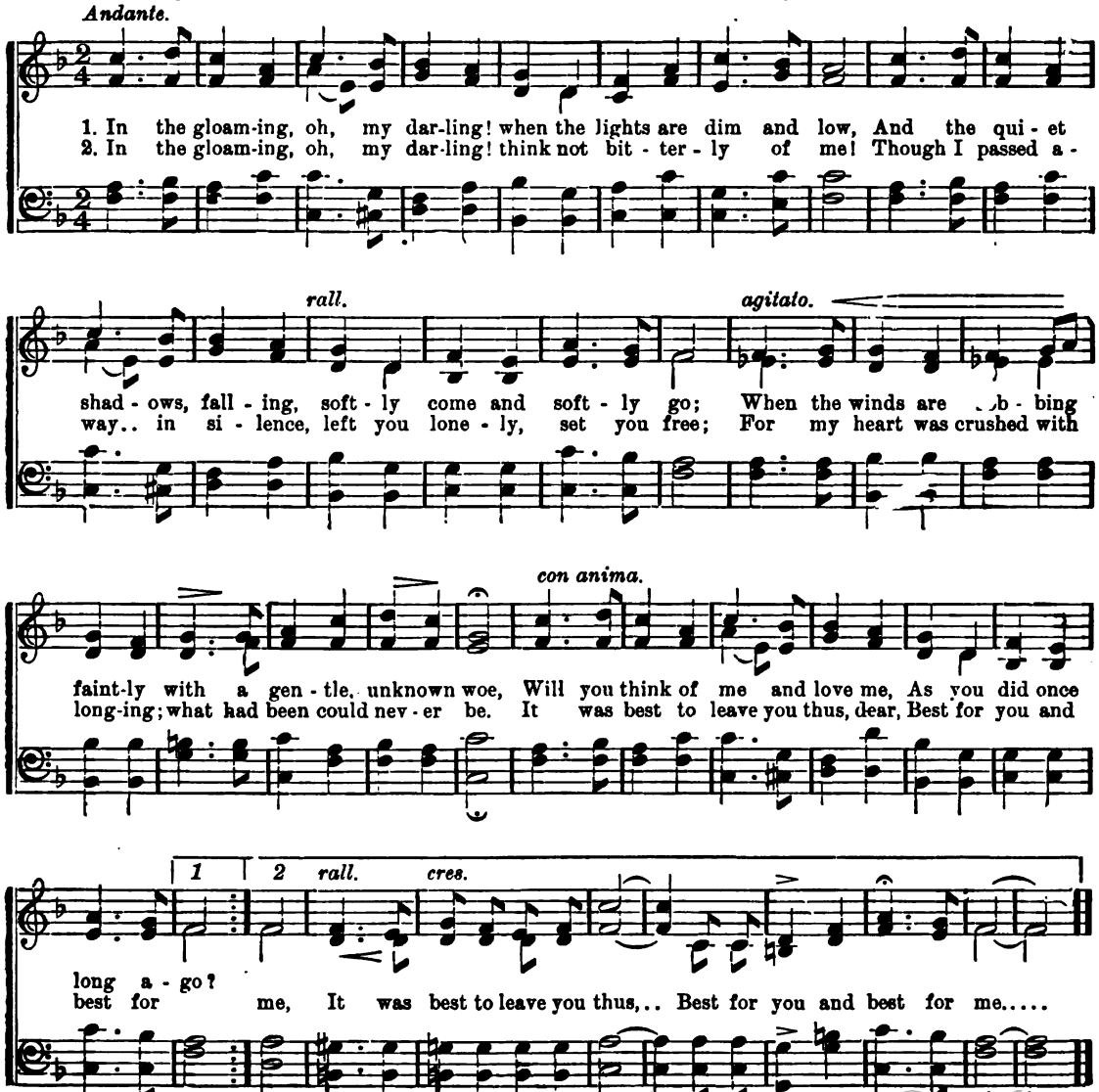
LISTEN TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.



IN THE GLOAMING.

Words by Meta Orred. **Music by Annie F. Harrison.**

Andante.

1. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling! when the lights are dim and low, And the qui - et
2. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling! think not bit - ter - ly of me! Though I passed a -
rall.
agitato.
shad - ows, fall - ing, soft - ly come and soft - ly go; When the winds are sob - bing
way.. in si - lence, left you lone - ly, set you free; For my heart was crushed with
con anima.
faint-ly with a gen - tle, unknown woe, Will you think of me and love me, As you did once
long-ing; what had been could nev - er be. It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and
1
2
rall.
cres.
long a - go?
best for me, It was best to leave you thus,.. Best for you and best for me.....

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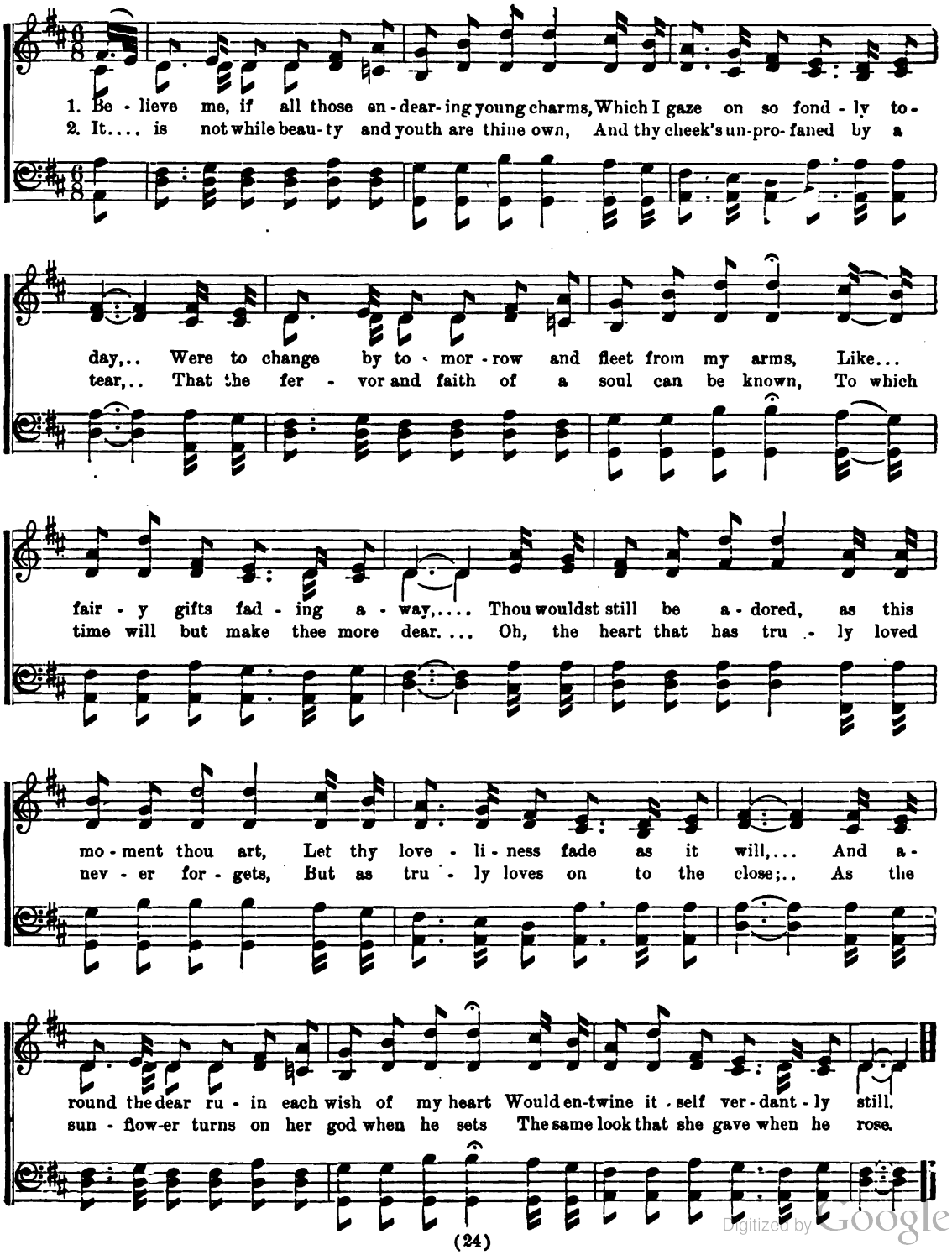
THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Words by Thomas Moore. **Music by Davenant.**

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -
2. It.... is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheek's un - pro - faned by a
day,.. Were to change by to - mor - row and fleet from my arms, Like...
tear,.. That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which
fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way,.... Thou wouldst still be a - dored, as this
time will but make thee more dear.... Oh, the heart that has tru - ly loved
mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will,... And a -
nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close;.. As the
round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.
sun - flow - er turns on her god when he sets The same look that she gave when he rose.

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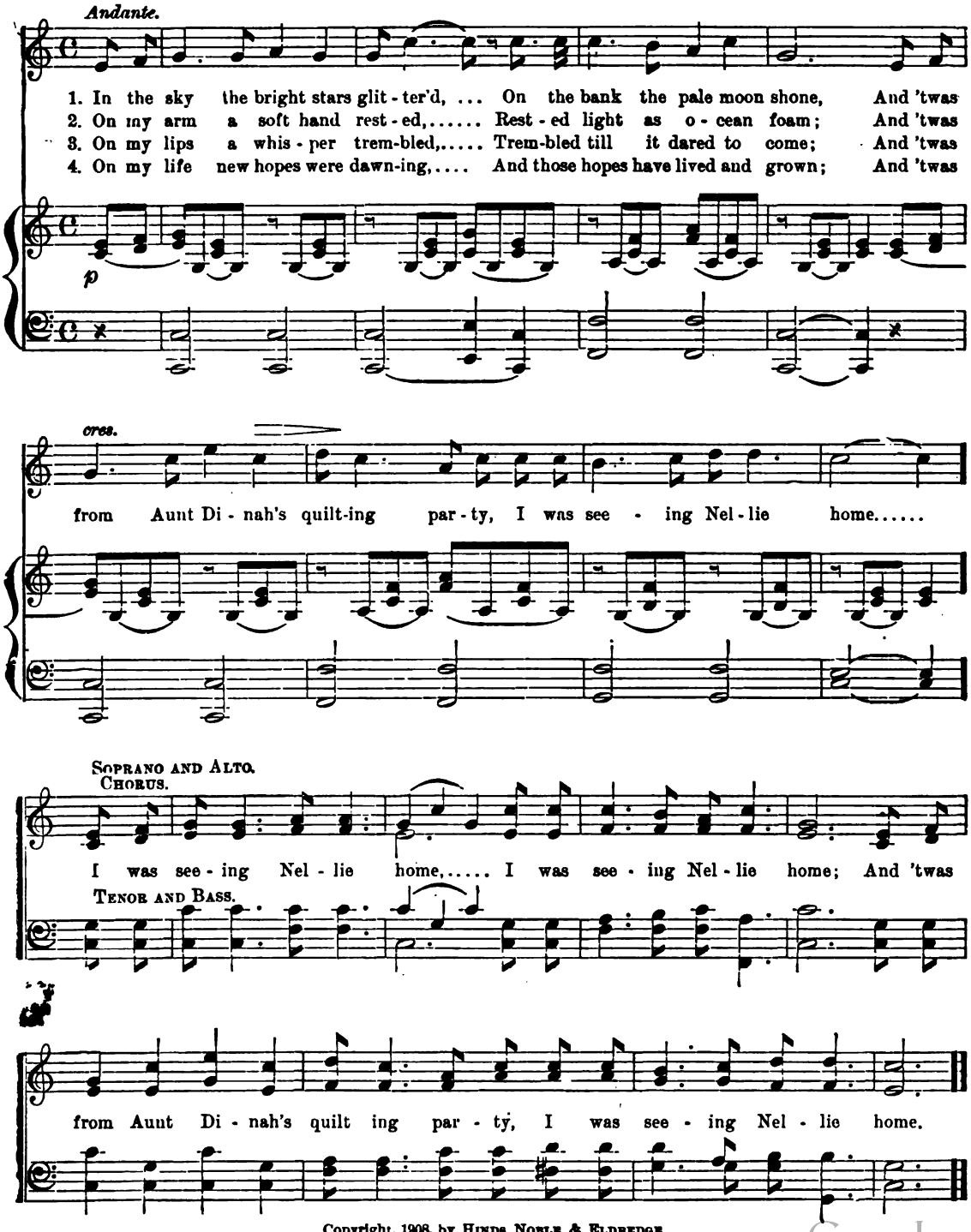
THE QUILTING PARTY.

Arranged by George Rosey.

Andante.
1. In the sky the bright stars glit - ter'd, ... On the bank the pale moon shone, And 'twas
2. On my arm a soft hand rest - ed,..... Rest - ed light as o - cean foam; And 'twas
3. On my lips a whis - per trem-bled,..... Trem-bled till it dared to come; And 'twas
4. On my life new hopes were dawn-ing,.... And those hopes have lived and grown; And 'twas
p
cres.
from Aunt Di - nah's quilt-ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.....
Soprano and Alto.
Chorus.
I was see - ing Nel - lie home,..... I was see - ing Nel - lie home; And 'twas
Tenor and Bass.
from Aunt Di - nah's quilt ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.

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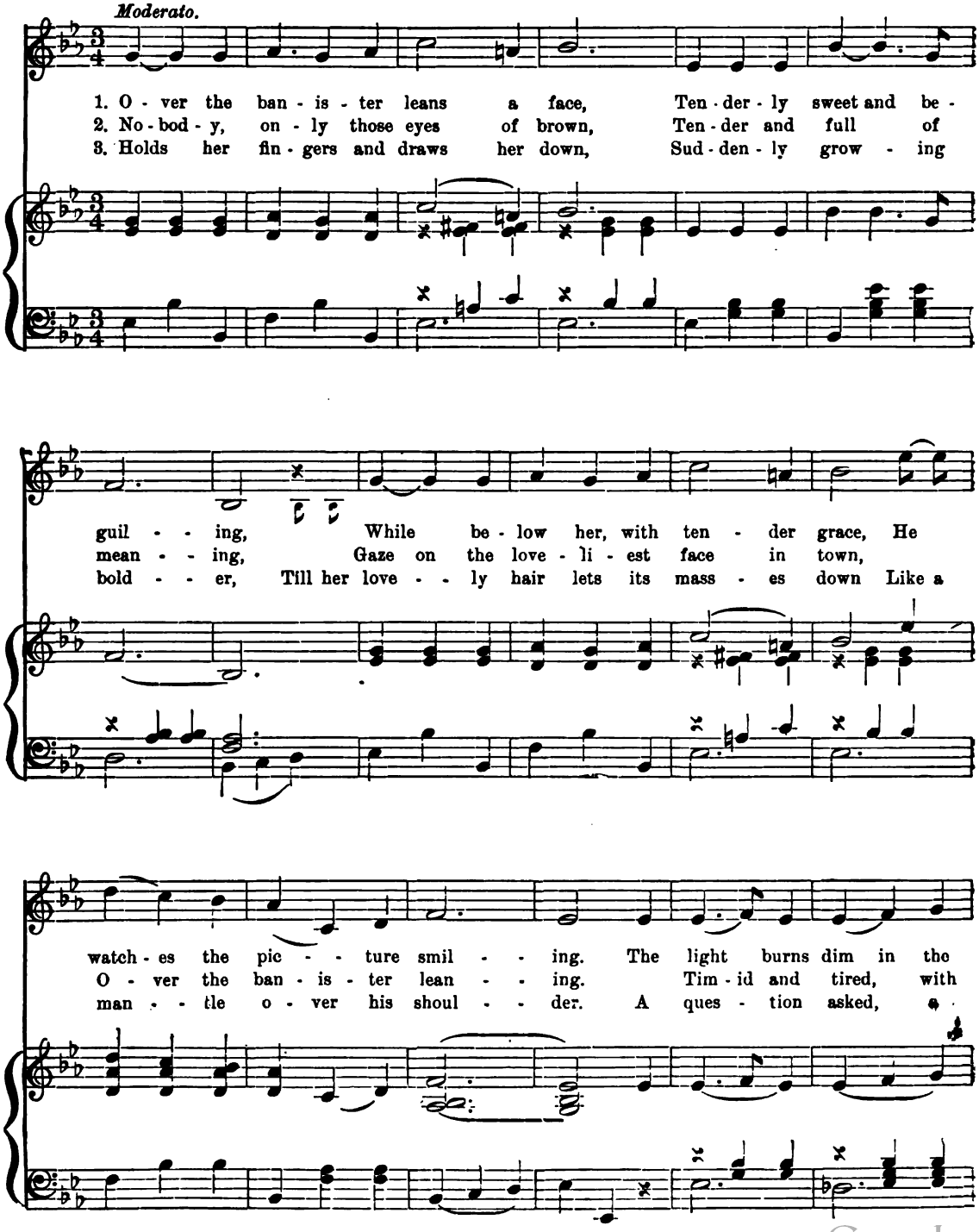
OVER THE BANISTER.

Arranged by George Rosey.

Moderato.
1. O - ver the ban - is - ter leans a face, Ten - der - ly sweet and be -
2. No - bod - y, on - ly those eyes of brown, Ten - der and full of
3. Holds her fin - gers and draws her down, Sud - den - ly grow - ing
guil - - ing, While be - low her, with ten - der grace, He
mean - - ing, Gaze on the love - li - est face in town,
bold - - er, Till her love - - ly hair lets its mass - es down Like a
watch - es the pic - - ture smil - - ing. The light burns dim in the
O - ver the ban - is - ter lean - - ing. Tim - id and tired, with
man - - tle o - ver his shoul - - der. A ques - tion asked,

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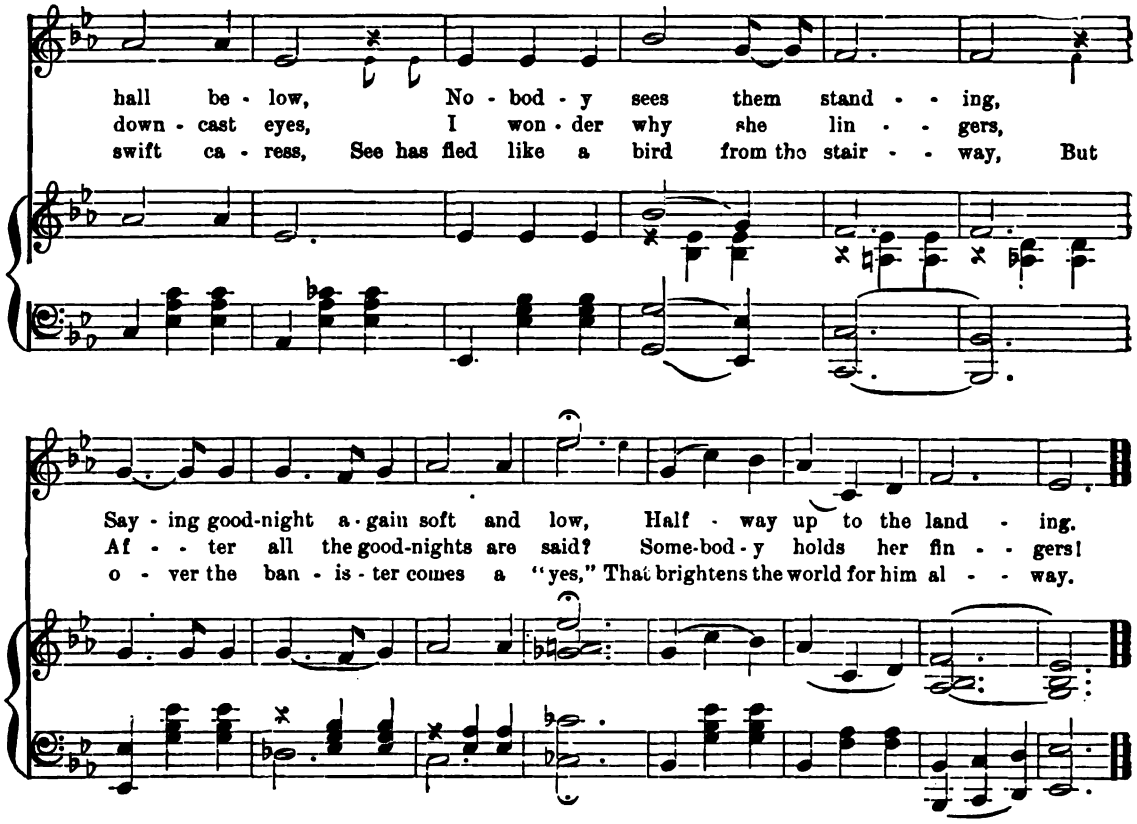
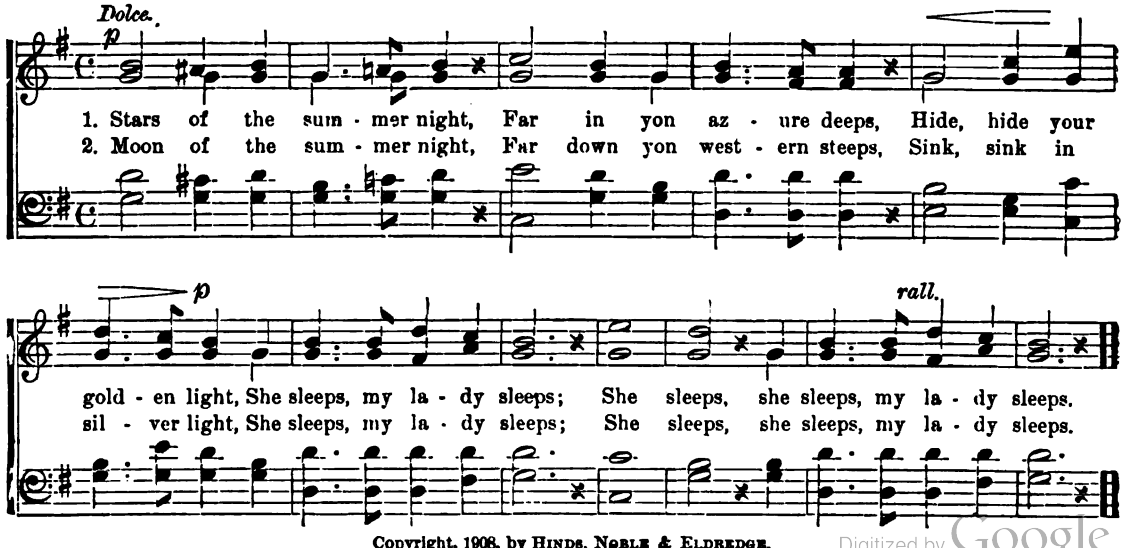

hall be - low, No - bod - y sees them stand - - ing,
down - cast eyes, I won - der why she lin - - gers,
swift ca - ress, See has fled like a bird from the stair - - way, But
Say - ing good-night a - gain soft and low, Half - way up to the land - ing.
Af - - ter all the good-nights are said? Some-bod - y holds her fin - - gers!
o - ver the ban - is - ter comes a "yes," That brightens the world for him al - - way.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

(SERENADE.)

Arranged by George Rosey.

Dolce.
p
1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in
p
rall.
gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

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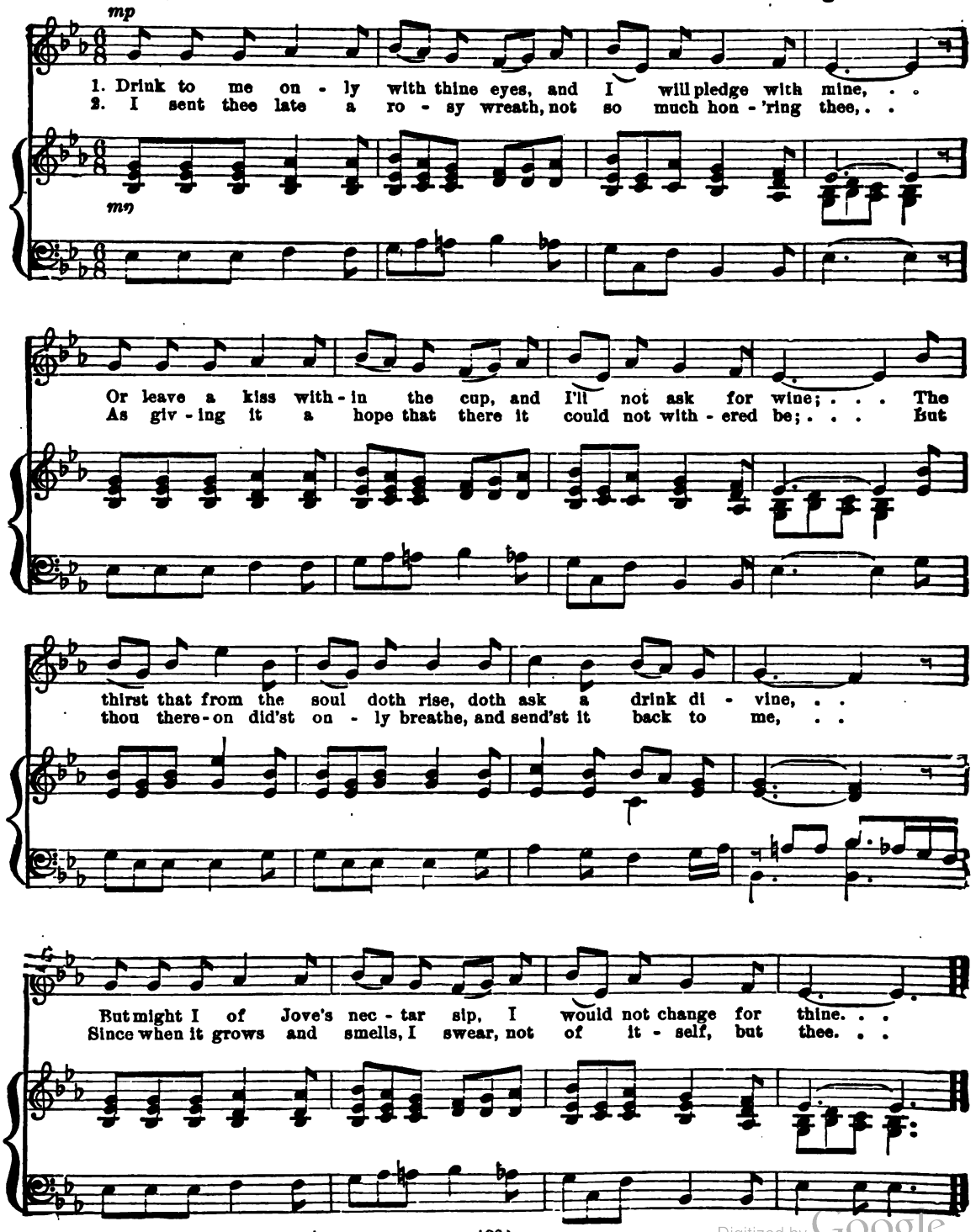
DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Words by Ben Jonson. **Old English Air.**

mp
1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine, . .
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon - 'ring thee, . .
mp
Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine; . . . The
As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - ered be; . . . But
thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di - vine, . .
thou there - on did'st on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me, . .
But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine. . .
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it - self, but thee. . .

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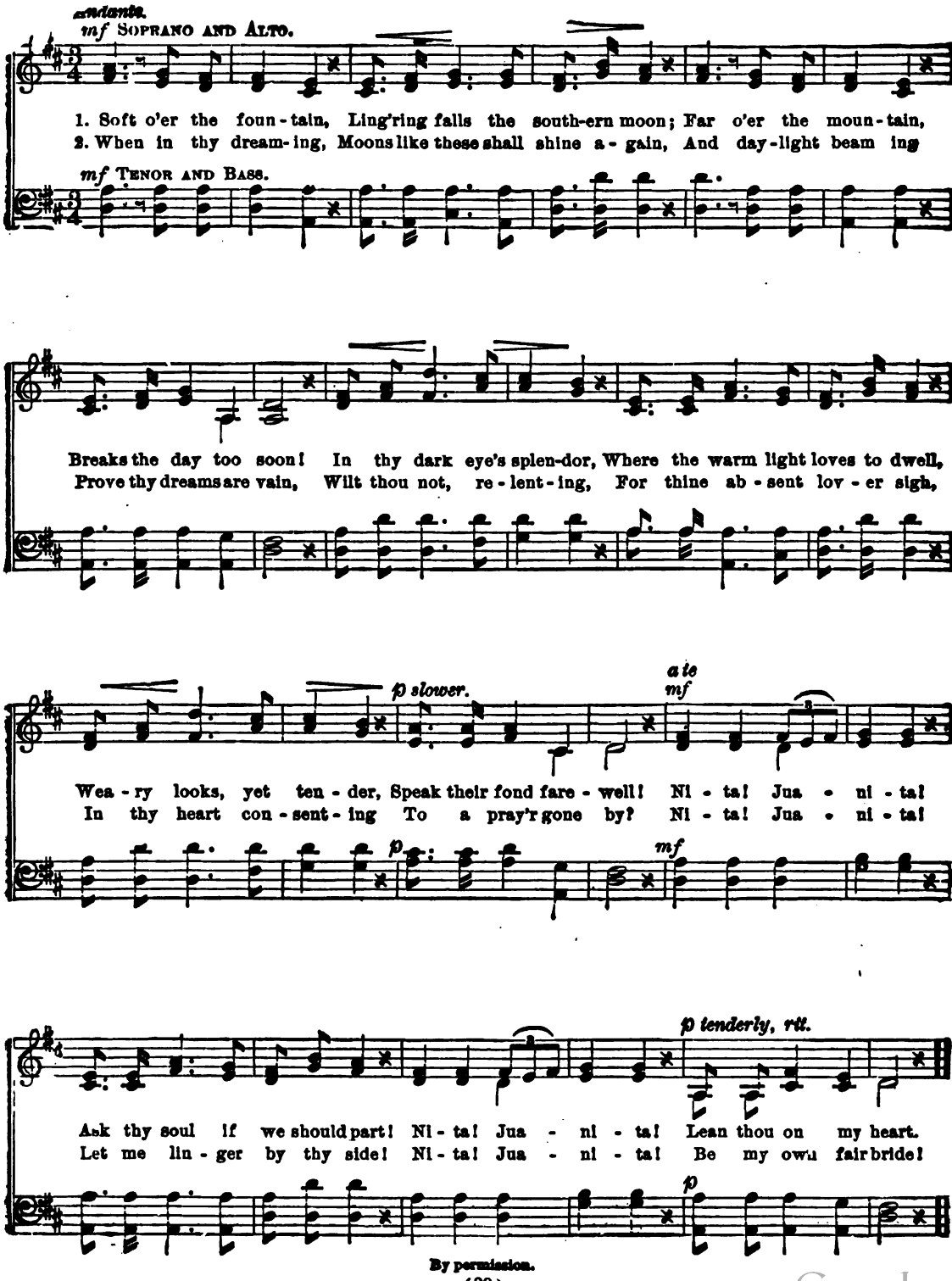
JUANITA.

andante.
mf SOPRANO AND ALTO.
1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a-gain, And day-light beam ing
mf TENOR AND BASS.
Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,
p slower.
a te
mf
Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!
p
mf
p tenderly, rit.
Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!
p

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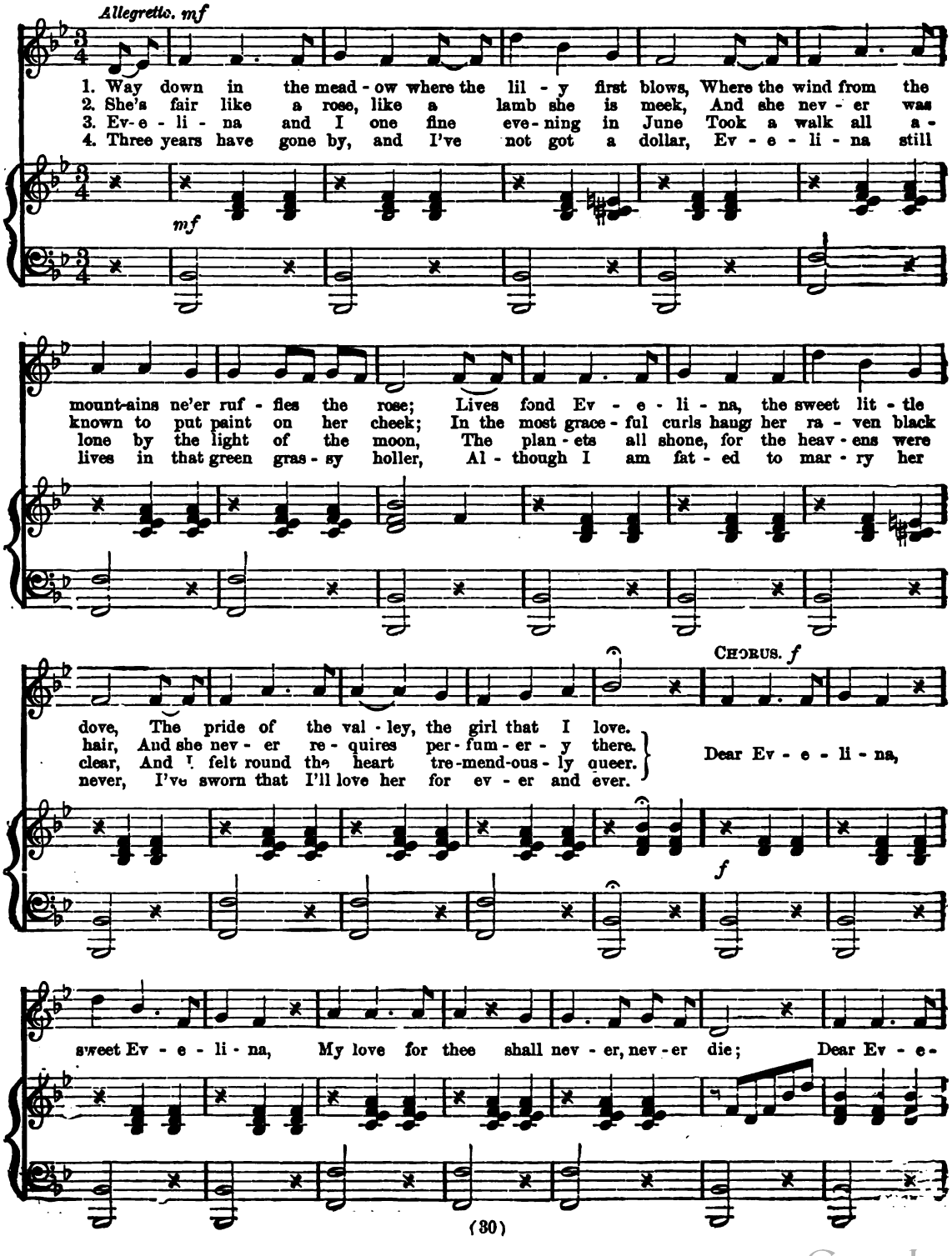
DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.


Allegretto. mf
1. Way down in the mead - ow where the lil - y first blows, Where the wind from the
2. She's fair like a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she nev - er was
3. Ev-e - li - na and I one fine eve-ning in June Took a walk all a -
4. Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dollar, Ev - e - li - na still
mf
mount-ains ne'er ruf - fles the rose; Lives fond Ev - e - li - na, the sweet lit - tle
known to put paint on her cheek; In the most grace - ful curls hang her ra - ven black
lone by the light of the moon, The plan - ets all shone, for the heav - ens were
lives in that green gras - sy holler, Al - though I am fat - ed to mar - ry her
CHORUS. f
dove, The pride of the val - ley, the girl that I love.
hair, And she nev - er re - quires per - fum - er - y there.
clear, And I felt round the heart tre-mend-ous - ly queer.
never, I've sworn that I'll love her for ev - er and ever.
Dear Ev - e - li - na,
f
sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die; Dear Ev - e-

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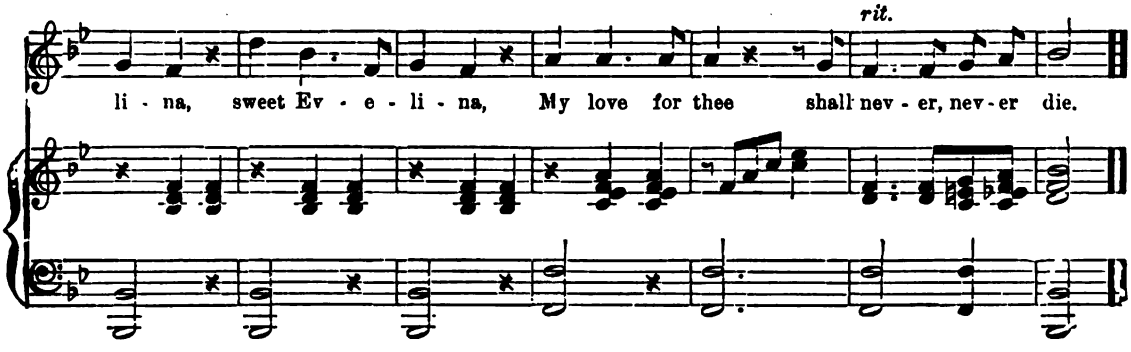
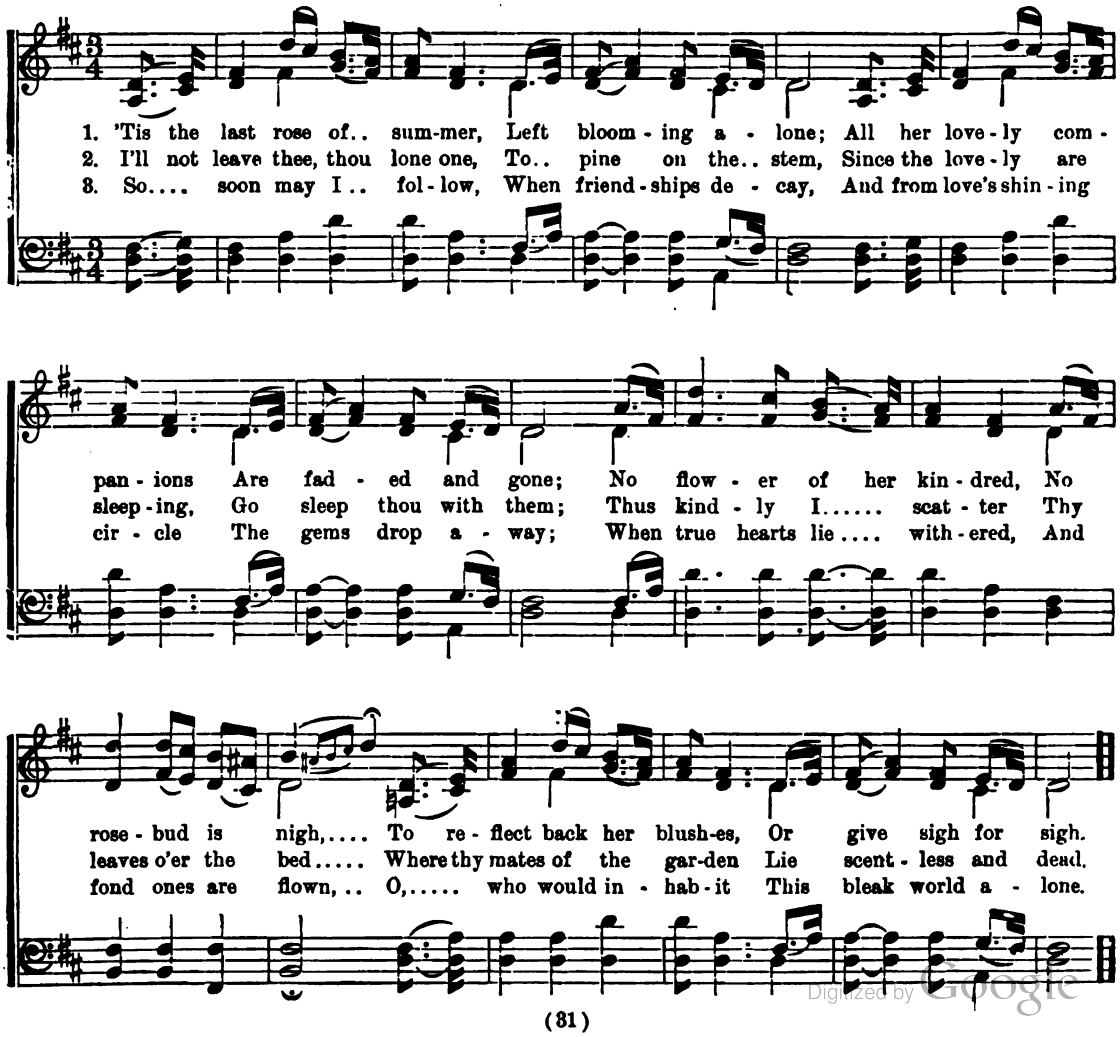
DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Words by Thomas Moore.

1. 'Tis the last rose of.. sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com -
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To.. pine on the.. stem, Since the love - ly are
3. So.... soon may I .. fol - low, When friend - ships de - cay, And from love's shin - ing
pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone; No flow - er of her kin - dred, No
sleep - ing, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I..... scat - ter Thy
cir - cle The gems drop a - way; When true hearts lie .... with - ered, And
rose - bud is nigh,.... To re - flect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.
leaves o'er the bed..... Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent - less and dead.
fond ones are flown, .. O,..... who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone.

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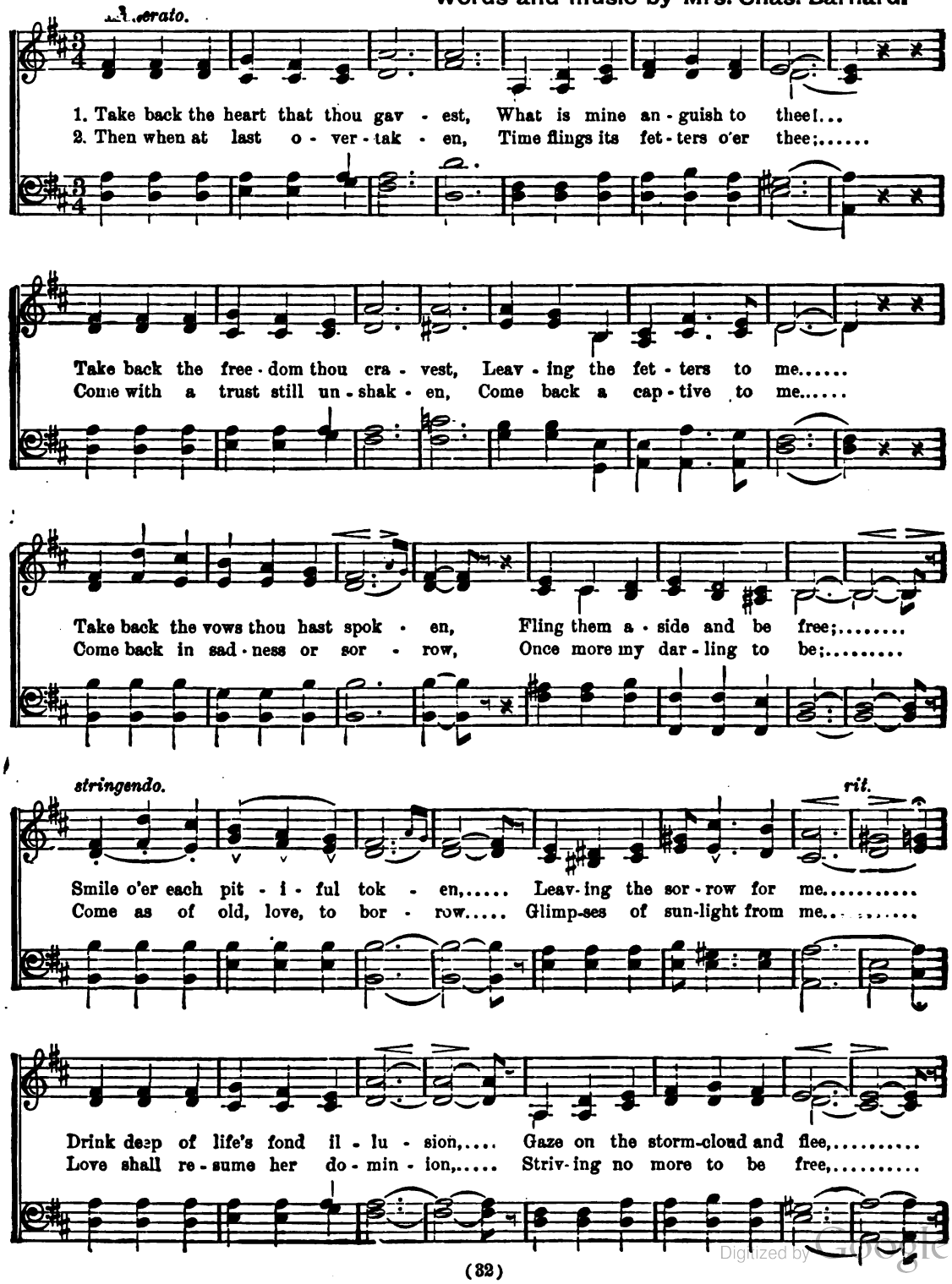
TAKE BACK THE HEART.

Words and music by Mrs. Chas. Barnard.

Moderato.
1. Take back the heart that thou gav - est, What is mine an - guish to thee!...
2. Then when at last o - ver - tak - en, Time flings its fet - ters o'er thee;.....
Take back the free - dom thou cra - vest, Leav - ing the fet - ters to me.....
Come with a trust still un - shak - en, Come back a cap - tive to me.....
Take back the vows thou hast spok - en, Fling them a - side and be free;.....
Come back in sad - ness or sor - row, Once more my dar - ling to be;.....
stringendo.
rit.
Smile o'er each pit - i - ful tok - en,..... Leav - ing the sor - row for me.....
Come as of old, love, to bor - row..... Glimp-ses of sun-light from me.....
Drink deep of life's fond il - lu - sion,.... Gaze on the storm-cloud and flee,.....
Love shall re - sume her do - min - ion,..... Striv - ing no more to be free,.....

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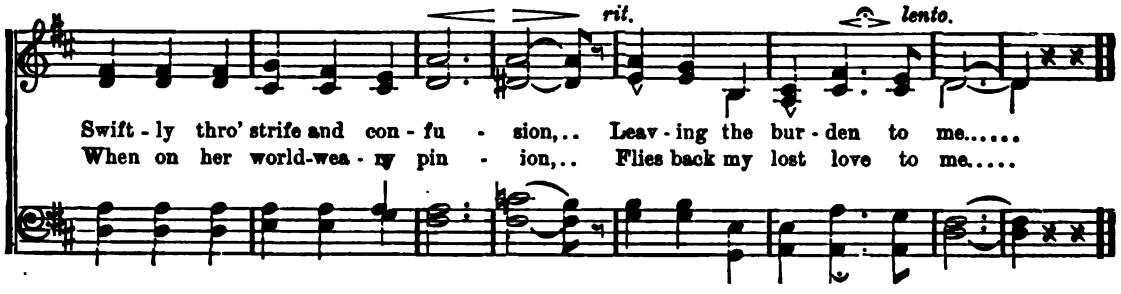
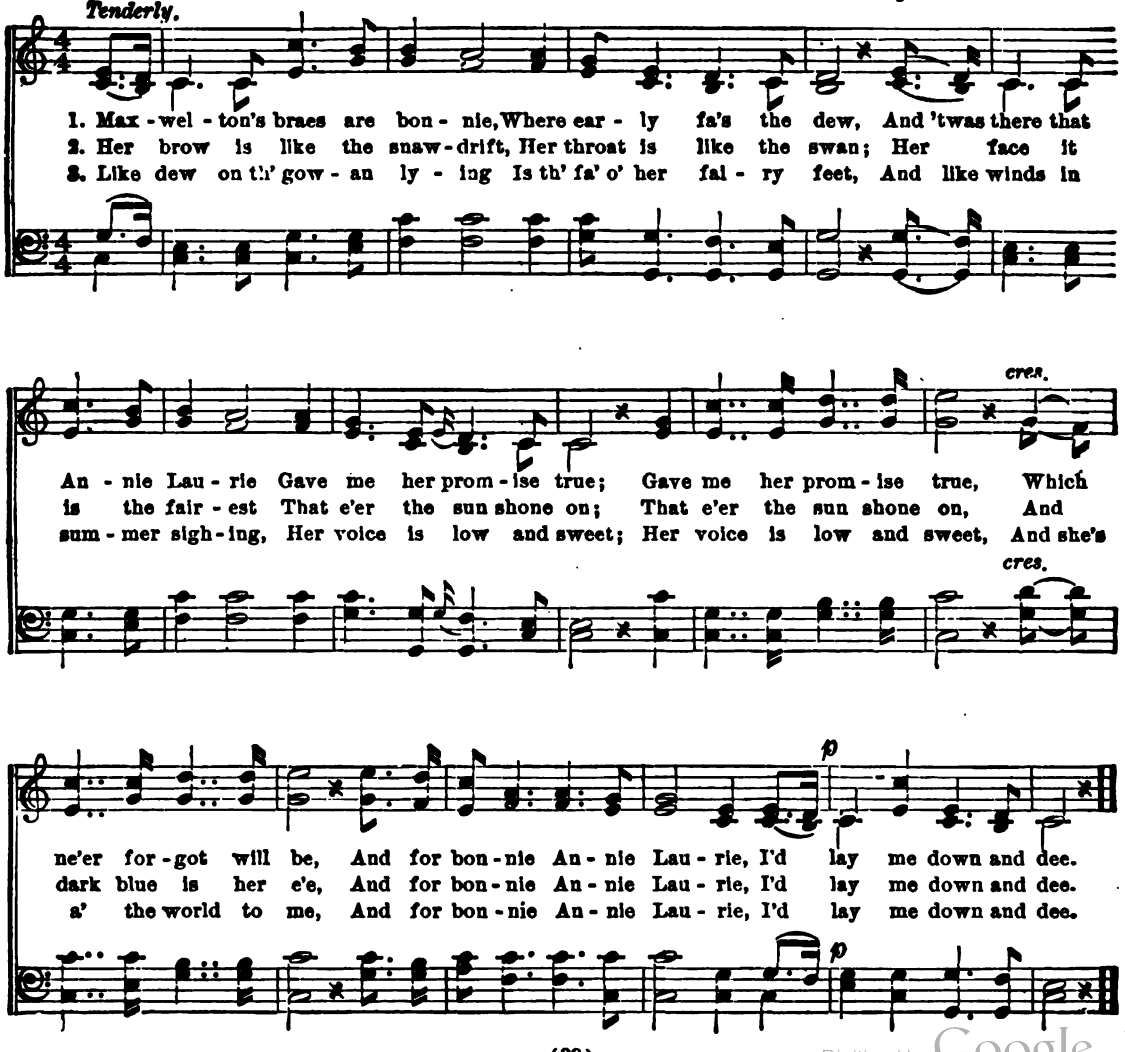
TAKE BACK THE HEART.

rit.
lento.
Swift-ly thro' strife and con-fu-sion,.. Leav-ing the bur-den to me.....
When on her world-wea-ry pin-ion,.. Flies back my lost love to me.....

ANNIE LAURIE.

Lady John Scott.

Tenderly.
1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it
3. Like dew on th' gow-an ly-ing Is th' fa' o' her fal-ry feet, And like winds in
cres.
An-nie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true; Gave me her prom-ise true, Which
is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And
sum-mer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's
cres.
p
ne'er for-got will be, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
p

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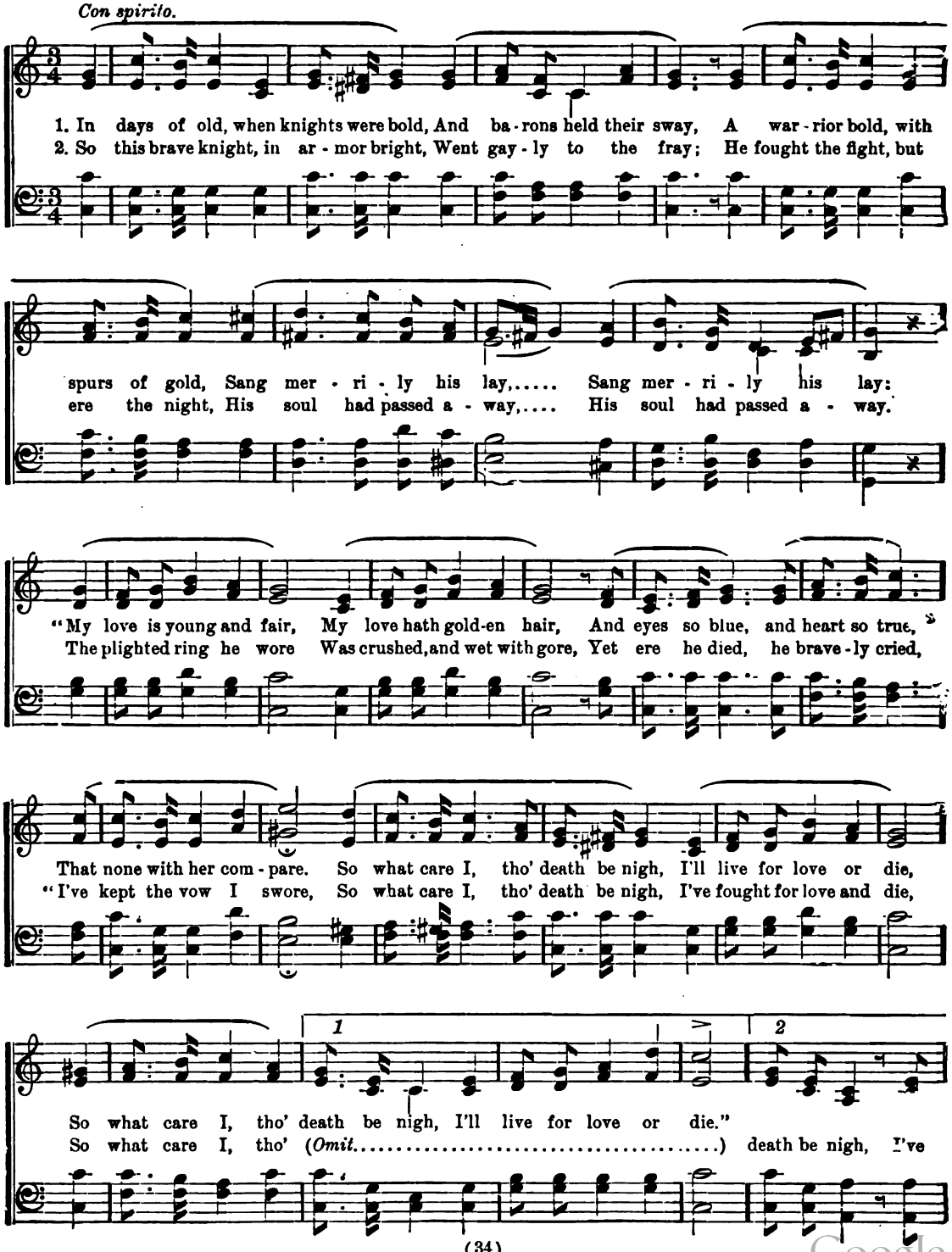
A WARRIOR BOLD.

Words by Edw. Thomas. **Music by Stephen Adams.**

Con spirito.

1. In days of old, when knights were bold, And ba - rons held their sway, A war - rior bold, with
2. So this brave knight, in ar - mor bright, Went gay - ly to the fray; He fought the fight, but
spurs of gold, Sang mer - ri - ly his lay,..... Sang mer - ri - ly his lay:
ere the night, His soul had passed a - way,..... His soul had passed a - way.
"My love is young and fair, My love hath gold-en hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true,
The plighted ring he wore Was crushed, and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he brave - ly cried,
That none with her com - pare. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die,
"I've kept the vow I swore, So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and die,
1
2
So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die."
So what care I, tho' (Omit.....) death be nigh, I've

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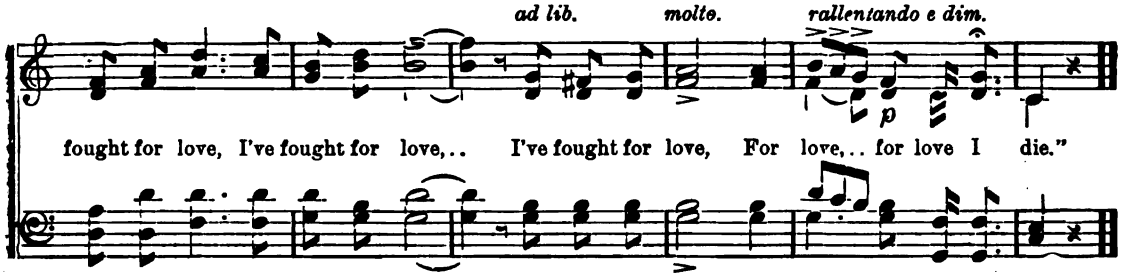
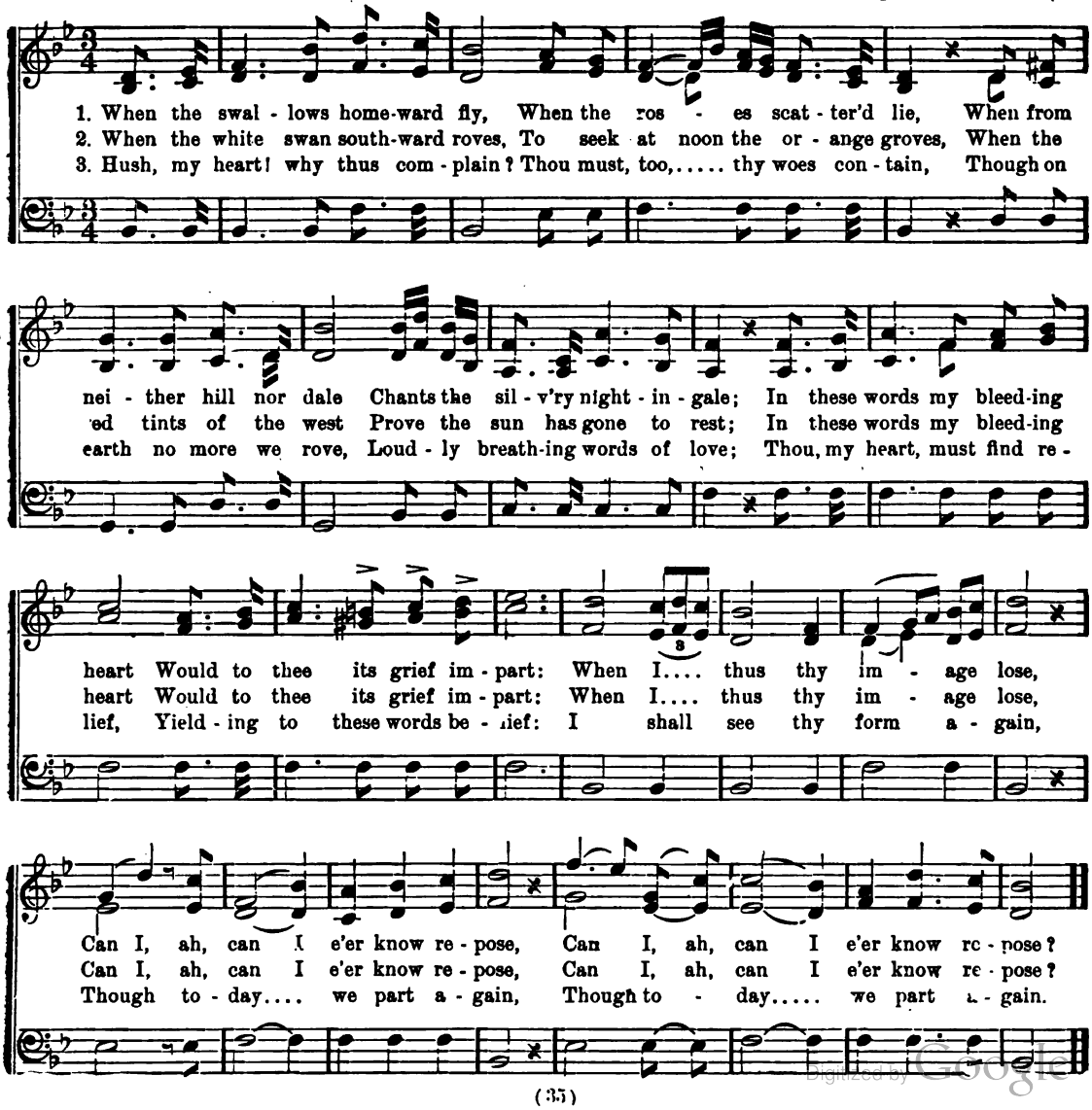
A WARRIOR BOLD.

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

Music by Franz Abt.

1. When the swal - lows home-ward fly, When the ros - es scat - ter'd lie, When from
2. When the white swan south-ward roves, To seek at noon the or - ange groves, When the
3. Hush, my heart! why thus com - plain? Thou must, too,..... thy woes con - tain, Though on
nei - ther hill nor dale Chants the sil - v'ry night - in - gale; In these words my bleed-ing
ed tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest; In these words my bleed-ing
earth no more we rove, Loud - ly breath-ing words of love; Thou, my heart, must find re -
heart Would to thee its grief im - part: When I.... thus thy im - age lose,
heart Would to thee its grief im - part: When I.... thus thy im - age lose,
lief, Yield - ing to these words be - lief: I shall see thy form a - gain,
Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?
Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?
Though to - day.... we part a - gain, Though to - day..... we part a - gain.

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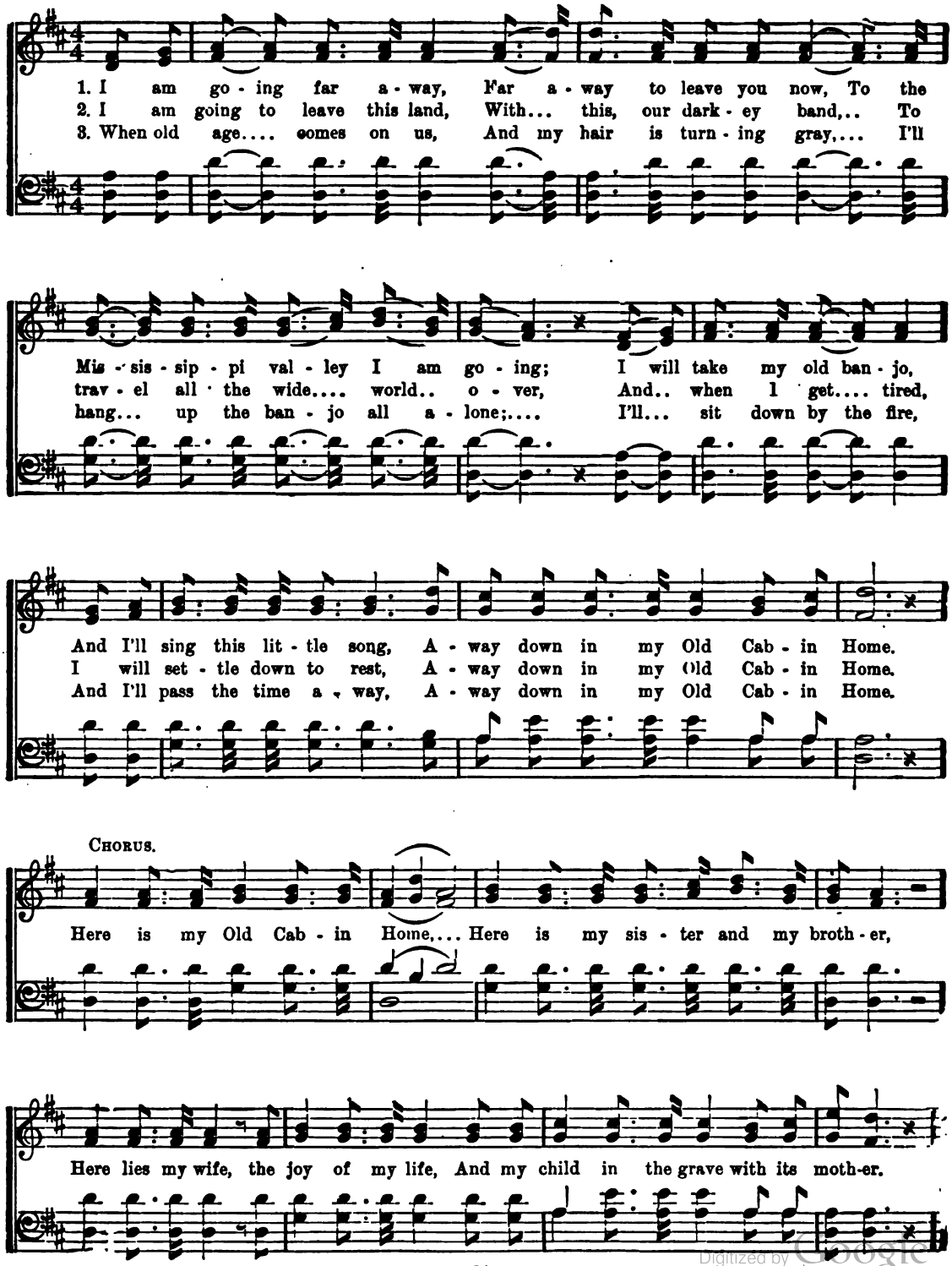
THE OLD CABIN HOME.


1. I am go - ing far a - way, Far a - way to leave you now, To the
2. I am going to leave this land, With... this, our dark - ey band,.. To
3. When old age.... comes on us, And my hair is turn - ing gray,.... I'll
Mis - sis - sip - pi val - ley I am go - ing; I will take my old ban - jo,
trav - el all the wide.... world.. o - ver, And.. when I get.... tired,
hang... up the ban - jo all a - lone;.... I'll... sit down by the fire,
And I'll sing this lit - tle song, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
I will set - tle down to rest, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
And I'll pass the time a - way, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
Chorus.
Here is my Old Cab - in Home,... Here is my sis - ter and my broth - er,
Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its moth-er.

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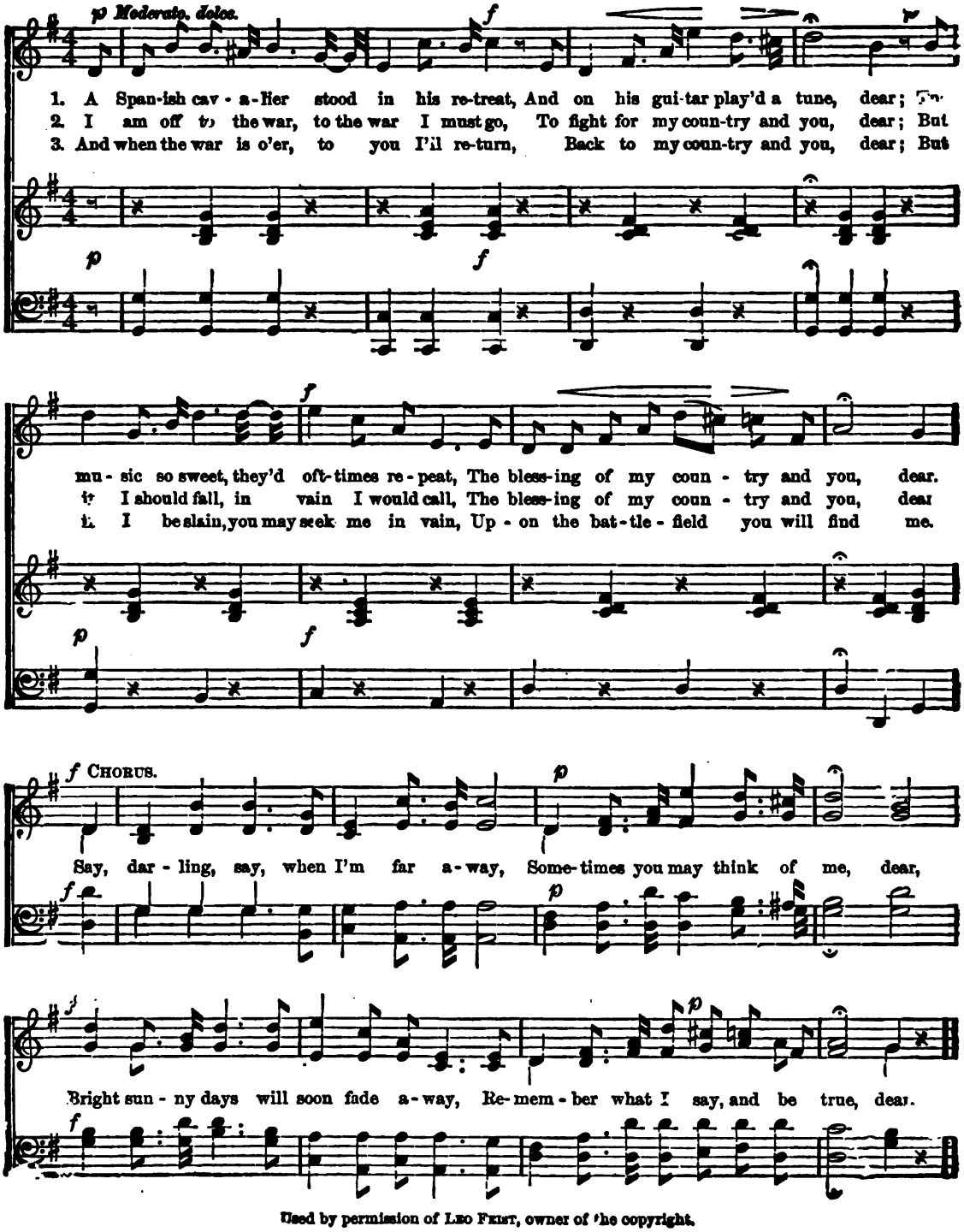
THE SPANISH CAVALIER.

p Moderato. dolce.
f
1. A Span-ish cav - a-lier stood in his re-treat, And on his gui-tar play'd a tune, dear;
2. I am off to the war, to the war I must go, To fight for my coun-try and you, dear;
3. And when the war is o'er, to you I'll re-turn, Back to my coun-try and you, dear;
mu - sic so sweet, they'd oft-times re - peat, The bless-ing of my coun - try and you, dear.
I should fall, in vain I would call, The bless-ing of my coun - try and you, dear
I be slain, you may seek me in vain, Up - on the bat-tle - field you will find me.
f Chorus.
Say, dar - ling, say, when I'm far a - way, Some-times you may think of me, dear,
Bright sun - ny days will soon fade a - way, Re-mem - ber what I say, and be true, dear.

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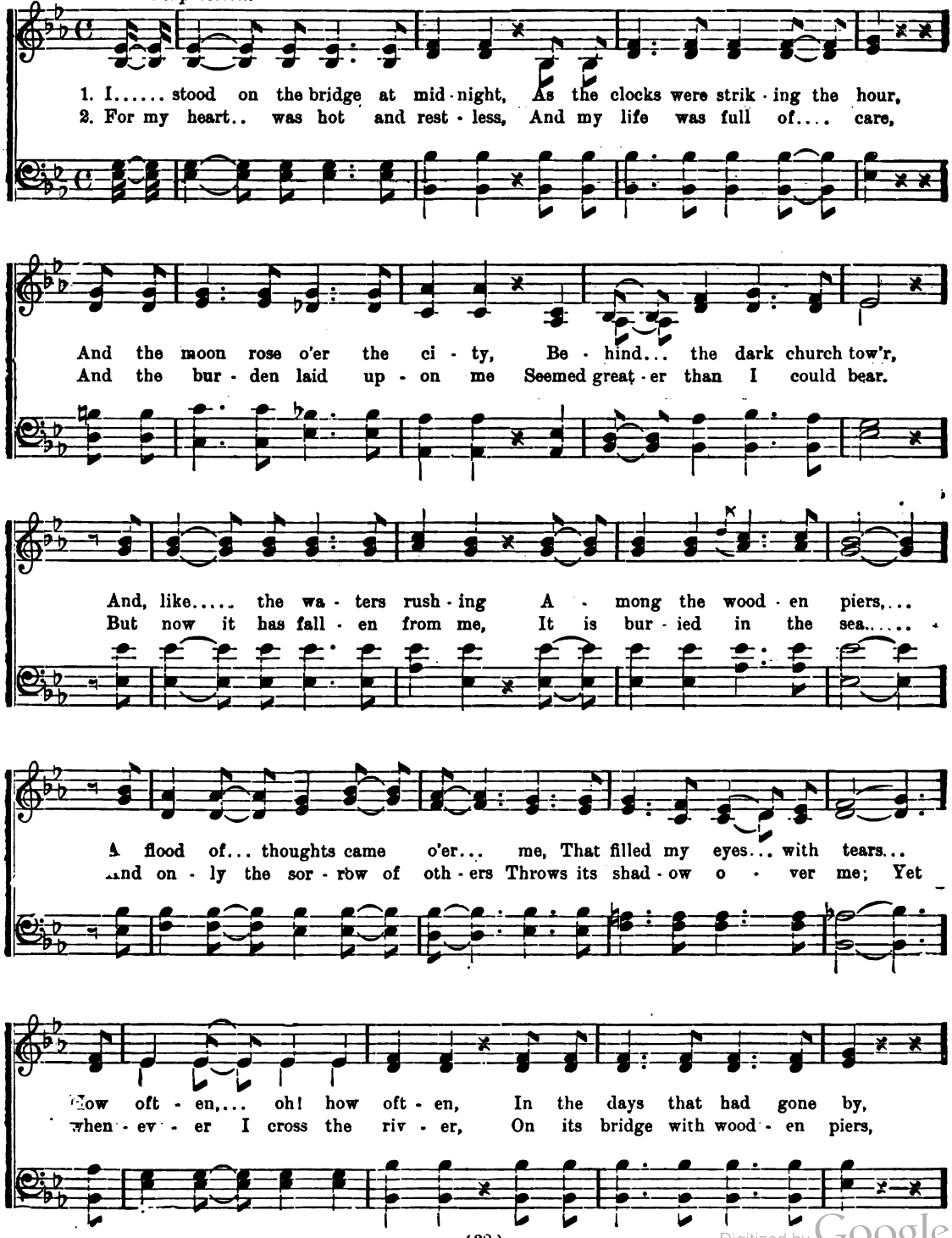
THE BRIDGE.

Words by H. W. Longfellow. **Music by M. Lindsay.**

With expression.

1. I..... stood on the bridge at mid-night, As the clocks were strik-ing the hour,
2. For my heart.. was hot and rest-less, And my life was full of.... care,
And the moon rose o'er the ci-ty, Be-hind... the dark church tow'r,
And the bur-den laid up-on me Seemed great-er than I could bear.
And, like..... the wa-ters rush-ing A-mong the wood-en piers,...
But now it has fall-en from me, It is bur-ied in the sea.....
A flood of... thoughts came o'er... me, That filled my eyes... with tears...
And on-ly the sor-row of oth-ers Throws its shad-ow o-ver me; Yet
How oft-en,... oh! how oft-en, In the days that had gone by,
When-ev-er I cross the riv-er, On its bridge with wood-en piers,

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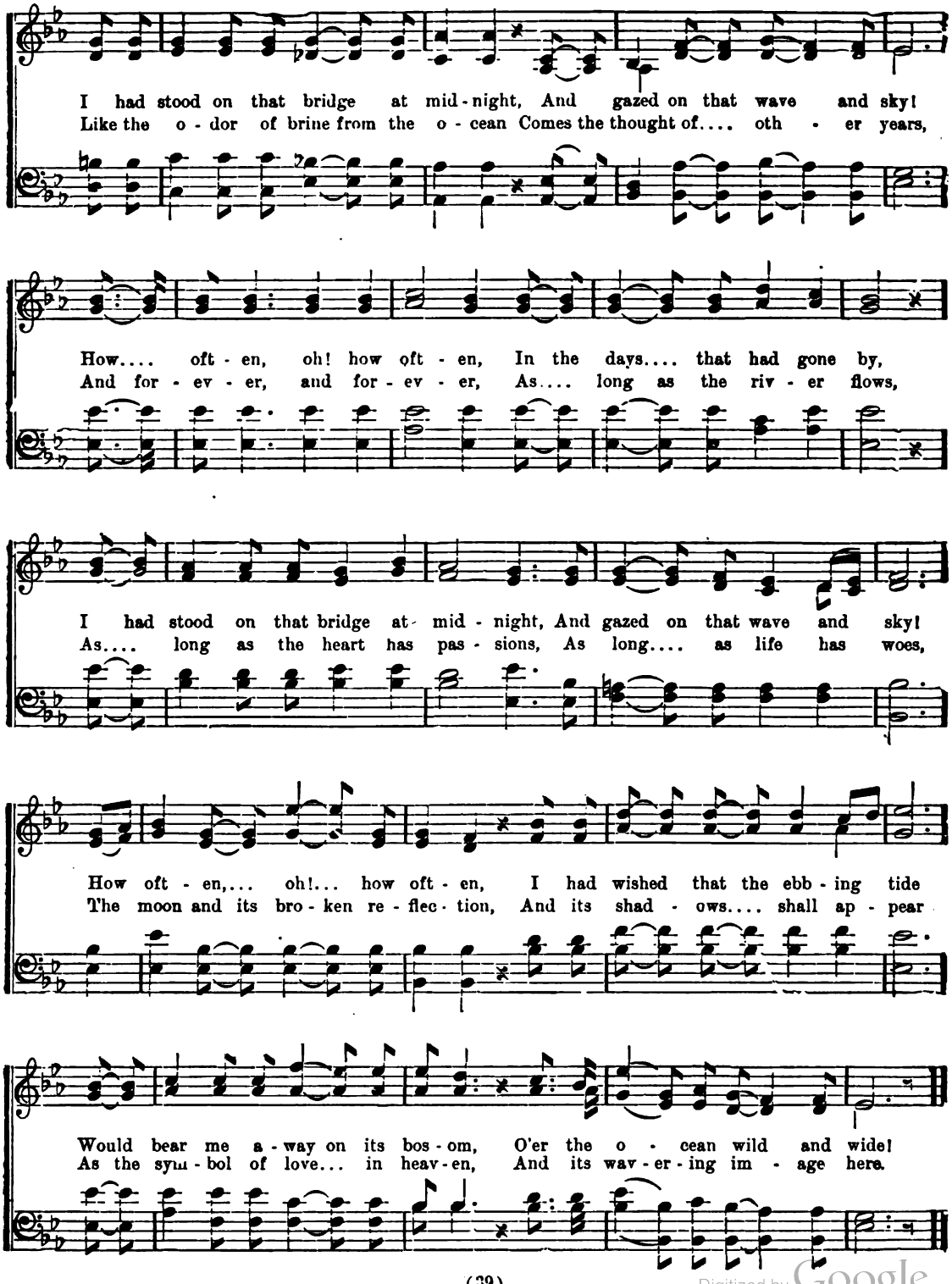
THE BRIDGE.

I had stood on that bridge at mid-night, And gazed on that wave and sky!
Like the o-dor of brine from the o-cean Comes the thought of.... oth-er years,
How.... oft-en, oh! how oft-en, In the days.... that had gone by,
And for-ev-er, and for-ev-er, As.... long as the riv-er flows,
I had stood on that bridge at mid-night, And gazed on that wave and sky!
As.... long as the heart has pas-sions, As long.... as life has woes,
How oft-en,... oh!... how oft-en, I had wished that the ebb-ing tide
The moon and its bro-ken re-flec-tion, And its shad-ows.... shall ap-pear
Would bear me a-way on its bos-om, O'er the o-cean wild and wide!
As the sym-bol of love... in heav-en, And its wav-er-ing im-age here.

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FORSAKEN.

English version by Mrs. G. Federlein. **Arranged by George Rosey.**

Andante.

pp dolce. SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. My love hath now left me, a - lone do I sigh, As a stone by the
2. Sweet flow - ers are bloom - ing all o - ver her grave, But the life of my

TENOR AND BASS.

way - side neg - lect - ed doth lie; I go to the grave - yard, for
darl - ing my love could not save; All hope is now bur - ied, 'tis

there she doth sleep, My heart it is bro - ken, in sor - row I
dark ev - 'ry - where, A - lone in my sor - row, her rest I would

weep; My heart it is bro - ken, in sor - row I weep.
share; A - lone in my sor - row, her rest I would share.

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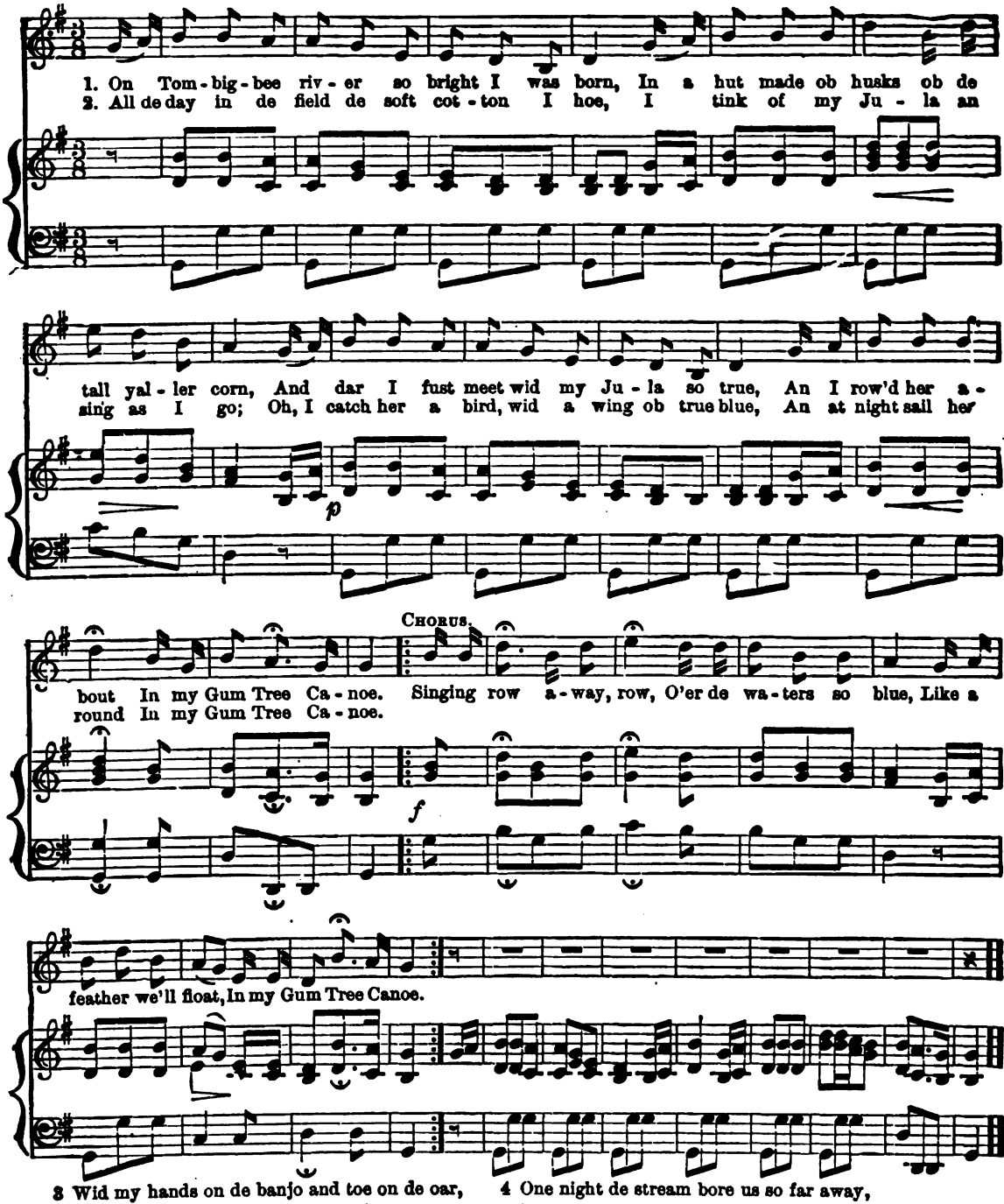
TOM-BIG-BEE RIVER.

Words by S. S. Steele.

1. On Tom-big-bee riv-er so bright I was born, In a hut made ob husks ob de
2. All de day in de field de soft cot-ton I hoe, I tink of my Ju-la an
tall yal-ler corn, And dar I fust meet wid my Ju-la so true, An I row'd her a-
sing as I go; Oh, I catch her a bird, wid a wing ob true blue, An at night sail her
p
Chorus.
bout In my Gum Tree Ca-noe. Singing row a-way, row, O'er de wa-ters so blue, Like a
round In my Gum Tree Ca-noe.
f
feather we'll float, In my Gum Tree Canoe.

3 Wid my hands on de banjo and toe on de oar,
I sing to de sound ob de river's soft roar;
While de stars dey look down at my Jula so true,
An' dance in her eye in my Gum Tree Canoe.
Singing row away, etc.

4 One night de stream bore us so far away,
Dat we couldn't cum back, so we thought we'd jis stay,
Oh, we spied a tall ship wid a flag ob true blue,
An it took us in tow wid my Gum Tree Canoe.
Singing row away, etc.

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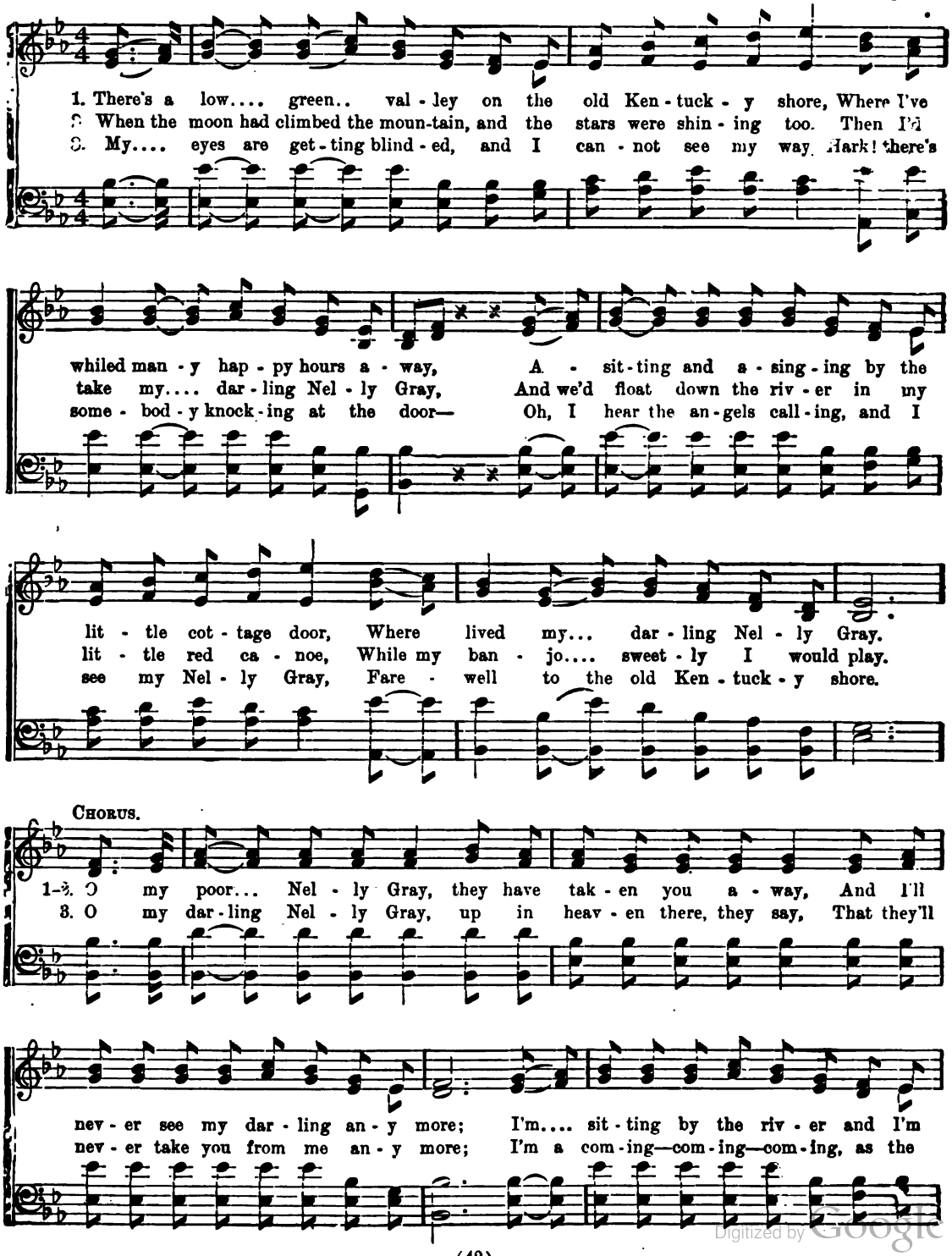
DARLING NELLY GRAY.

Words and music by B. R. Hanby.


1. There's a low.... green.. val - ley on the old Ken - tuck - y shore, Where I've whiled man - y hap - py hours a - way, A - sit - ting and a - sing - ing by the lit - tle cot - tage door, Where lived my... dar - ling Nel - ly Gray.
2. When the moon had climbed the moun-tain, and the stars were shin - ing too. Then I'd take my.... dar - ling Nel - ly Gray, And we'd float down the riv - er in my lit - tle red ca - noe, While my ban - jo.... sweet - ly I would play.
3. My.... eyes are get - ting blind - ed, and I can - not see my way. Hark! there's some - bod - y knock - ing at the door— Oh, I hear the an - gels call - ing, and I see my Nel - ly Gray, Fare - well to the old Ken - tuck - y shore.
Chorus.
1-2. O my poor... Nel - ly Gray, they have tak - en you a - way, And I'll nev - er see my dar - ling an - y more; I'm.... sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm
3. O my dar - ling Nel - ly Gray, up in heav - en there, they say, That they'll nev - er take you from me an - y more; I'm a com - ing—com - ing—com - ing, as the

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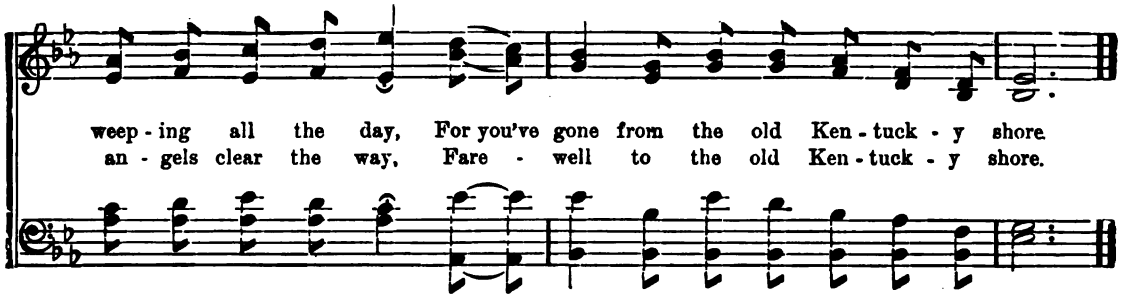
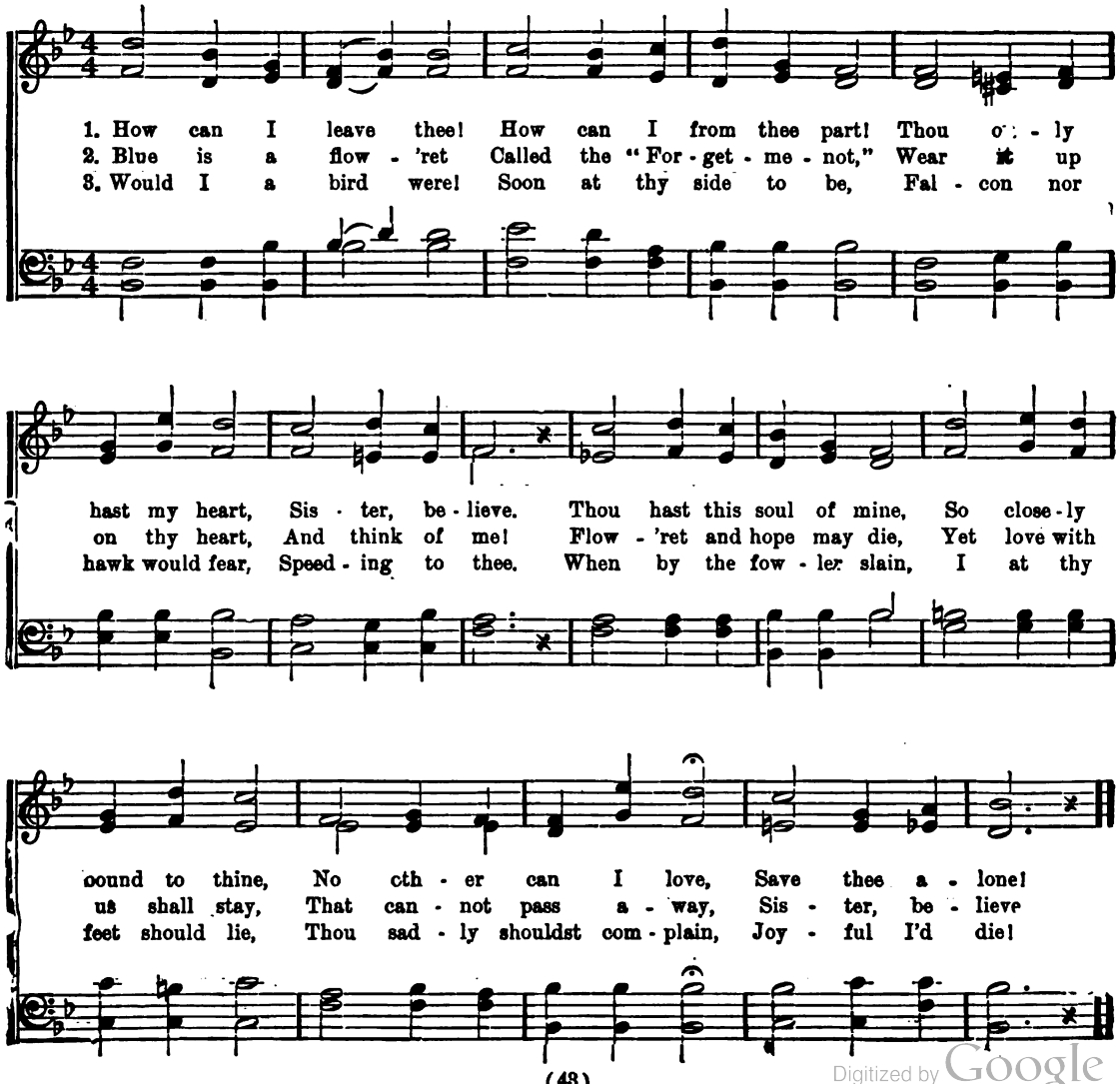
DARLING NELLY GRAY.

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE!

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on - ly
2. Blue is a flow - 'ret Called the "For - get - me - not," Wear it up
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal - con nor
hast my heart, Sis - ter, be - lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine, So close - ly
on thy heart, And think of me! Flow - 'ret and hope may die, Yet love with
hawk would fear, Speed - ing to thee. When by the fow - ler slain, I at thy
bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!
us shall stay, That can - not pass a - way, Sis - ter, be - lieve
feet should lie, Thou sad - ly shouldst com - plain, Joy - ful I'd die!

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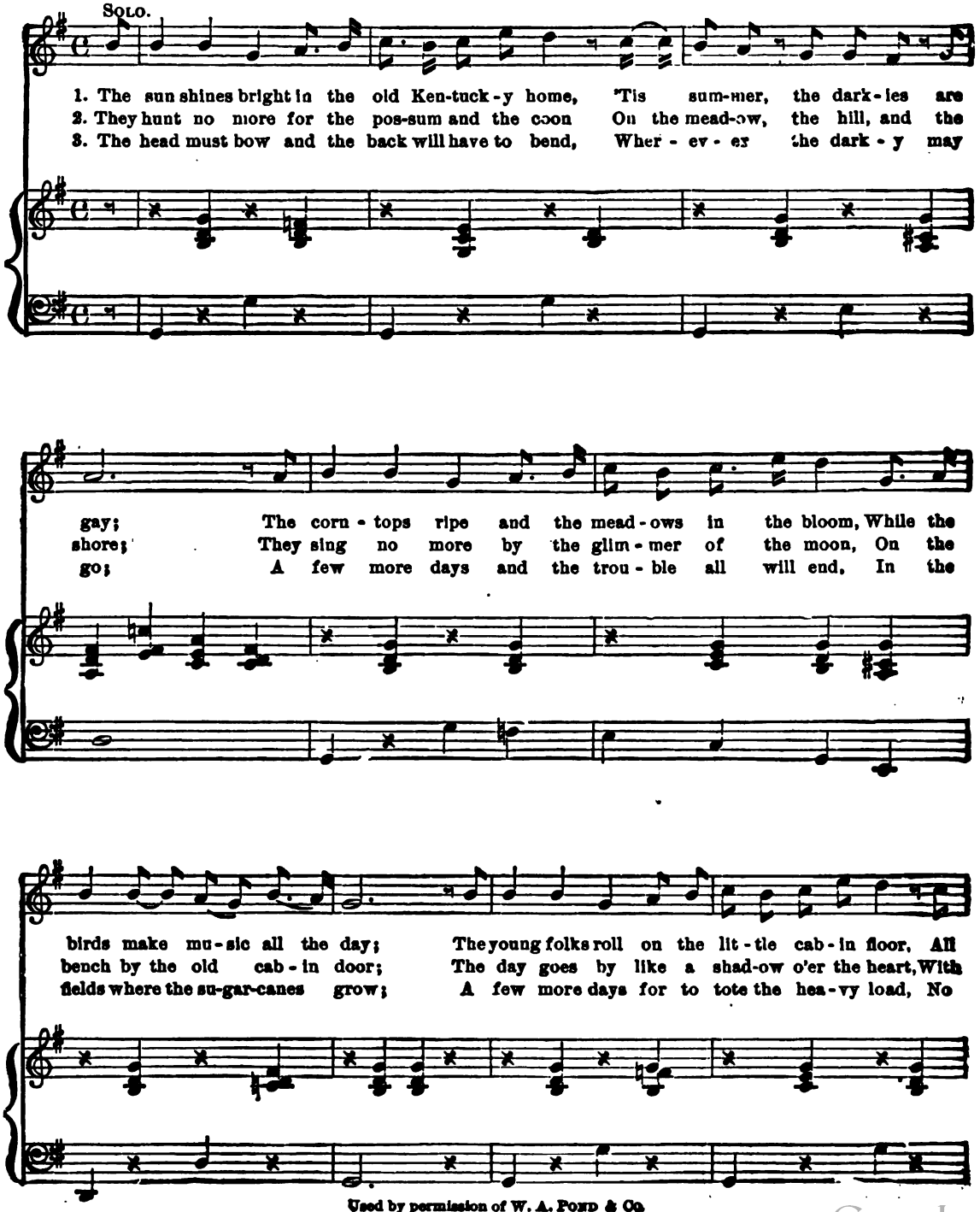
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster. **Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.**

Solo.
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay;
The corn-tops ripe and the mead-ows in the bloom, While the
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the mead-ow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-y may go;
A few more days and the trou-ble all will end, In the
birds make mu-sic all the day;
The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All
bench by the old cab-in door;
The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With
fields where the su-gar-canes grow;
A few more days for to tote the hea-vy load, No

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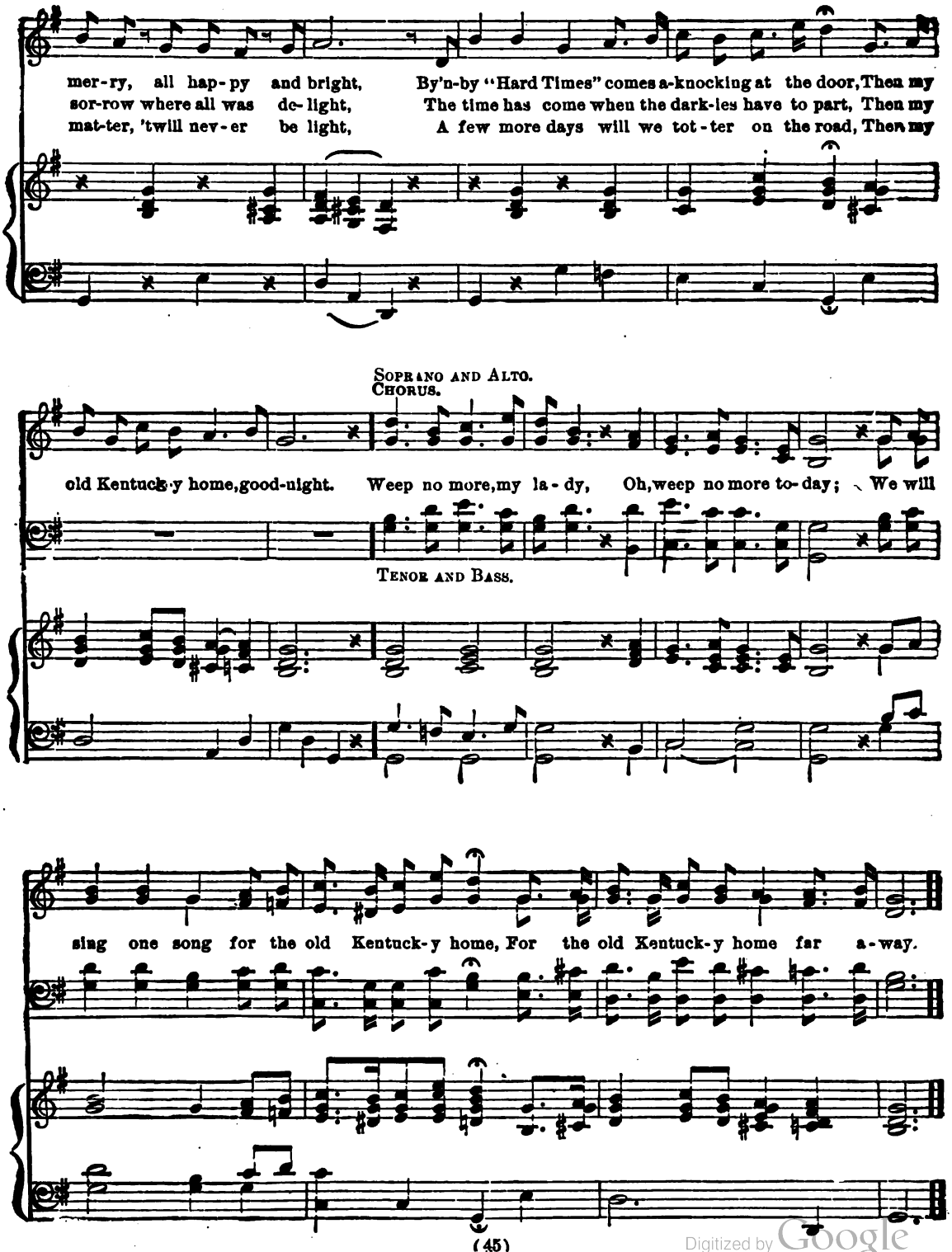
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

mer-ry, all hap-py and bright, By'n-by "Hard Times" comes a-knocking at the door, Then my
sor-row where all was de-light, The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my
mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, A few more days will we tot-ter on the road, Then my
Soprano and Alto.
Chorus.
old Kentuck-y home, good-night. Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to-day; We will
Tenor and Bass.
sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a-way.

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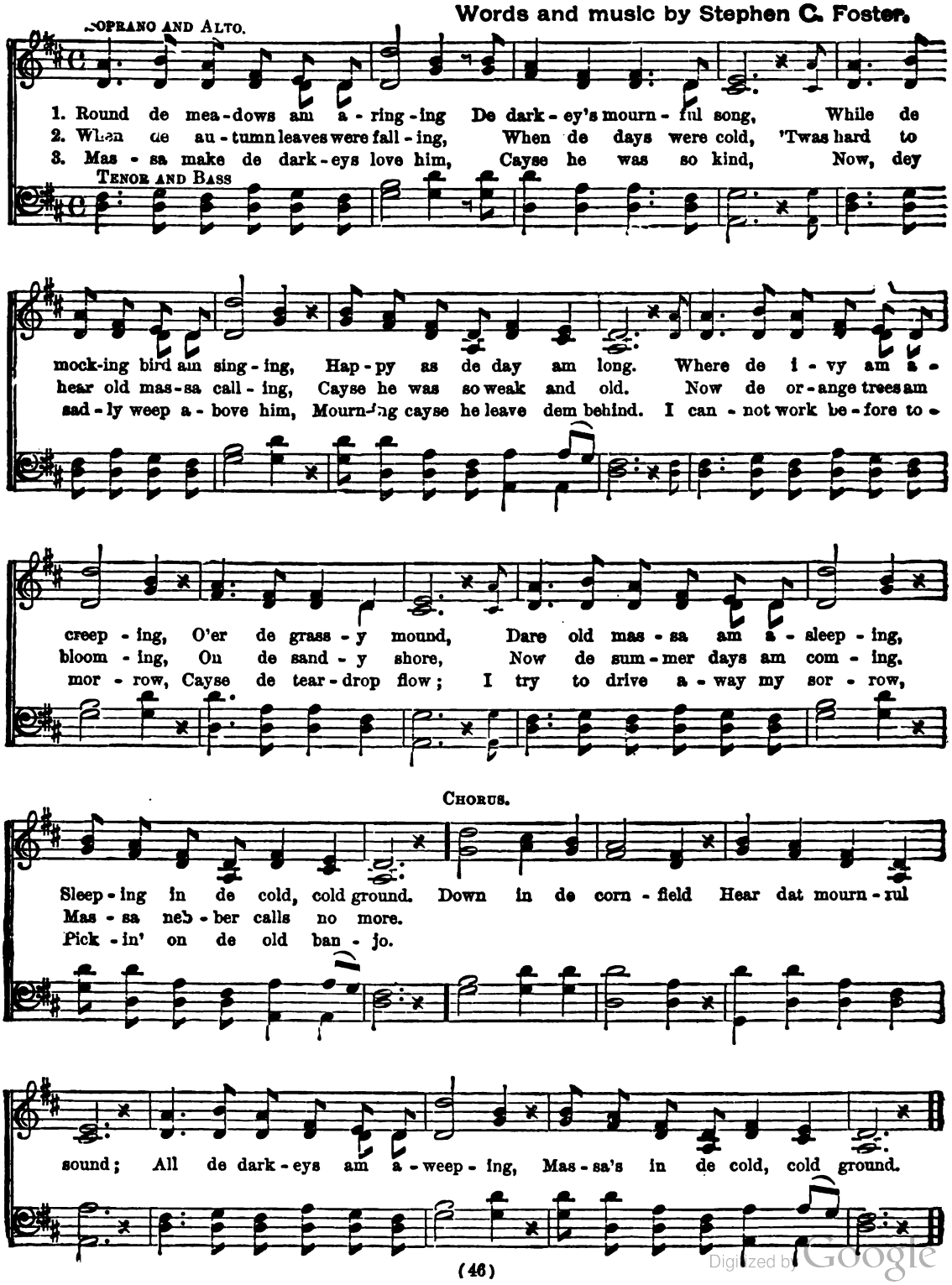
MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.


SOPRANO AND ALTO.
TENOR AND BASS
1. Round de mea-dows am a-ring-ing De dark-ey's mourn-ful song, While de
2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall-ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to
3. Mas-sa make de dark-eys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now, dey
mock-ing bird am sing-ing, Hap-py as de day am long. Where de i-vy am a-
hear old mas-sa call-ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or-ange trees am
sad-ly weep a-bove him, Mourn-ing cayse he leave dem behind. I can-not work be-fore to-
creep-ing, O'er de grass-y mound, Dare old mas-sa am a-sleep-ing,
bloom-ing, On de sand-y shore, Now de sum-mer days am com-ing.
mor-row, Cayse de tear-drop flow; I try to drive a-way my sor-row,
CHORUS.
Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground. Down in de corn-field Hear dat mourn-ful
Mas-sa neb-ber calls no more.
Pick-in' on de old ban-jo.
sound; All de dark-eys am a-weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

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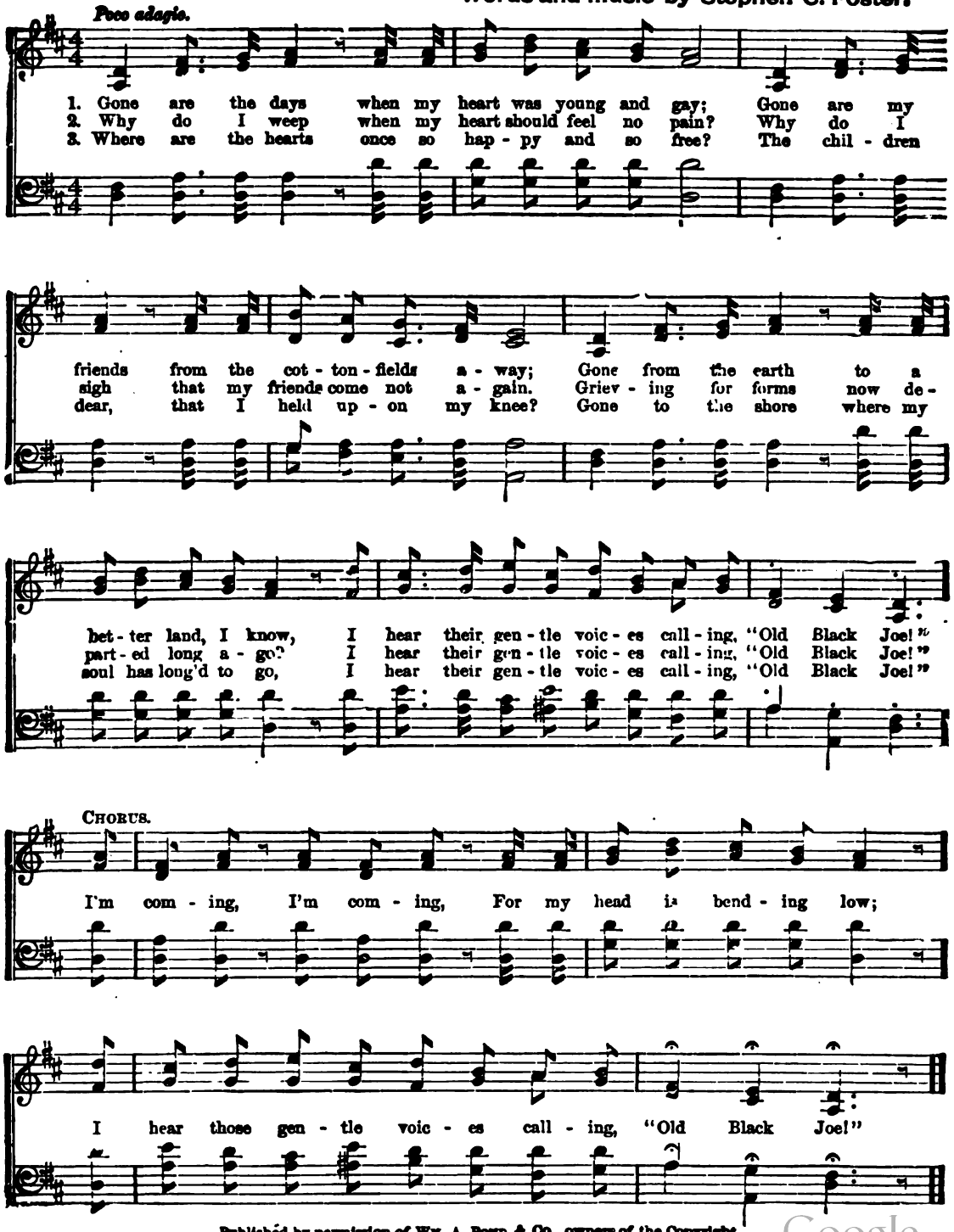
OLD BLACK JOE.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.

Poco adagio.
1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren
friends from the cot - ton - fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a
sigh that my friends come not a - gain. Griev - ing for forms now de-
dear, that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my
bet - ter land, I know, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
part - ed long a - go? I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
soul has long'd to go, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
CHORUS.
I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low;
I hear those gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

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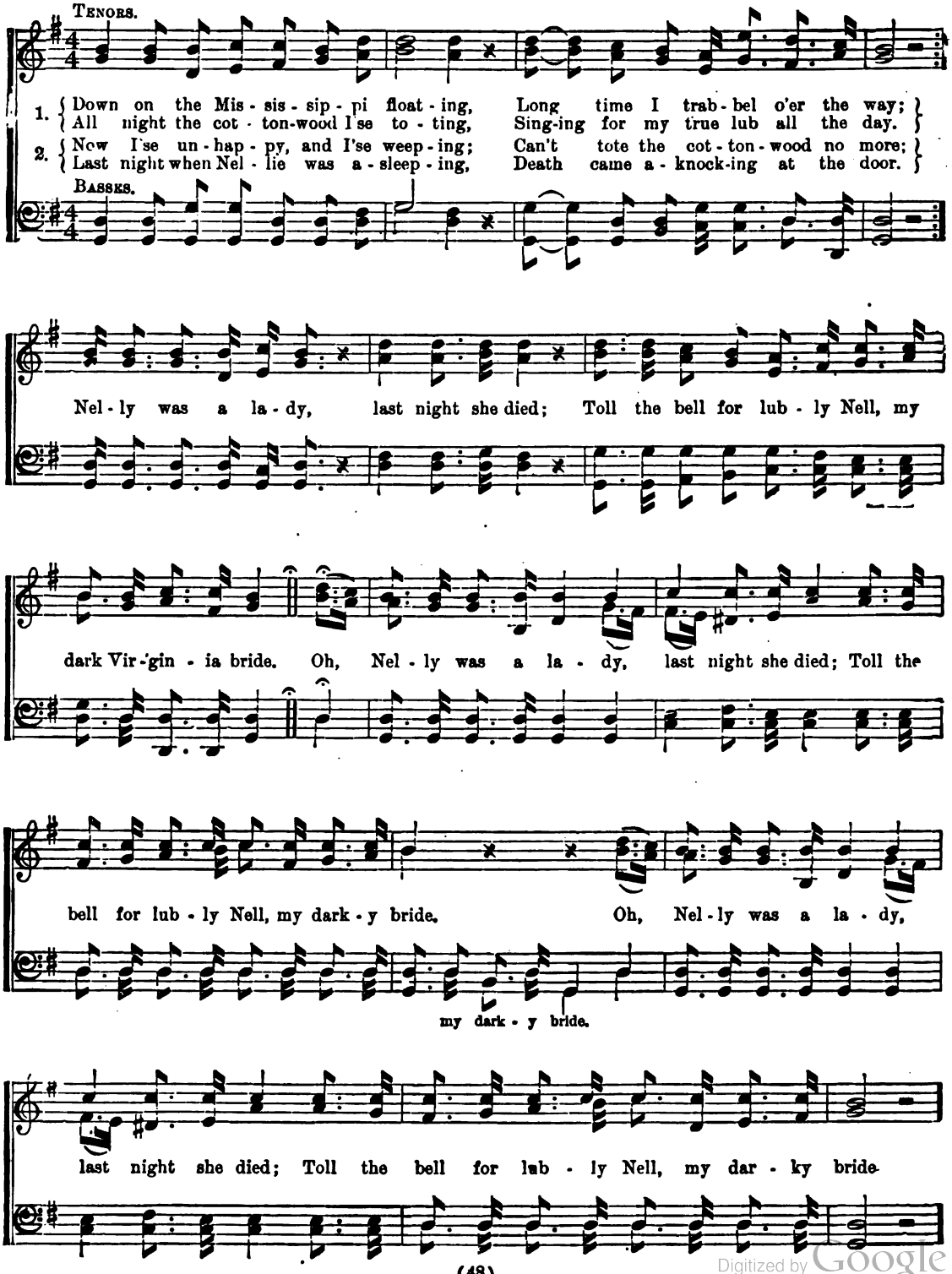
NELLY WAS A LADY.

Tenors.
1. Down on the Mis - sis - sip - pi float - ing, Long time I trab - bel o'er the way;
All night the cot - ton-wood I'se to - ting, Sing-ing for my true lub all the day.
2. Now I'se un - hap - py, and I'se weep - ing; Can't tote the cot - ton - wood no more;
Last night when Nel - lie was a - sleep - ing, Death came a - knock-ing at the door.
Basses.
Nel - ly was a la - dy, last night she died; Toll the bell for lub - ly Nell, my
dark Vir - gin - ia bride. Oh, Nel - ly was a la - dy, last night she died; Toll the
bell for lub - ly Nell, my dark - y bride. Oh, Nel - ly was a la - dy,
my dark - y bride.
last night she died; Toll the bell for lub - ly Nell, my dar - ky bride.

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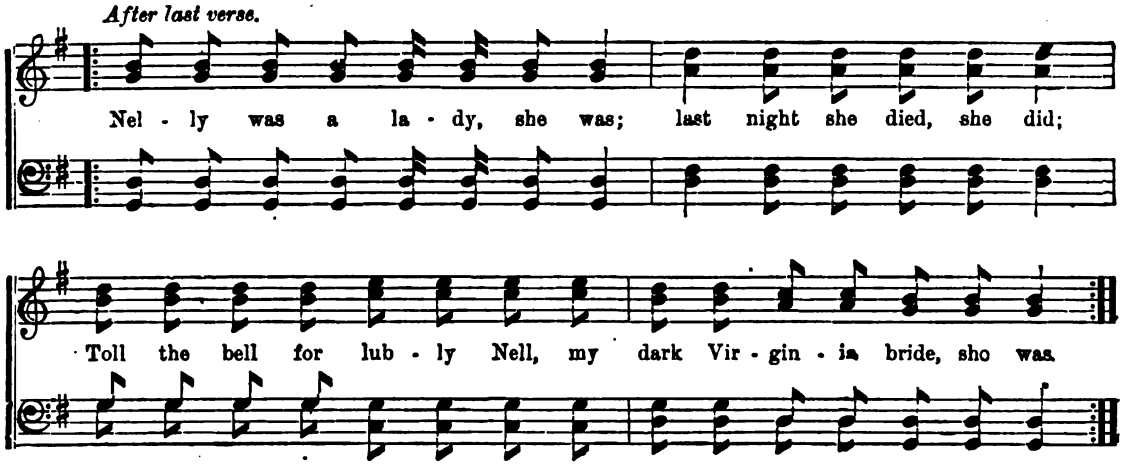
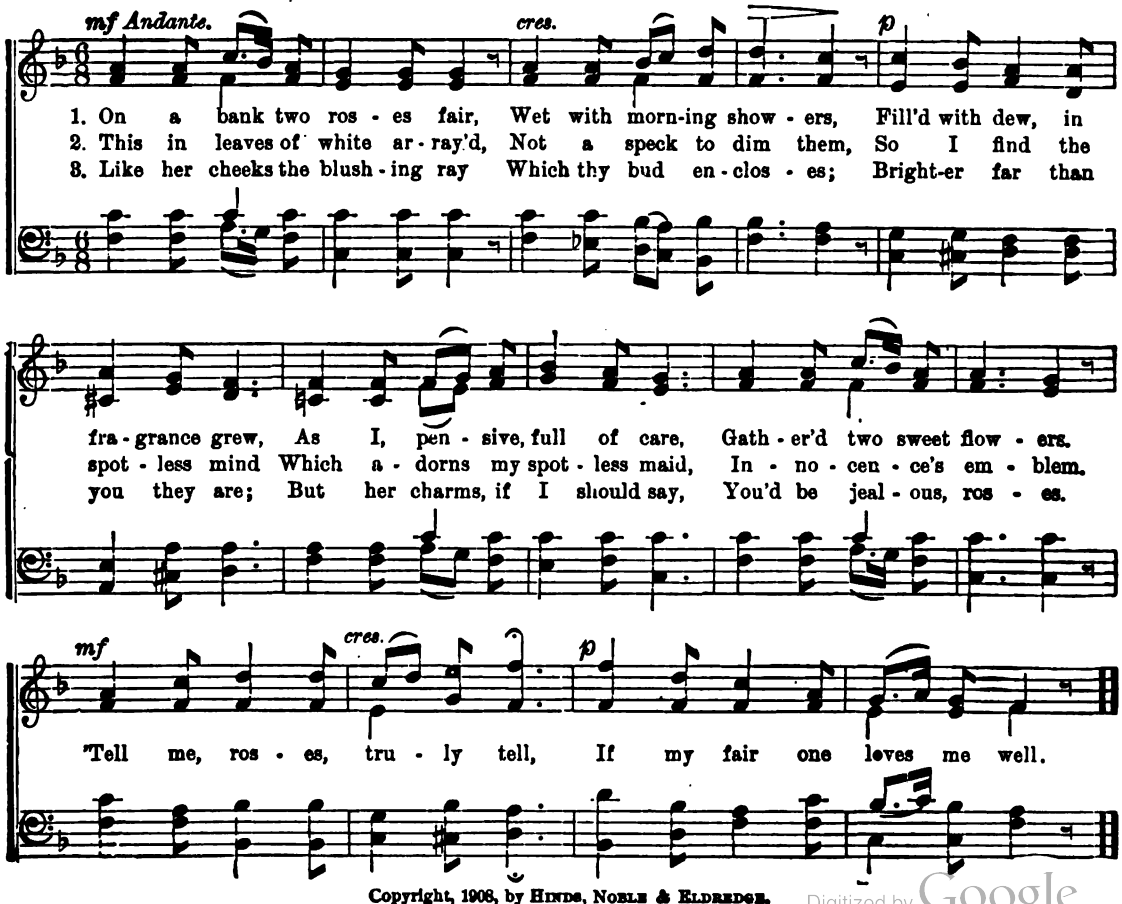
NELLY WAS A LADY.

After last verse.
Nel - ly was a la - dy, she was; last night she died, she did;
Toll the bell for lub - ly Nell, my dark Vir - gin - ia bride, sho was.

THE TWO ROSES.

Werner.
Arranged by George Rosey.

mf Andante.
cres.
p
1. On a bank two ros - es fair, Wet with morn-ing show - ers, Fill'd with dew, in
2. This in leaves of white ar - ray'd, Not a speck to dim them, So I find the
3. Like her cheeks the blush - ing ray Which thy bud en - clos - es; Bright-er far than
fra - grance grew, As I, pen - sive, full of care, Gath - er'd two sweet flow - ers.
spot - less mind Which a - dorns my spot - less maid, In - no - cen - ce's em - blem.
you they are; But her charms, if I should say, You'd be jeal - ous, ros - es.
mf
cres.
p
Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

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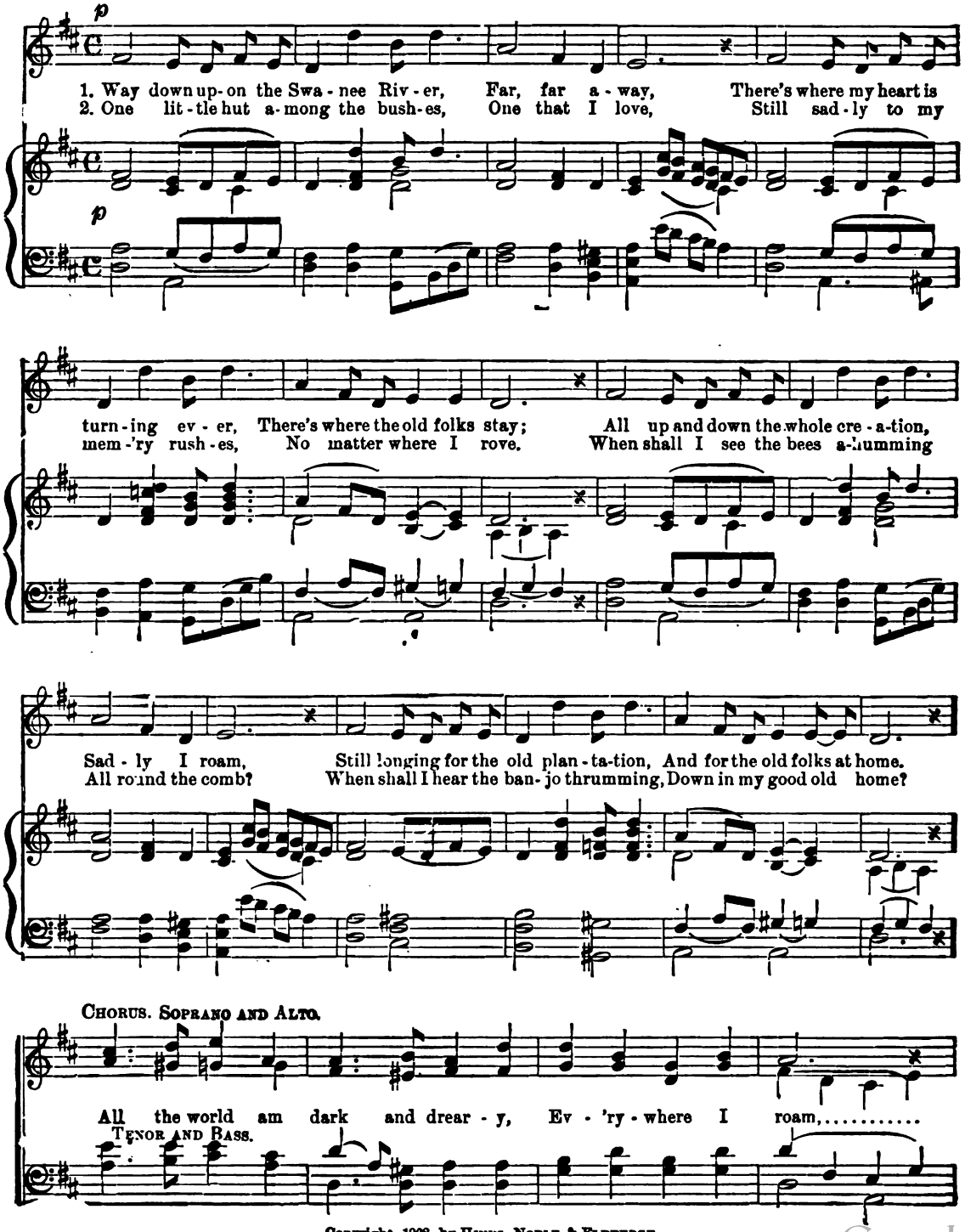
OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Melody by Stephen C. Foster. Arranged by George Rosey.

p
1. Way down up-on the Swa-nee Riv-er, Far, far a-way, There's where my heart is
2. One lit-tle hut a-mong the bush-es, One that I love, Still sad-ly to my
turn-ing ev-er, There's where the old folks stay; All up and down the whole cre-a-tion,
mem-'ry rush-es, No matter where I rove. When shall I see the bees a-humming
Sad-ly I roam, Still longing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home.
All round the comb? When shall I hear the ban-jo thrumming, Down in my good old home?
Chorus. Soprano and Alto.
All the world am dark and drear-y, Ev-'ry-where I roam,.....
Tenor and Bass.

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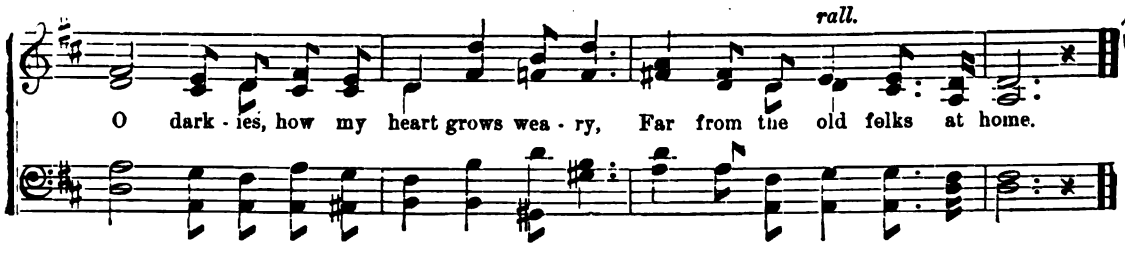
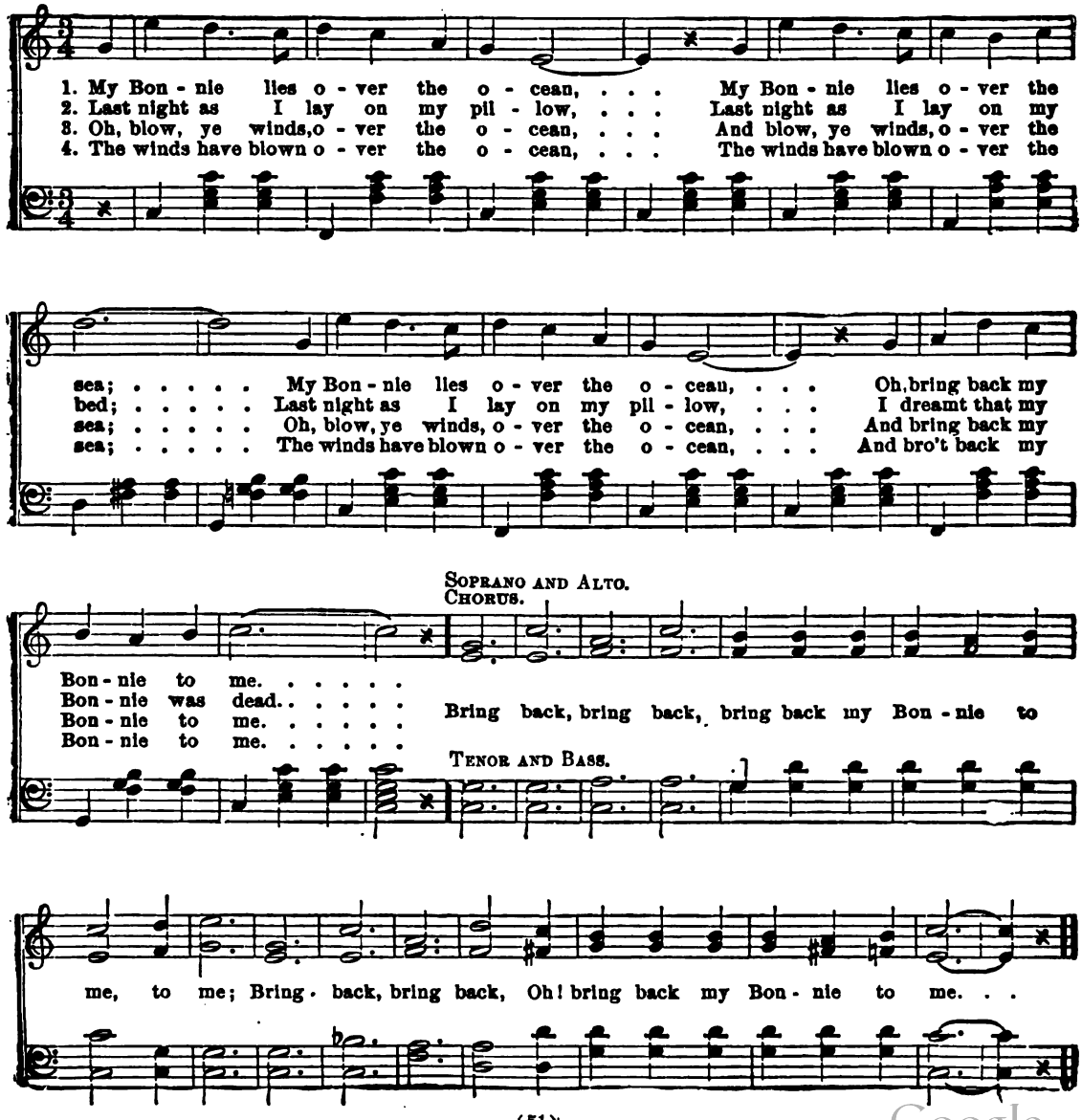
OLD FOLKS AT HOME.



MY BONNIE.


1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . . My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . . . Last night as I lay on my
3. Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . . And blow, ye winds, o - ver the
4. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . . The winds have blown o - ver the
sea; . . . . . My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . . Oh, bring back my
bed; . . . . . Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . . . I dreamt that my
sea; . . . . . Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . . And bring back my
sea; . . . . . The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . . And bro't back my
Soprano and Alto.
Chorus.
Bon - nie to me. . . . . .
Bon - nie was dead. . . . . .
Bon - nie to me. . . . . .
Bon - nie to me. . . . . .
Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to
Tenor and Bass.
me, to me; Bring - back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me. . .

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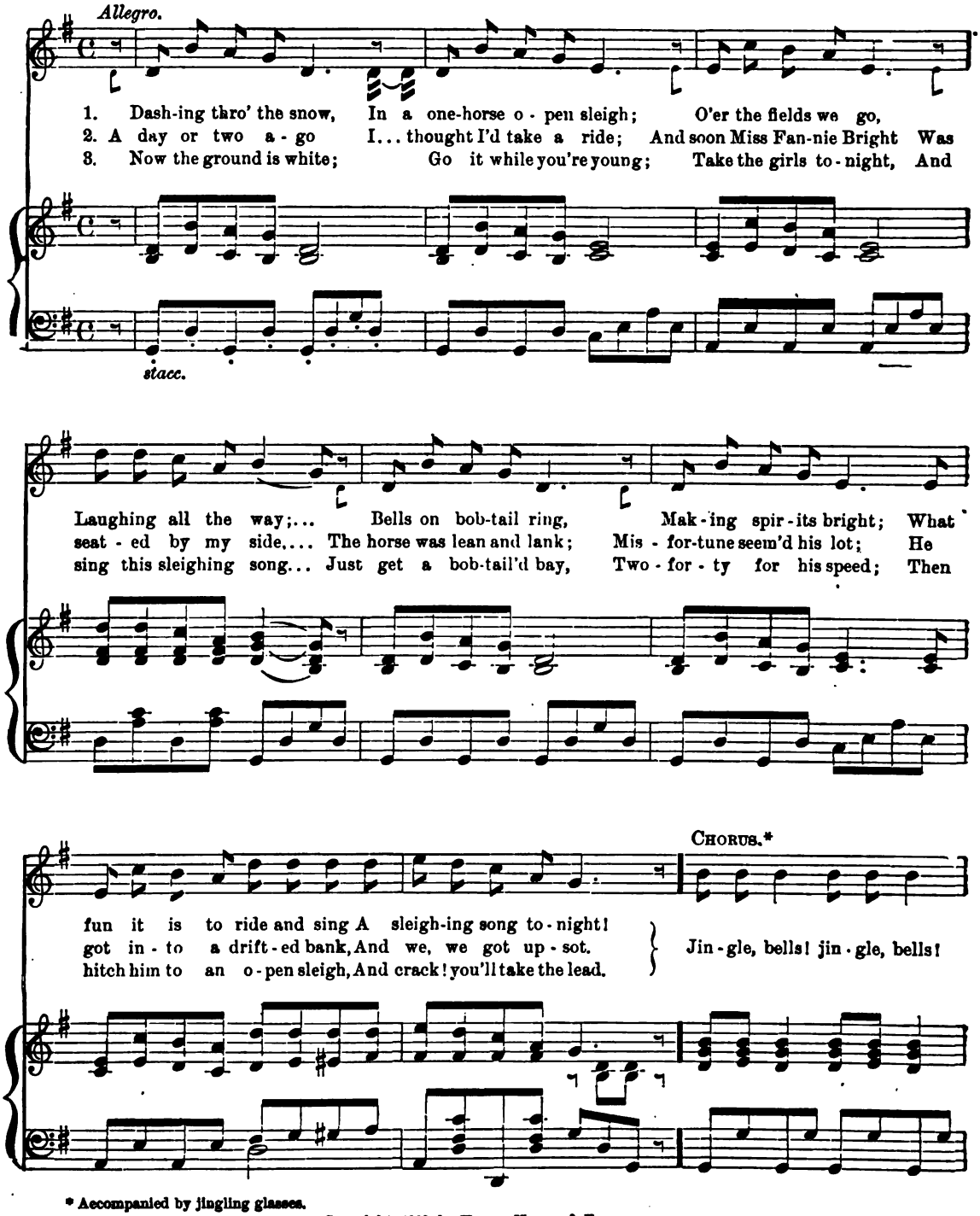
JINGLE, BELLS.

Arranged by George Rosey.

Allegro.
1. Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh; O'er the fields we go,
2. A day or two a - go I... thought I'd take a ride; And soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was
3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young; Take the girls to - night, And
stacc.
Laughing all the way;... Bells on bob-tail ring, Mak - ing spir - its bright; What
seat - ed by my side,.... The horse was lean and lank; Mis - for-tune seem'd his lot; He
sing this sleighing song... Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two - for - ty for his speed; Then
Chorus.*
fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to - night!
got in - to a drift - ed bank, And we, we got up - sot.
hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.
Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells!

* Accompanied by jingling glasses.

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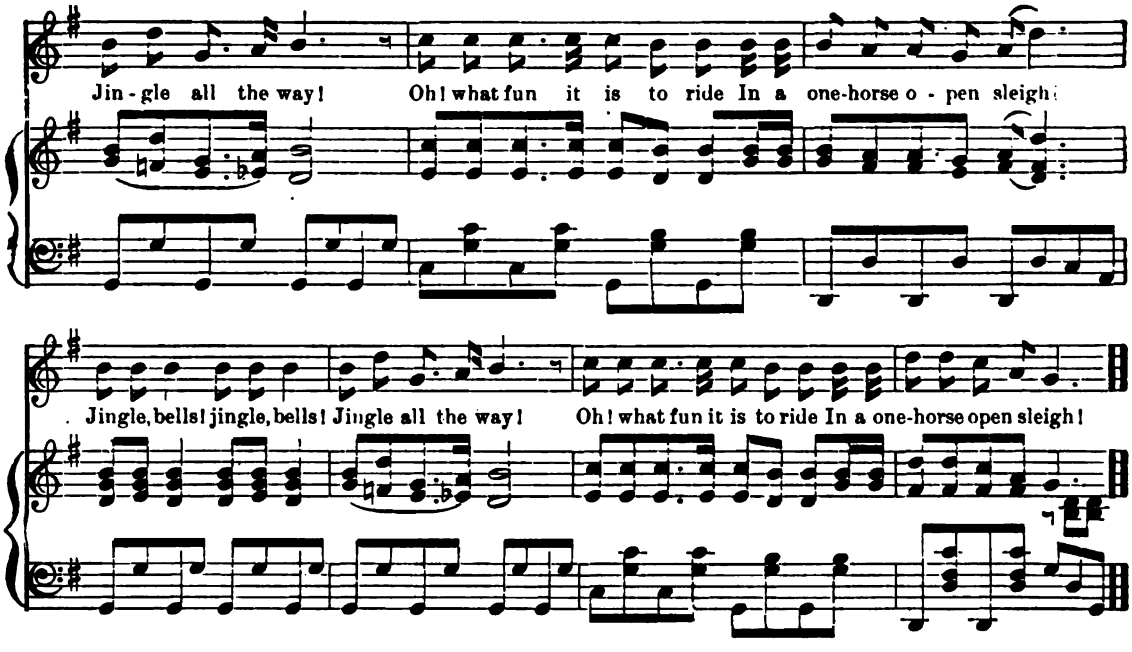
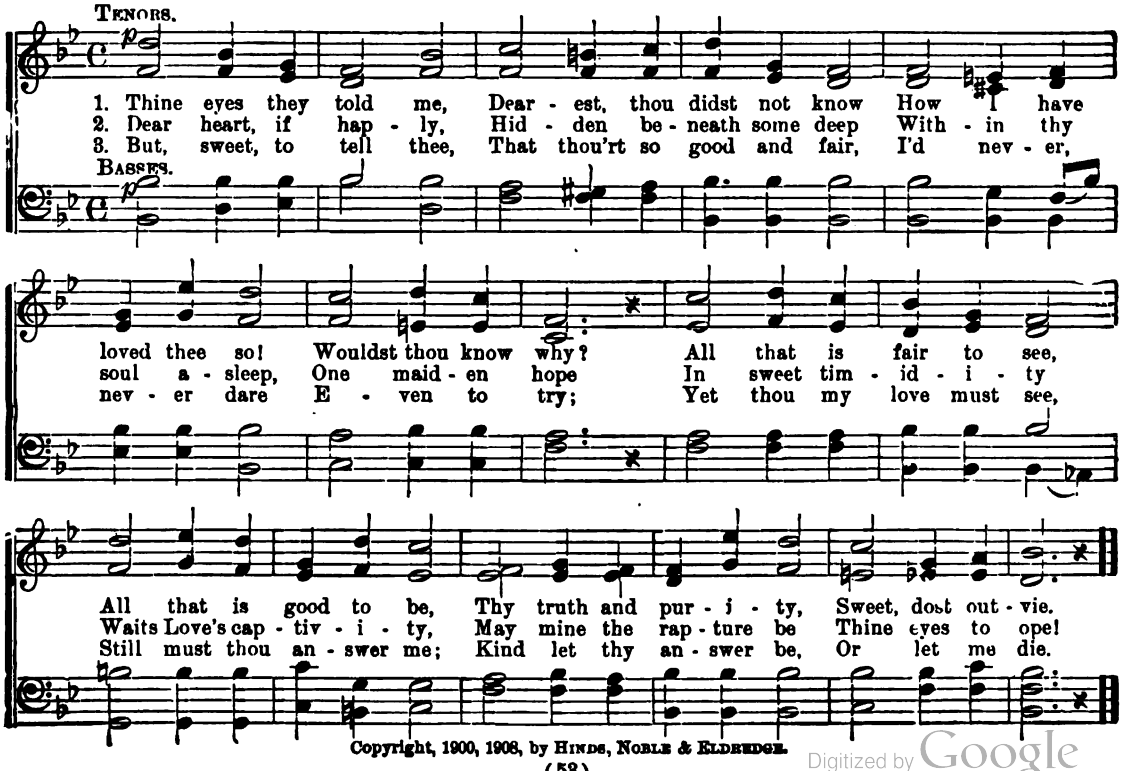

Jin - gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!
Jingle, bells! jingle, bells! Jingle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh!

HOW I HAVE LOVED THEE.

Words by Frank Julian Price.
Words of 2d verse by Arthur Rogers. **Arranged by George Rosey.**

Tenors.
Basses.
1. Thine eyes they told me, Dear - est, thou didst not know How I have loved thee so! Wouldst thou know why? All that is fair to see, All that is good to be, Thy truth and pur - i - ty, Sweet, dost out - vie.
2. Dear heart, if hap - ly, Hid - den be - neath some deep soul a - sleep, One maid - en hope Waits Love's cap - tiv - i - ty, With - in thy In sweet tim - id - i - ty May mine the rap - ture be Still must thou an - swer me; Thine eyes to ope! Kind let thy an - swer be, Or let me die.
3. But, sweet, to tell thee, That thou'rt so good and fair, I'd nev - er, nev - er dare E - ven to try; Yet thou my love must see,

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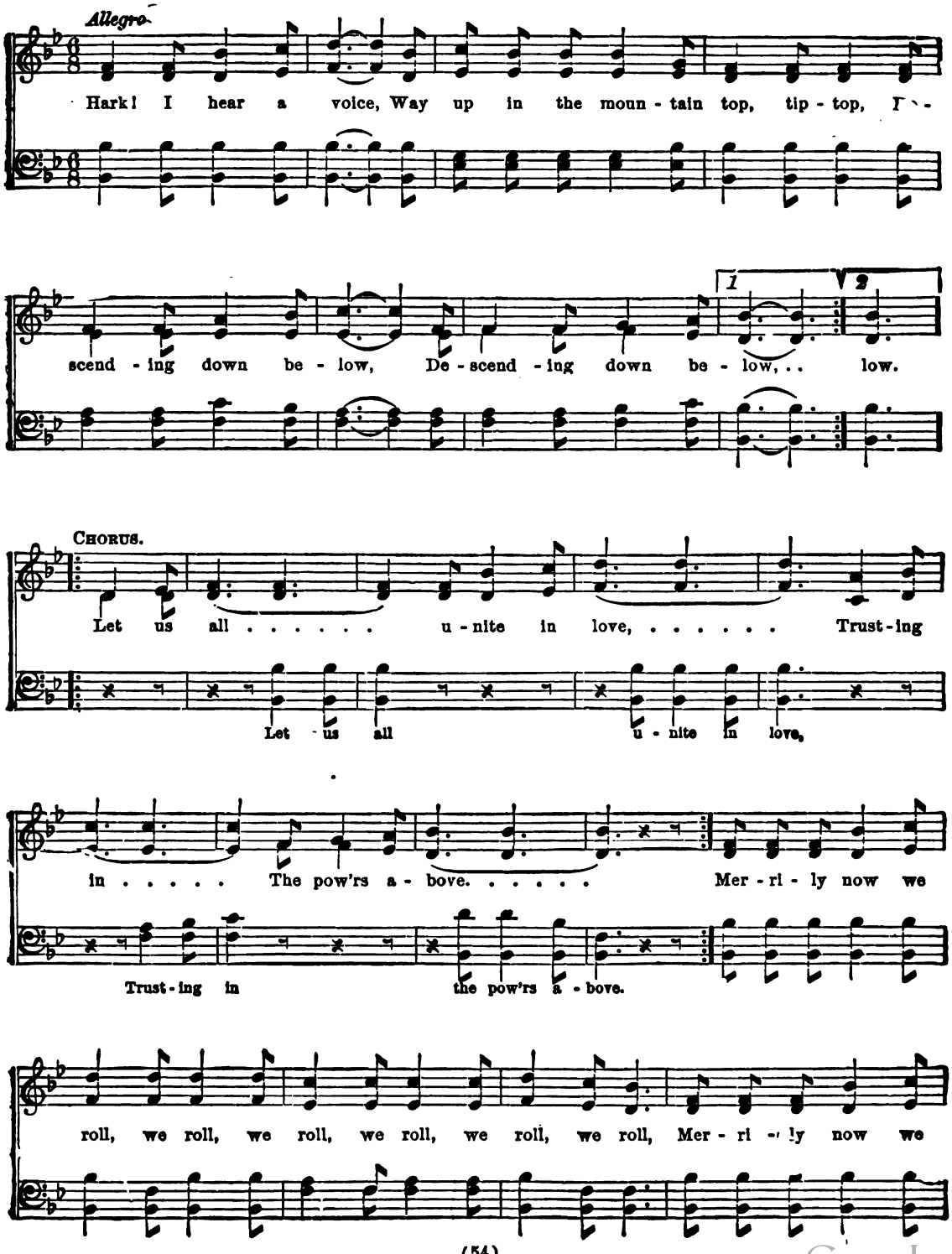
HARK! I HEAR A VOICE.

Allegro.
Hark! I hear a voice, Way up in the moun - tain top, tip - top, I - -
scend - ing down be - low, De - scend - ing down be - low, . . low.
1
2
Chorus.
Let us all . . . . . u - nite in love, ... Trust - ing
Let us all u - nite in love,
in . . . . . The pow'rs a - bove. . . . . Mer - ri - ly now we
Trust - ing in the pow'rs a - bove.
roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, Mer - ri - ly now we

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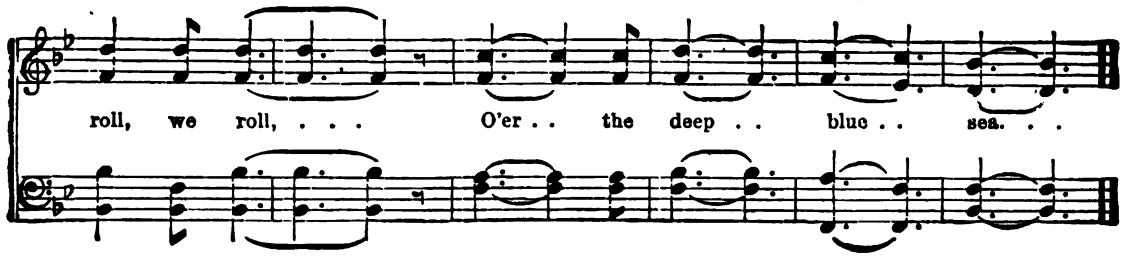
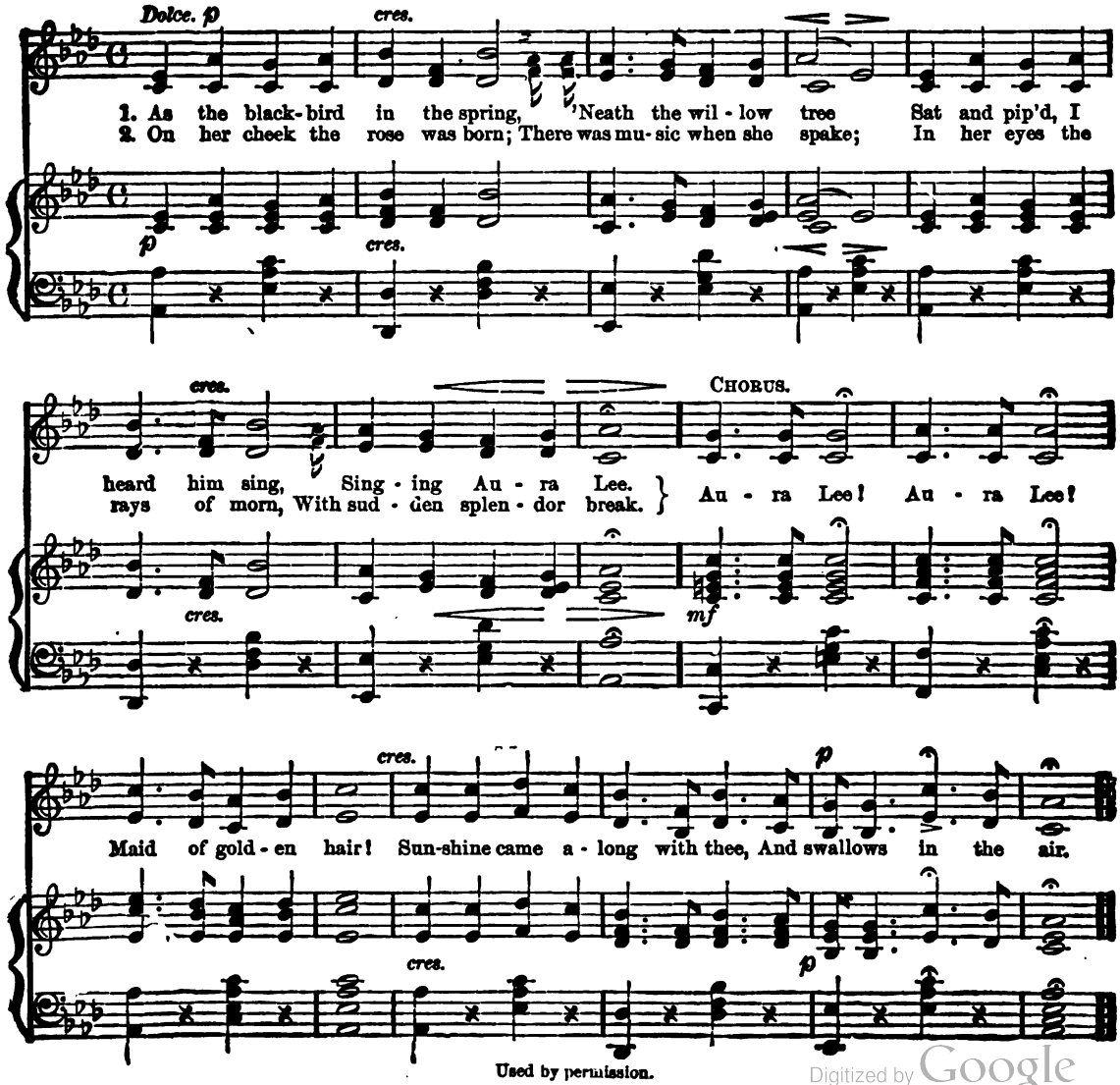

AURA LEE.

Dolce. p
cres.
1. As the black-bird in the spring, 'Neath the wil - low tree Sat and pip'd, I
2. On her cheek the rose was born; There was mu - sic when she spake; In her eyes the
heard him sing, Sing - ing Au - ra Lee.
rays of morn, With sud - den splen - dor break.
CHORUS.
Au - ra Lee! Au - ra Lee!
mf
Maid of gold - en hair! Sun-shine came a - long with thee, And swallows in the air.

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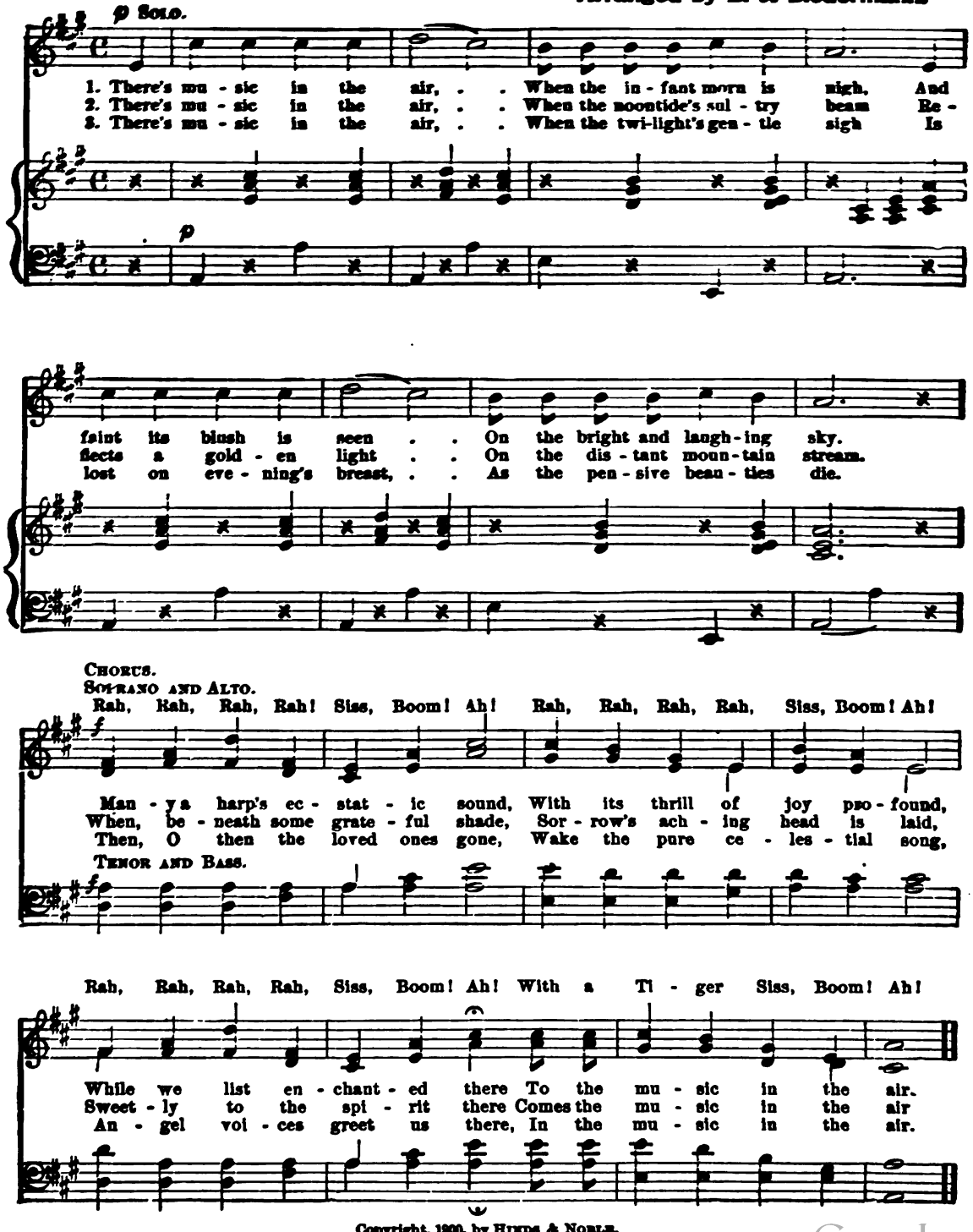
THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.

p Solo.
1. There's mu - sic in the air, . . When the in - fant morn is nigh, And
2. There's mu - sic in the air, . . When the noontide's sul - try beam Re -
3. There's mu - sic in the air, . . When the twi-light's gen - tle sigh Is
faint its blush is seen . . On the bright and laugh - ing sky.
flects a gold - en light . . On the dis - tant moun - tain stream.
lost on eve - ning's breast, . . As the pen - sive beau - ties die.
Chorus.
Soprano and Alto.
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah! Siss, Boom! Ah! Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Siss, Boom! Ah!
Man - y a harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of joy pro - found,
When, be - neath some grate - ful shade, Sor - row's ach - ing head is laid,
Then, O then the loved ones gone, Wake the pure ce - les - tial song,
Tenor and Bass.
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Siss, Boom! Ah! With a Ti - ger Siss, Boom! Ah!
While we list en - chant - ed there To the mu - sic in the air.
Sweet - ly to the spi - rit there Comes the mu - sic in the air
An - gel voi - ces greet us there, In the mu - sic in the air.

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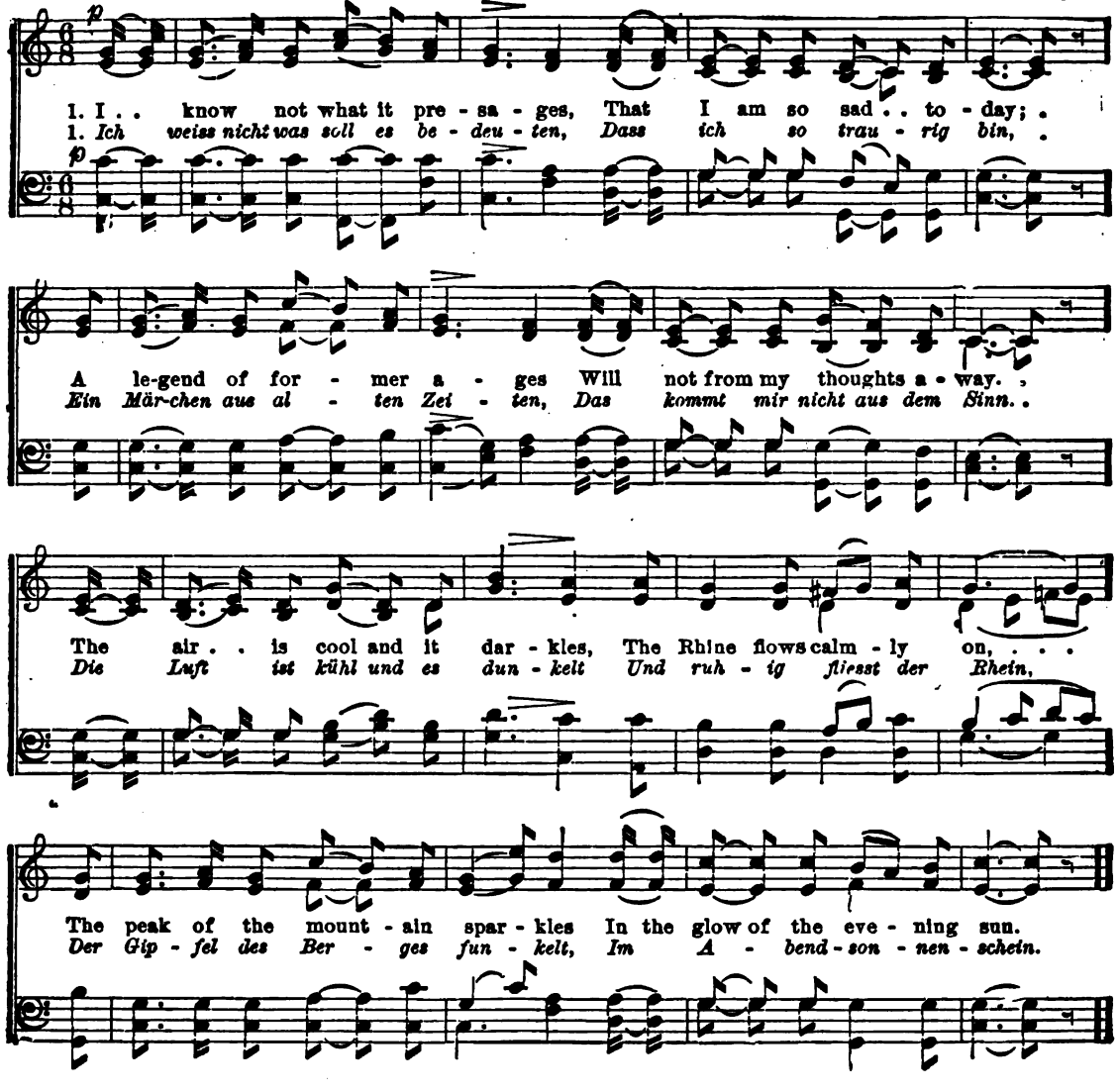
THE LORELEY.

MIXED VOICES. F. Silcher.

1. I . . know not what it pre - sa - ges, That I am so sad . . to - day; .
1. Ich weiss nicht was soll es be - deu - ten, Dass ich so trau - rig bin, .
A le-gend of for - mer a - ges Will not from my thoughts a - way. ,
Ein Mär-chen aus al - ten Zei - ten, Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn. .
The air . . is cool and it dar - kles, The Rhine flows calm - ly on, . . .
Die Luft ist kühl und es dun - kelt Und ruh - ig fliesst der Rhein,
The peak of the mount - ain spar - kles In the glow of the eve - ning sun.
Der Gip - fel des Ber - ges fun - kelt, Im A - bend - son - nen - schein.

2 The most beautiful maid is reclining
On the cliff, so wondrous fair;
Her glorious jewels are shining,
She is combing her golden hair;
With a golden comb she combs it,
And sings a song thereby,
That thrills with its mystic meaning
And powerful melody.

3 It seizes with wildest yearning
The boatman, entranc'd in his skiff;
He sees not the treacherous breakers,
He gazes alone on the cliff.
And soon will the waves engulf them,
Both boat and boatman strong,
For thus in her toils hath she bound them.
The Loreley with her song.

2 *Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet*
Dort oben wunderbar
Ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet
Sie kämmt sich ihr goldenes Haar
Sie kämmt es mit gold'nem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei
Das hat eine wundersame
Gewalt'ge Melodei.

3 *Den Schiffer in kleinem Schiffe*
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh.
Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen,
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei gethan.

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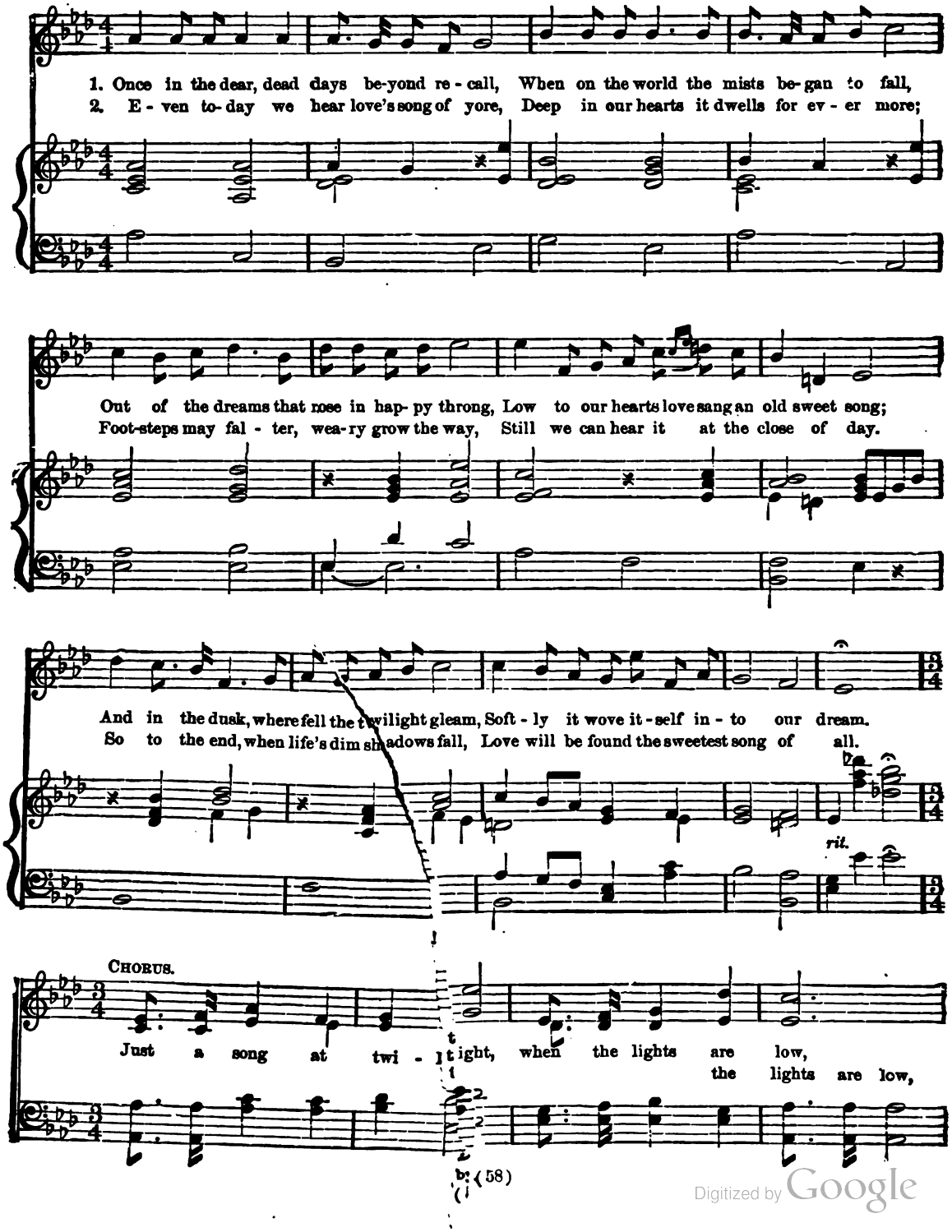
LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

Words by G. F. Brigham. Music by J. L. Molloy.

1. Once in the dear, dead days be-yond re - call, When on the world the mists be-gan to fall,
2. E - ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for ev - er more;
Out of the dreams that rose in hap- py throng, Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song;
Foot-steps may fal - ter, wea-ry grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day.
And in the dusk, where fell the twilight gleam, Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.
So to the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.
rit.
CHORUS.
Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are low,
the lights are low,

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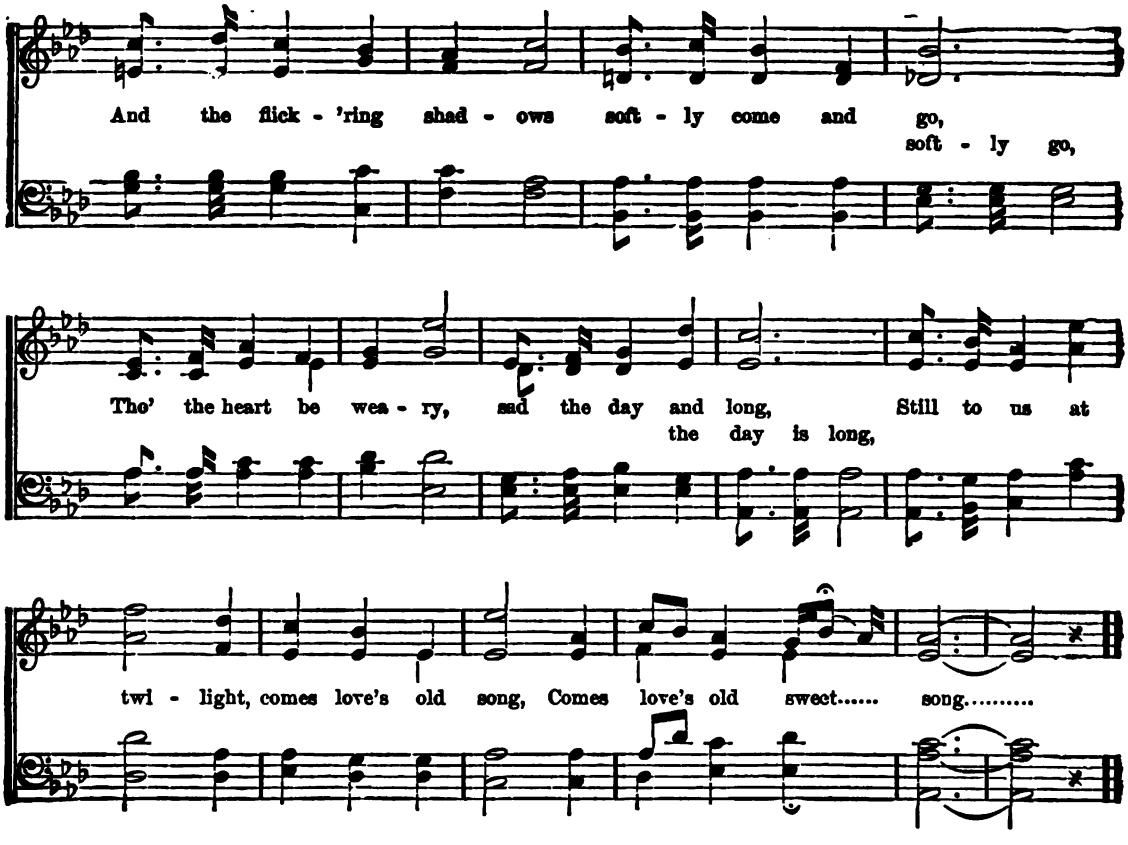
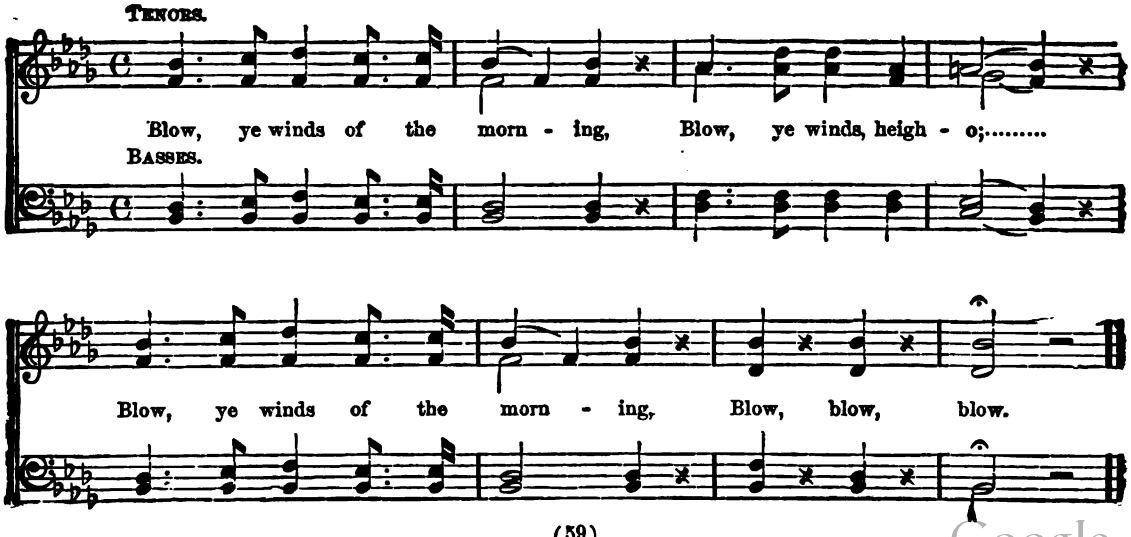
LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

And the flick - 'ring shad - ows soft - ly come and go,
soft - ly go,
Tho' the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long, Still to us at
the day is long,
twi - light, comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet..... song.....

BLOW, YE WINDS.

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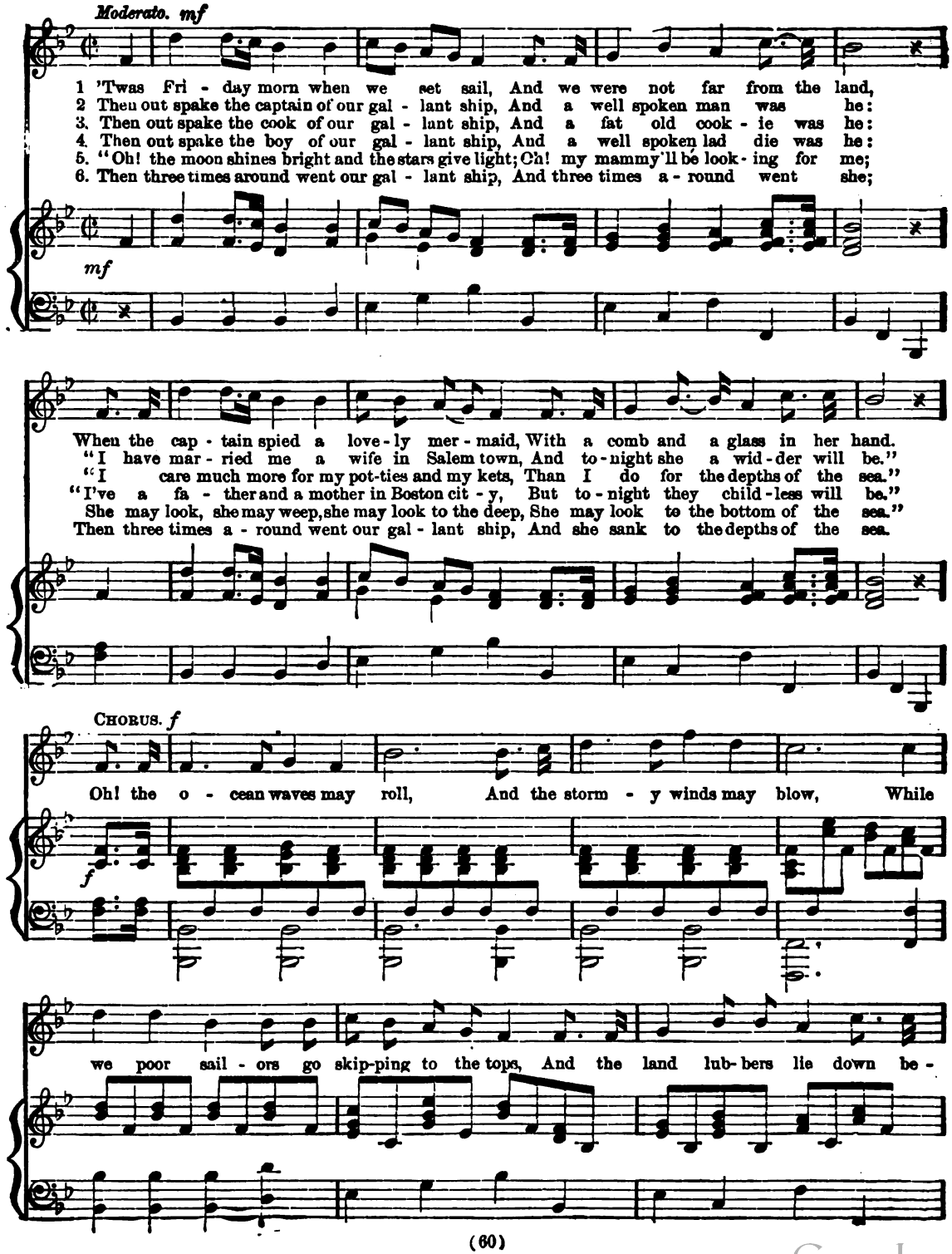
THE MERMAID.

Moderato. mf
1 'Twas Fri - day morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the land,
2 Then out spake the captain of our gal - lant ship, And a well spoken man was he:
3. Then out spake the cook of our gal - lant ship, And a fat old cook - ie was he:
4. Then out spake the boy of our gal - lant ship, And a well spoken lad die was he:
5. "Oh! the moon shines bright and the stars give light; Oh! my mammy'll be look - ing for me;
6. Then three times around went our gal - lant ship, And three times a - round went she;
mf
When the cap - tain spied a love - ly mer - maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand.
"I have mar - ried me a wife in Salem town, And to - night she a wid - der will be."
"I care much more for my pot-ties and my kets, Than I do for the depths of the sea."
"I've a fa - ther and a mother in Boston cit - y, But to - night they child - less will be."
She may look, she may weep, she may look to the deep, She may look to the bottom of the sea."
Then three times a - round went our gal - lant ship, And she sank to the depths of the sea.
CHORUS. f
Oh! the o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may blow, While
f
we poor sail - ors go skip-ping to the tops, And the land lub - bers lie down be -

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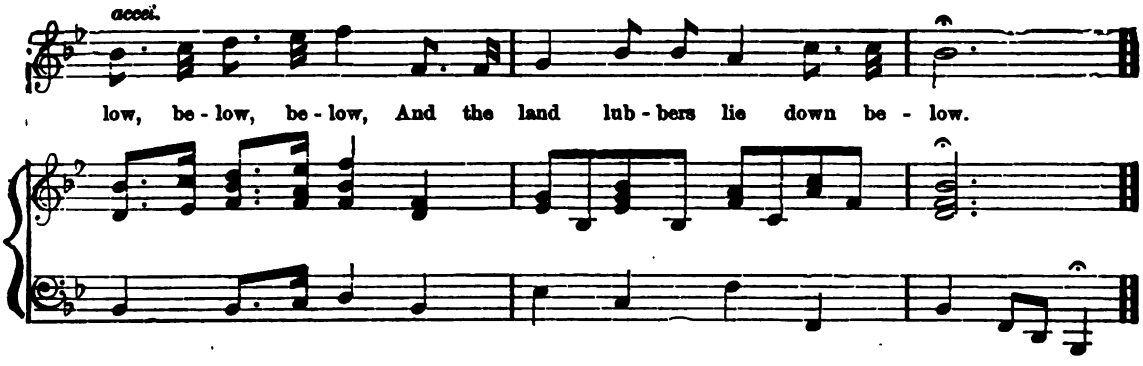
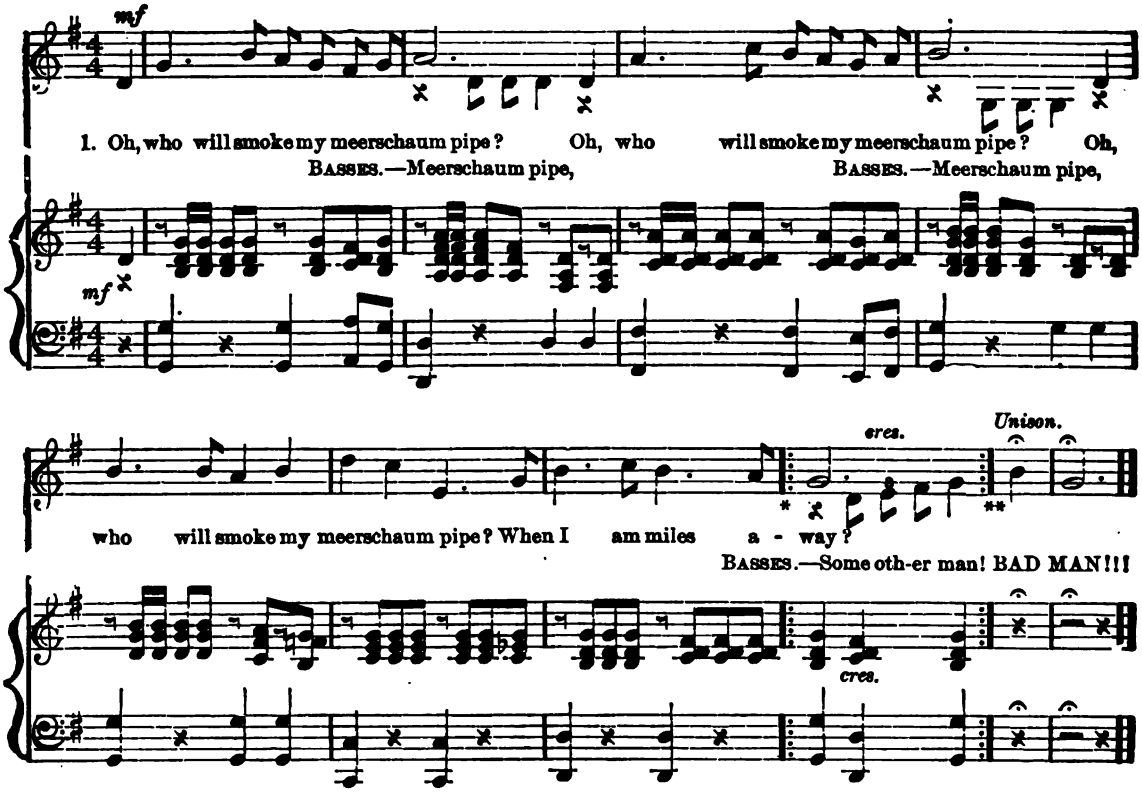

MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

mf
1. Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe? Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe? Oh,
BASSES.—Meerschaum pipe,
BASSES.—Meerschaum pipe,
mf
cres.
Unison.
who will smoke my meerschaum pipe? When I am miles a - way?
BASSES.—Some oth-er man! BAD MAN!!!
cres.

2. Oh, who will wear my stove-pipe hat?
Some other man, guess if you can.

3 Oh, who will buy my cast-off boots?
Allie Bazan or Johnnie Moran.

4 Oh, who will take my girl to ride?
Allie Bazan or Johnnie Moran or Billy McCann.

5 Oh, who will squeeze her snow-white hand?
Allie Bazan or Johnnie Moran or Billy McCann,
Of Kalamazoo.

6 Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips?
Allie Bazan or Johnnie Moran or Billy McCann,
Of Kalamazoo, Michigan.
BAD MAN!!!

* Repeat this measure once for the second verse, twice for the third verse, etc.
** The words, "Bad Man" are to be sung at the end of last verse only.

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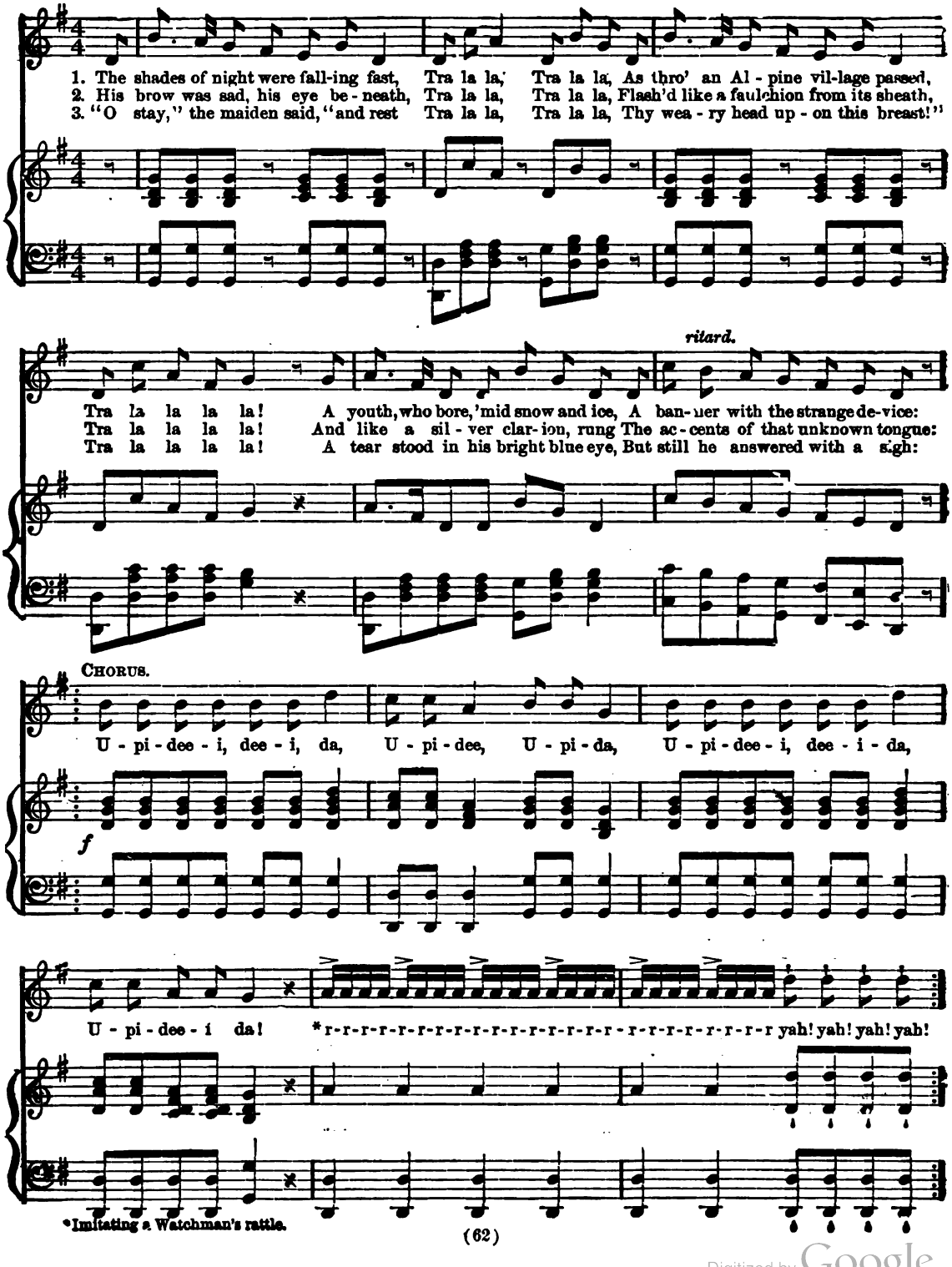
UPIDEE.

1. The shades of night were fall-ing fast, Tra la la, Tra la la, As thro' an Al - pine vil-lage passed,
2. His brow was sad, his eye be - neath, Tra la la, Tra la la, Flash'd like a faulchion from its sheath,
3. "O stay," the maiden said, "and rest Tra la la, Tra la la, Thy wea - ry head up - on this breast!"
ritard.
Tra la la la la! A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A ban-ner with the strange de-vice:
Tra la la la la! And like a sil - ver clar-ion, rung The ac - cents of that unknown tongue:
Tra la la la la! A tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he answered with a sigh:
Chorus.
U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i, dee - i - da,
f
U - pi - dee - i da! *r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r yah! yah! yah! yah!

*Imitating a Watchman's rattle.

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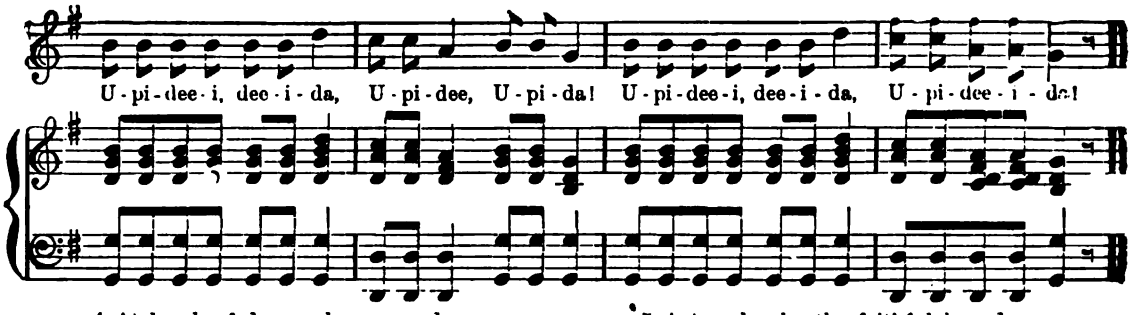
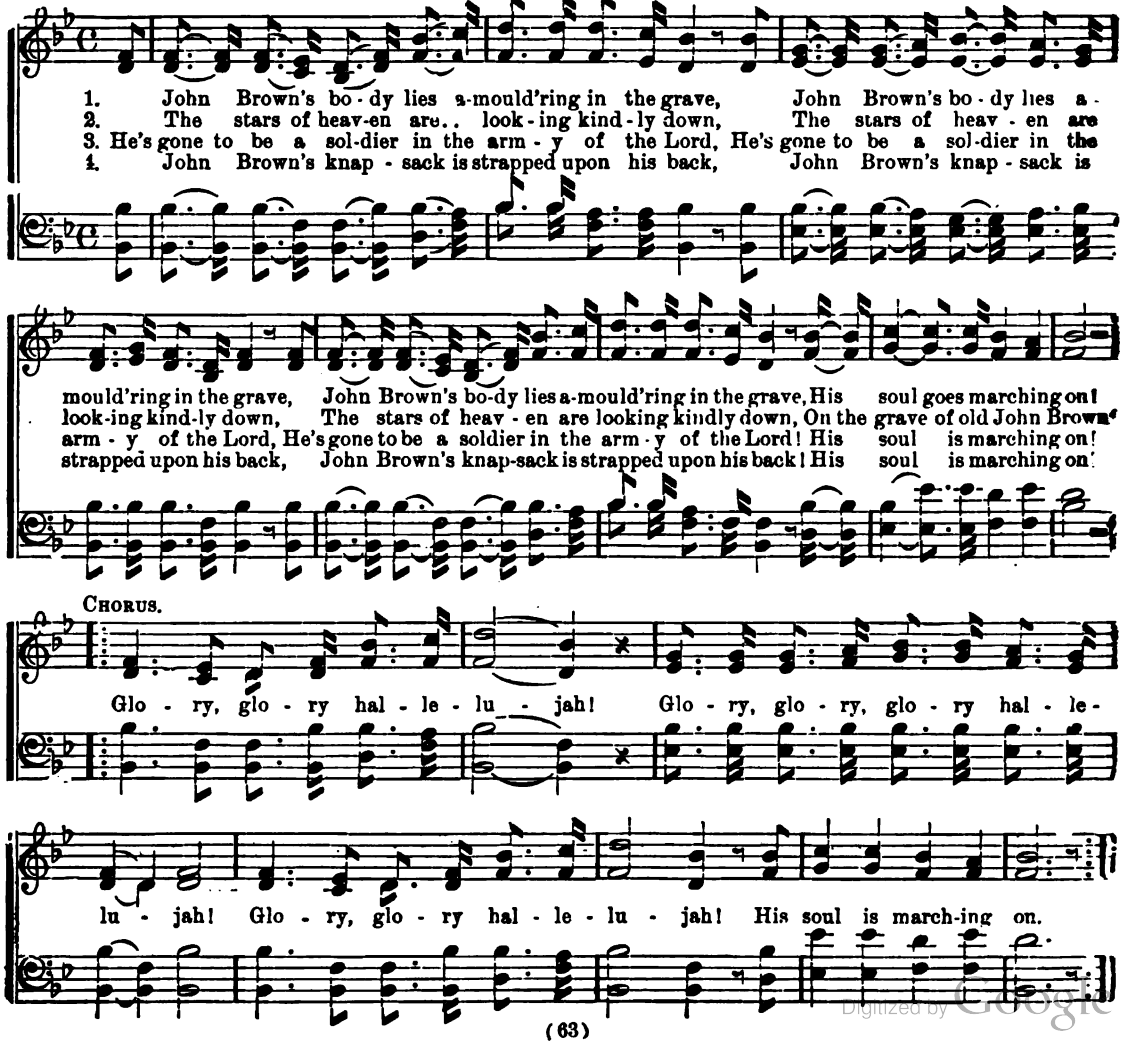
UPIDEE.

4 At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air.

5 A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

Music by W. Steffe.

1. John Brown's bo-dy lies a-mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo-dy lies a-
2. The stars of heav-en are.. look-ing kind-ly down, The stars of heav-en are
3. He's gone to be a sol-dier in the arm-y of the Lord, He's gone to be a sol-dier in the
4. John Brown's knap-sack is strapped upon his back, John Brown's knap-sack is
mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo-dy lies a-mould'ring in the grave, His soul goes marching on!
look-ing kind-ly down, The stars of heav-en are looking kindly down, On the grave of old John Brown!
arm-y of the Lord, He's gone to be a soldier in the arm-y of the Lord! His soul is marching on!
strapped upon his back, John Brown's knap-sack is strapped upon his back! His soul is marching on!
Chorus.
Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-
lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! His soul is march-ing on.

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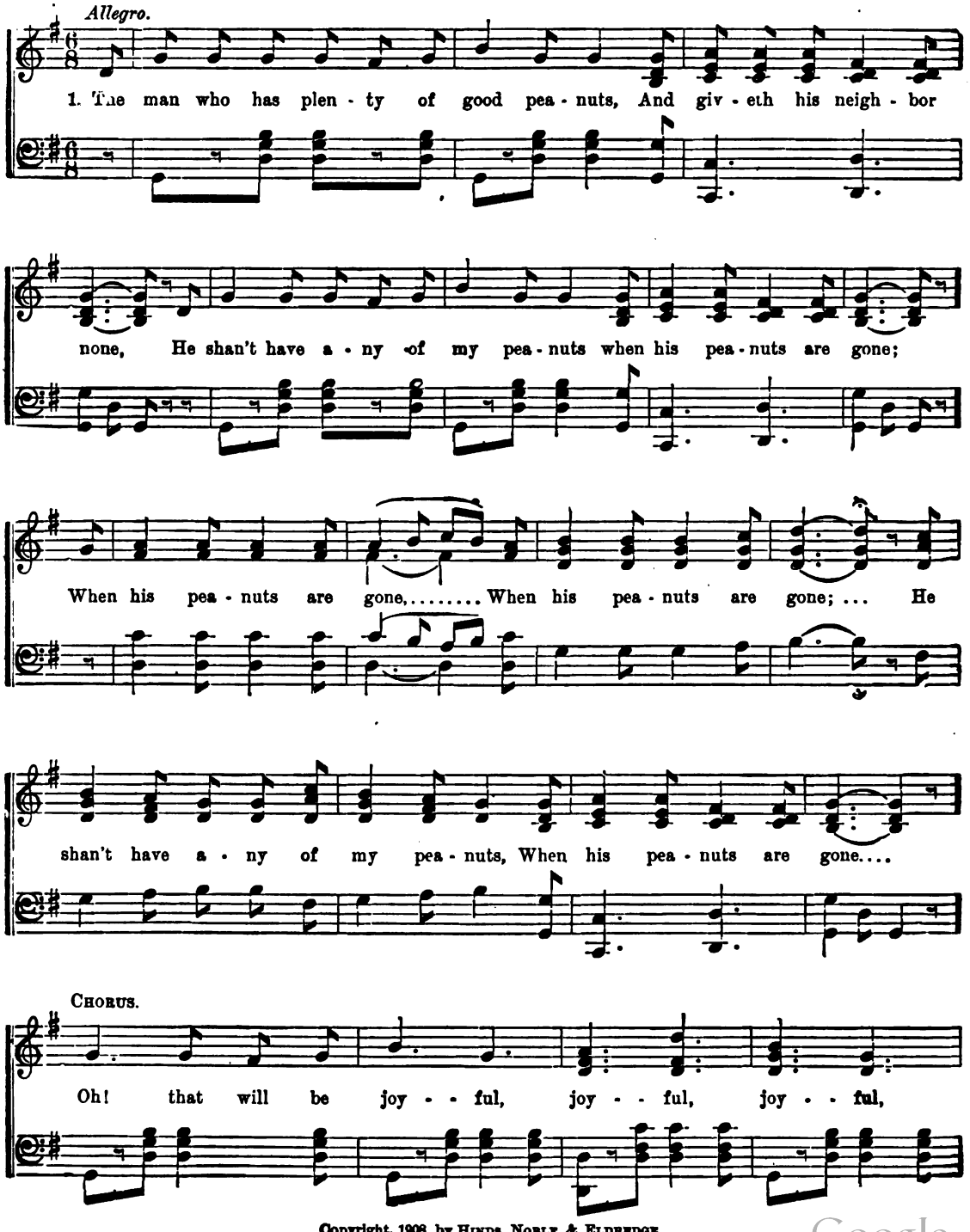
THE MAN WHO HAS PLENTY OF GOOD PEANUTS.

Arranged by George Rosey.

Allegro.
1. The man who has plen - ty of good pea - nuts, And giv - eth his neigh - bor
none, He shan't have a - ny of my pea - nuts when his pea - nuts are gone;
When his pea - nuts are gone,..... When his pea - nuts are gone; ... He
shan't have a - ny of my pea - nuts, When his pea - nuts are gone....
Chorus.
Oh! that will be joy - - ful, joy - - ful, joy - - ful,

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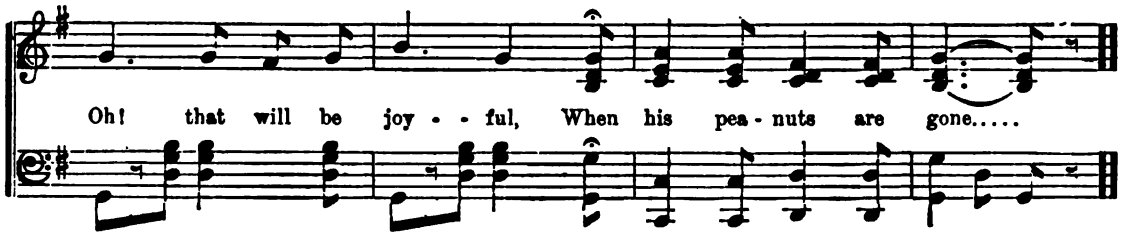
THE MAN WHO HAS PLENTY OF GOOD PEANUTS

The man who has plenty of nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry short cake,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry short cake,
When his nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry short cake is gone.

The man who has plenty of St. Jacob's Oil, for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my St. Jacob's Oil, for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains,
When his St. Jacob's Oil, for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains is gone.

The man who has plenty of Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations,
When his Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations are gone.

The man who has plenty of John Wanamaker's endurable, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em, patent restorable, operatic plug hats,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my John Wanamaker's endurable, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em, patent restorable, operatic plug hats,
When his John Wanamaker's endurable, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em, patent restorable, operatic plug hats are gone.

The man who has plenty of soft, sweet soda-crackers,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my soft, sweet soda-crackers,
When his soft, sweet soda-crackers are gone.

The man who has plenty of de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money,
When his de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money is gone.

MORAL.

The man who has plenty of good peanuts,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry shortcake,
When his St. Jacob's Oil for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains is gone;
When his Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations are gone;
When his John Wanamaker's endurable, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em patent restorable, operatic plug hats are gone.
He shan't have any of my soft, sweet, soda crackers,
When his de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money is gone.

CHORUS.

Oh! won't that be joyful, joyful, joyful, Oh! won't that be joyful,
When all of his good things are gone

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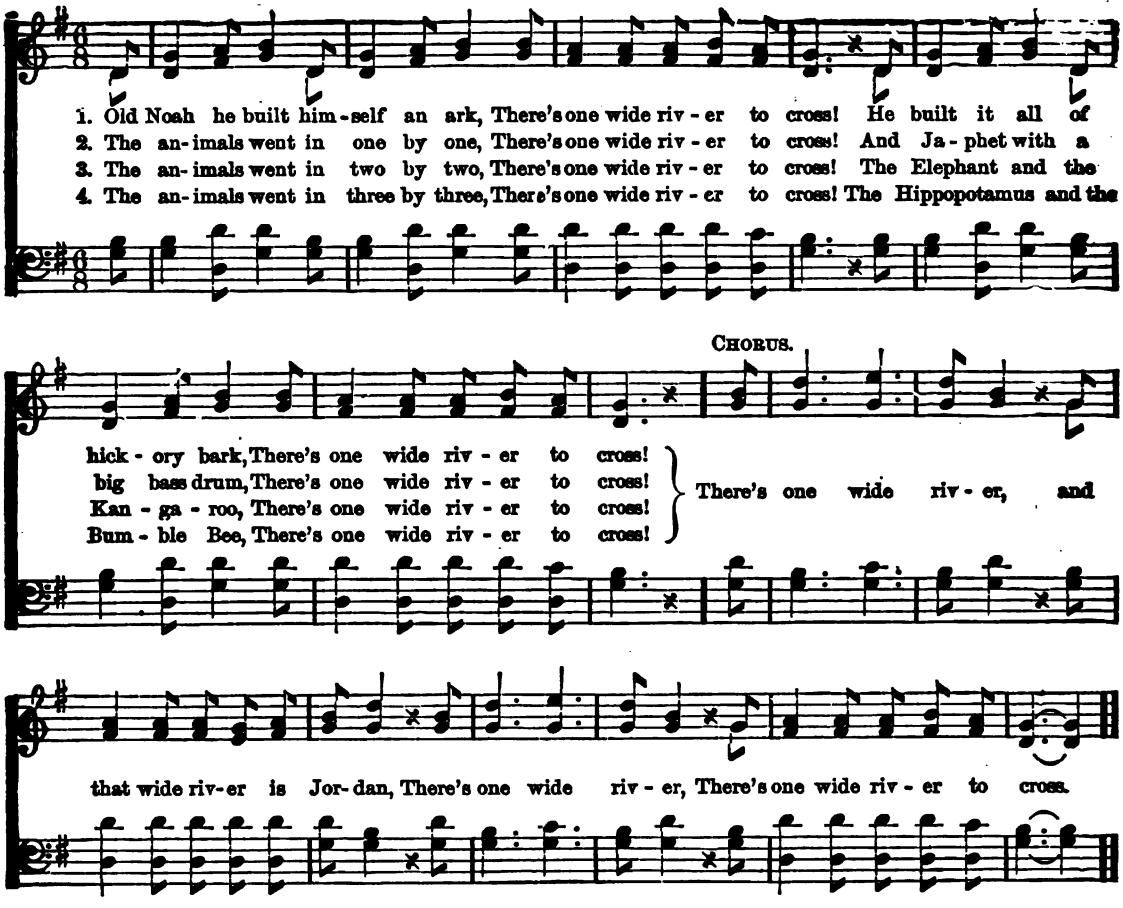
NOAH'S ARK.

1. Old Noah he built him-self an ark, There's one wide riv-er to cross! He built it all of
2. The an-imals went in one by one, There's one wide riv-er to cross! And Ja-phet with a
3. The an-imals went in two by two, There's one wide riv-er to cross! The Elephant and the
4. The an-imals went in three by three, There's one wide riv-er to cross! The Hippopotamus and the
CHORUS.
hick-ory bark, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
big bass drum, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
Kan-ga-roo, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
Bum-ble Bee, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
There's one wide riv-er, and
that wide riv-er is Jor-dan, There's one wide riv-er, There's one wide riv-er to cross.

5 The animals went in fives by fives,
Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and their wives,

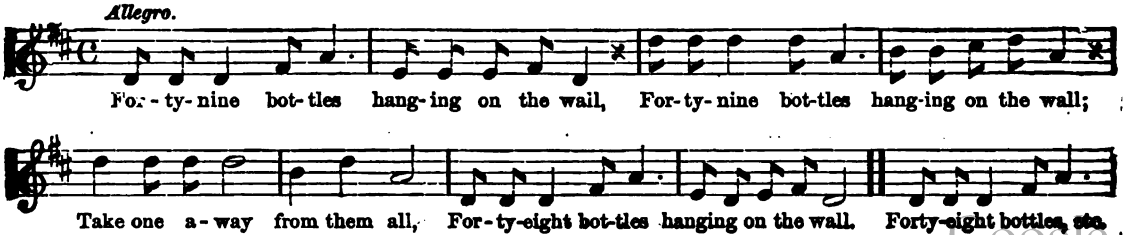
6 And when he found he had no sail,
He just ran up his old coat tail,

7 And as they talked on this and that,
The ark it bumped on Ararat.

8 Oh, Mrs. Noah, she got drunk,
And kicked the old gentleman out of his bunk,

9 Oh, Noah, he went on a spree,
And banished Ham to Afrikee,

10 Perhaps you think there's another verse
But there ain't!

FORTY-NINE BOTTLES.

Allegro.
For-ty-nine bot-tles hang-ing on the wall, For-ty-nine bot-tles hang-ing on the wall;
Take one a-way from them all, For-ty-eight bot-tles hanging on the wall. Forty-eight bottles, etc.

"To return by the same route, use:—"Add one bottle to them all."

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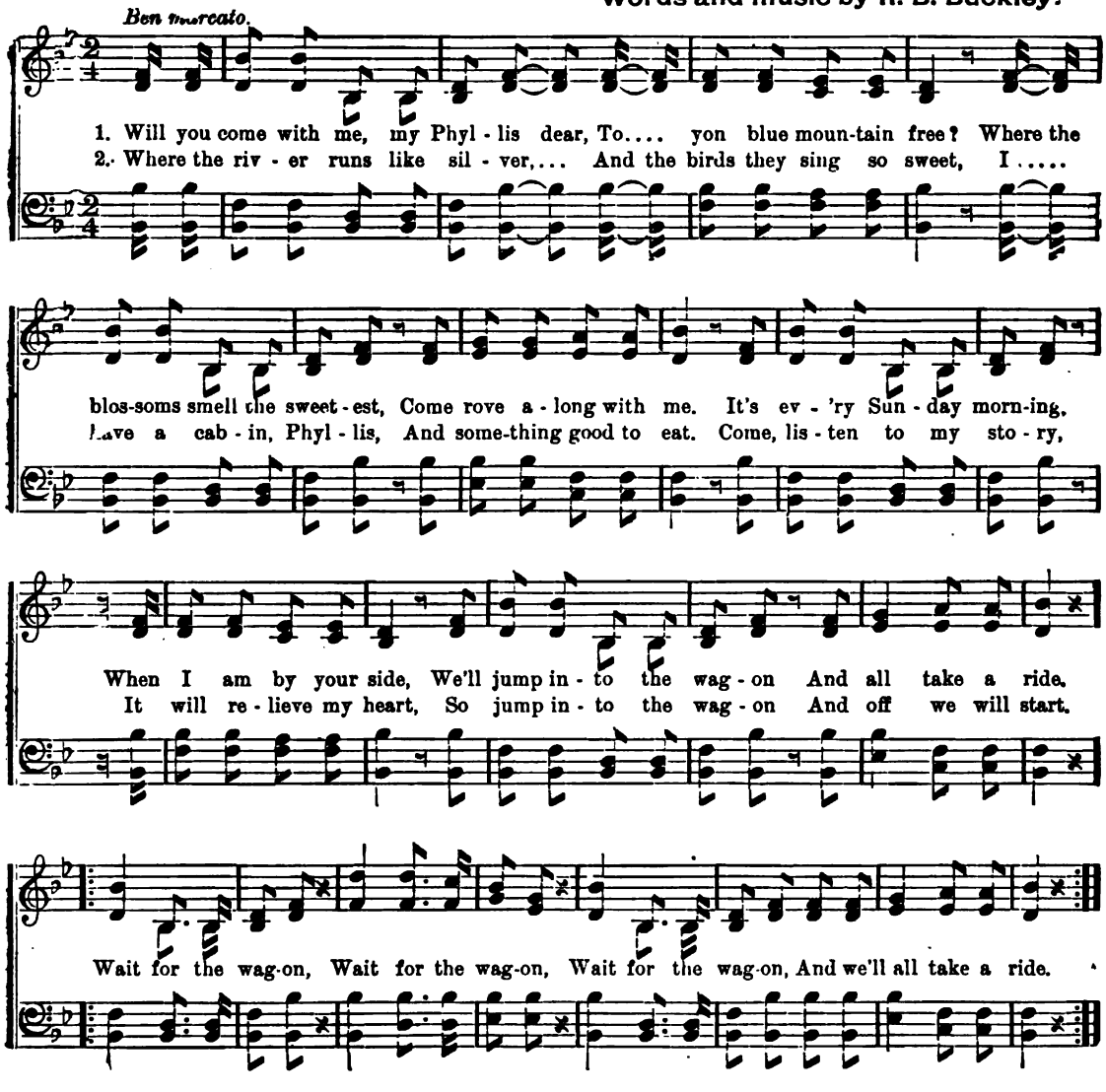
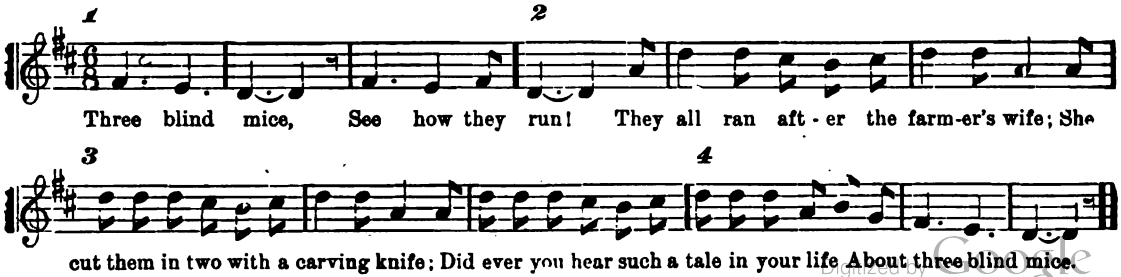
WAIT FOR THE WAGON.

Words and music by R. B. Buckley.

Ben mercato.
1. Will you come with me, my Phyl - lis dear, To.... yon blue moun-tain free? Where the
2. Where the riv - er runs like sil - ver,... And the birds they sing so sweet, I.....
blos-soms smell the sweet - est, Come rove a - long with me. It's ev - 'ry Sun - day morn-ing.
have a cab - in, Phyl - lis, And some-thing good to eat. Come, lis - ten to my sto - ry,
When I am by your side, We'll jump in - to the wag - on And all take a ride.
It will re - lieve my heart, So jump in - to the wag - on And off we will start.
Wait for the wag-on, Wait for the wag-on, Wait for the wag-on, And we'll all take a ride.

THREE BLIND MICE.

ROUND IN FOUR PARTS.


1
2
Three blind mice, See how they run! They all ran aft - er the farm-er's wife; She
3
4
cut them in two with a carving knife; Did ever you hear such a tale in your life About three blind mice.

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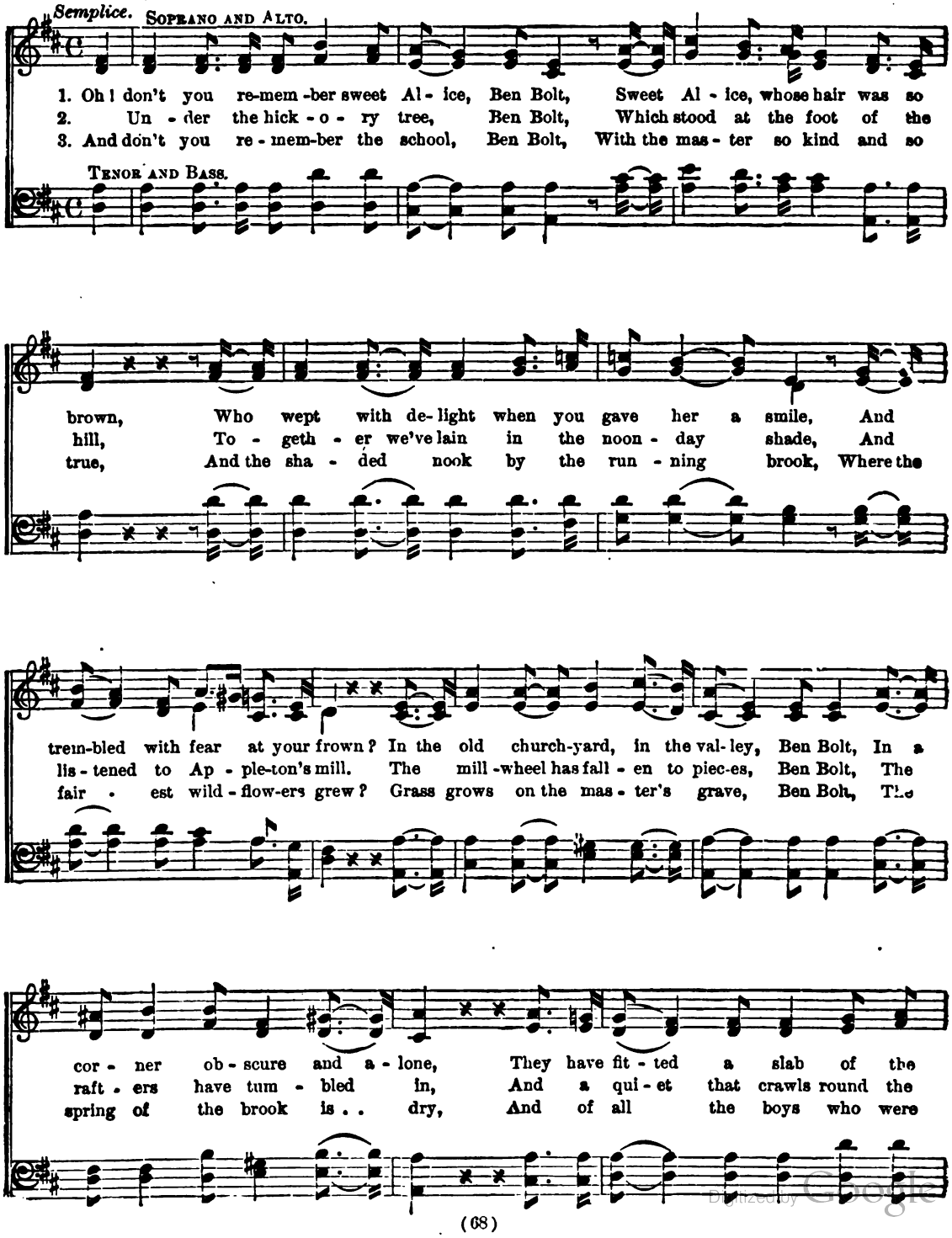
BEN BOLT.

Words by Thomas Dunn English, '39. **Music by Nelson Kneass.**


Semplice.
Soprano and Alto.
1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice, whose hair was so
2. Un-der the hick-o-ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the
3. And don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, With the mas-ter so kind and so
Tenor and Bass.
brown, Who wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And
hill, To-geth-er we've lain in the noon-day shade, And
true, And the sha-ded nook by the run-ning brook, Where the
trem-bled with fear at your frown? In the old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a
lis-tened to Ap-ple-ton's mill. The mill-wheel has fall-en to piec-es, Ben Bolt, The
fair-est wild-flow-ers grew? Grass grows on the mas-ter's grave, Ben Bolt, The
cor-ner ob-scure and a-lone, They have fit-ted a slab of the
raft-ers have tum-bled in, And a qui-et that crawls round the
spring of the brook is . . dry, And of all the boys who were

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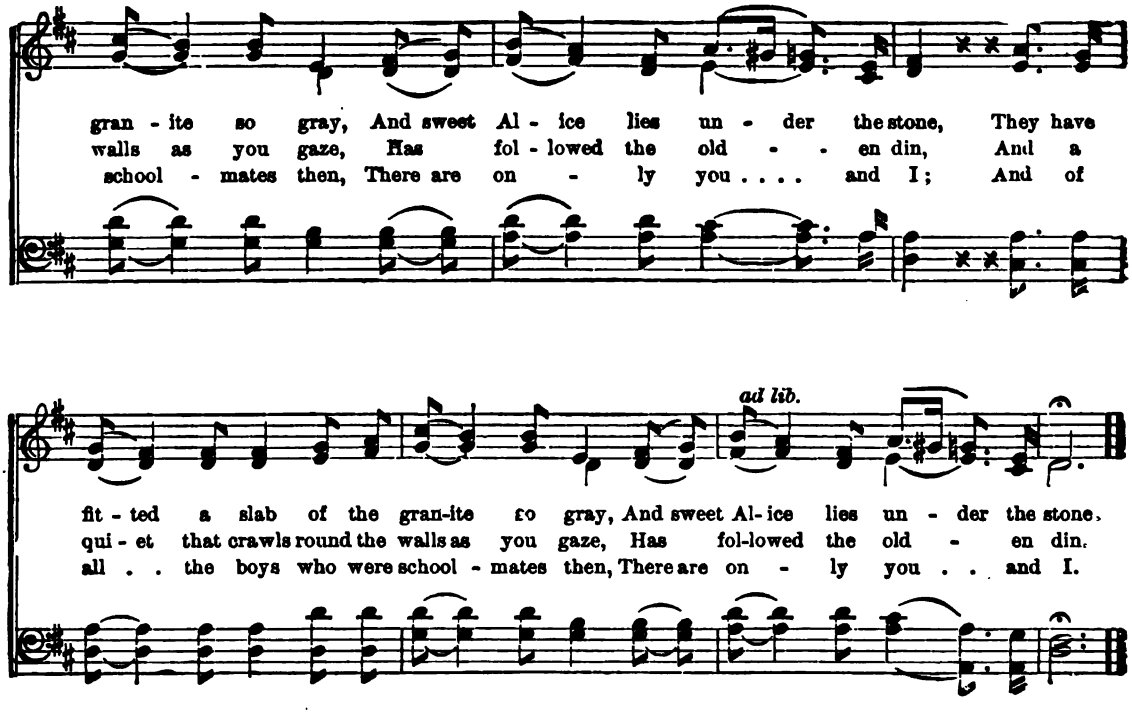
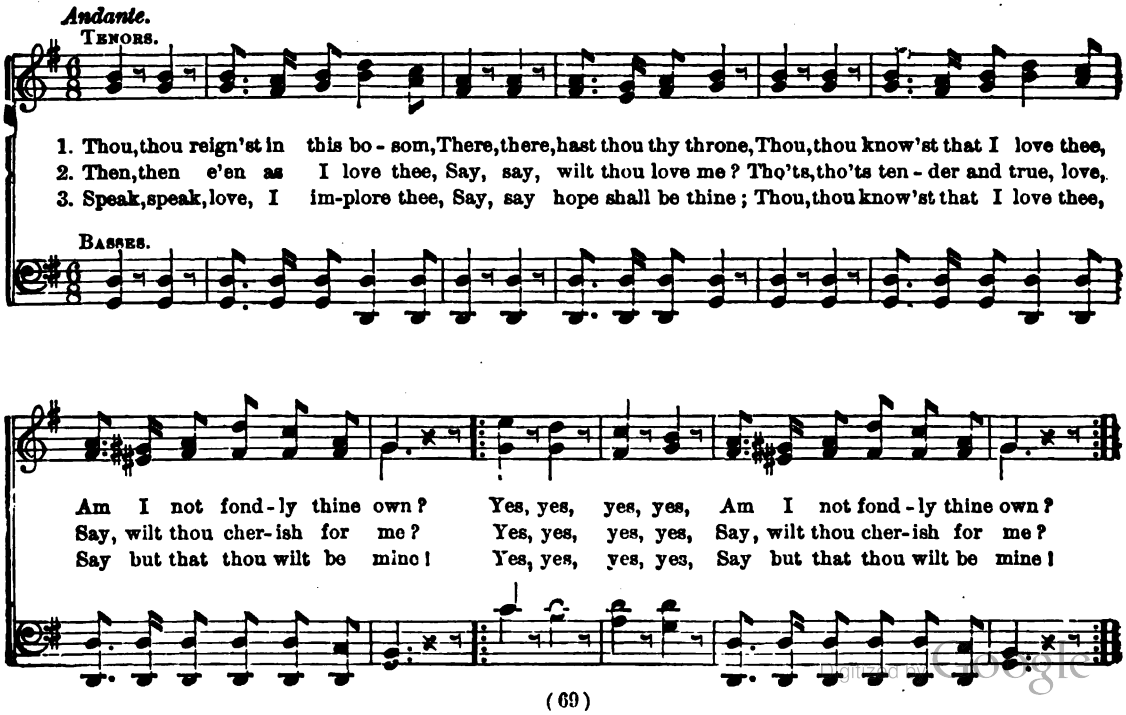

gran - ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone, They have
walls as you gaze, Has fol - lowed the old - - en din, And a
school - mates then, There are on - ly you . . . . and I; And of
ad lib.
fit - ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un - der the stone.
qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old - en din.
all . . the boys who were school - mates then, There are on - ly you . . and I.

AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN?


Andante.
Tenors.
1. Thou, thou reign'st in this bo - som, There, there, hast thou thy throne, Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,
2. Then, then e'en as I love thee, Say, say, wilt thou love me? Tho'ts, tho'ts ten - der and true, love,
3. Speak, speak, love, I im-plore thee, Say, say hope shall be thine; Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,
Basses.
Am I not fond - ly thine own? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fond - ly thine own?
Say, wilt thou cher - ish for me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say, wilt thou cher - ish for me?
Say but that thou wilt be mine! Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say but that thou wilt be mine!

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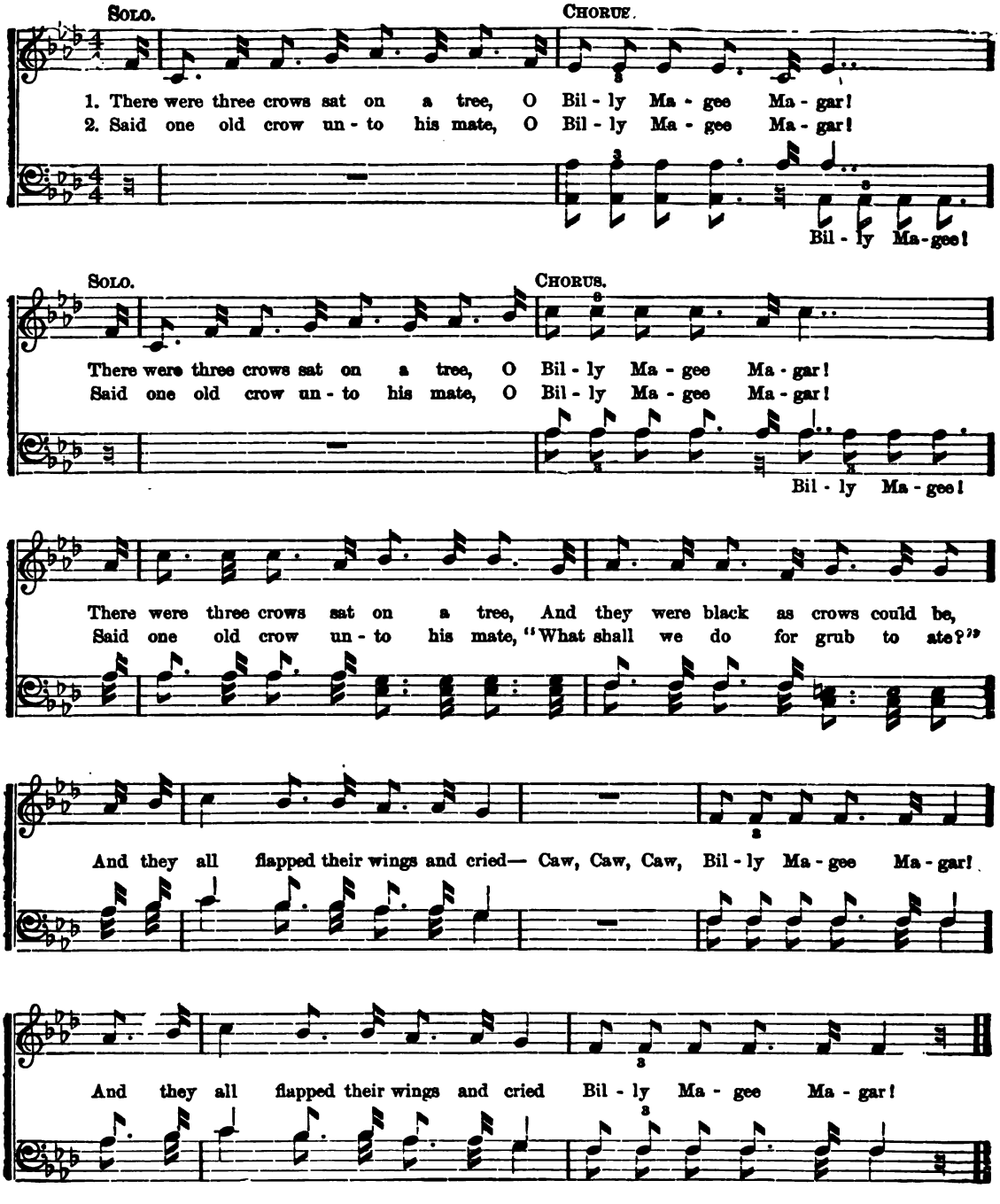
CROW SONG.

Solo.
Chorus.
1. There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!
2. Said one old crow un - to his mate, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!
Bil - ly Ma-gee!
Solo.
Chorus.
There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!
Said one old crow un - to his mate, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!
Bil - ly Ma - gee!
There were three crows sat on a tree, And they were black as crows could be,
Said one old crow un - to his mate, "What shall we do for grub to ate?"
And they all flapped their wings and cried— Caw, Caw, Caw, Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!
And they all flapped their wings and cried Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!

3 "There lies a horse on yonder plain,
Who's by some cruel butcher slain,"
And they all flapped their wings, etc.

*Omit the last measure in this verse.

*4 "We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,
And pick his eyes out one by one."
And they all flapped their wings, etc.

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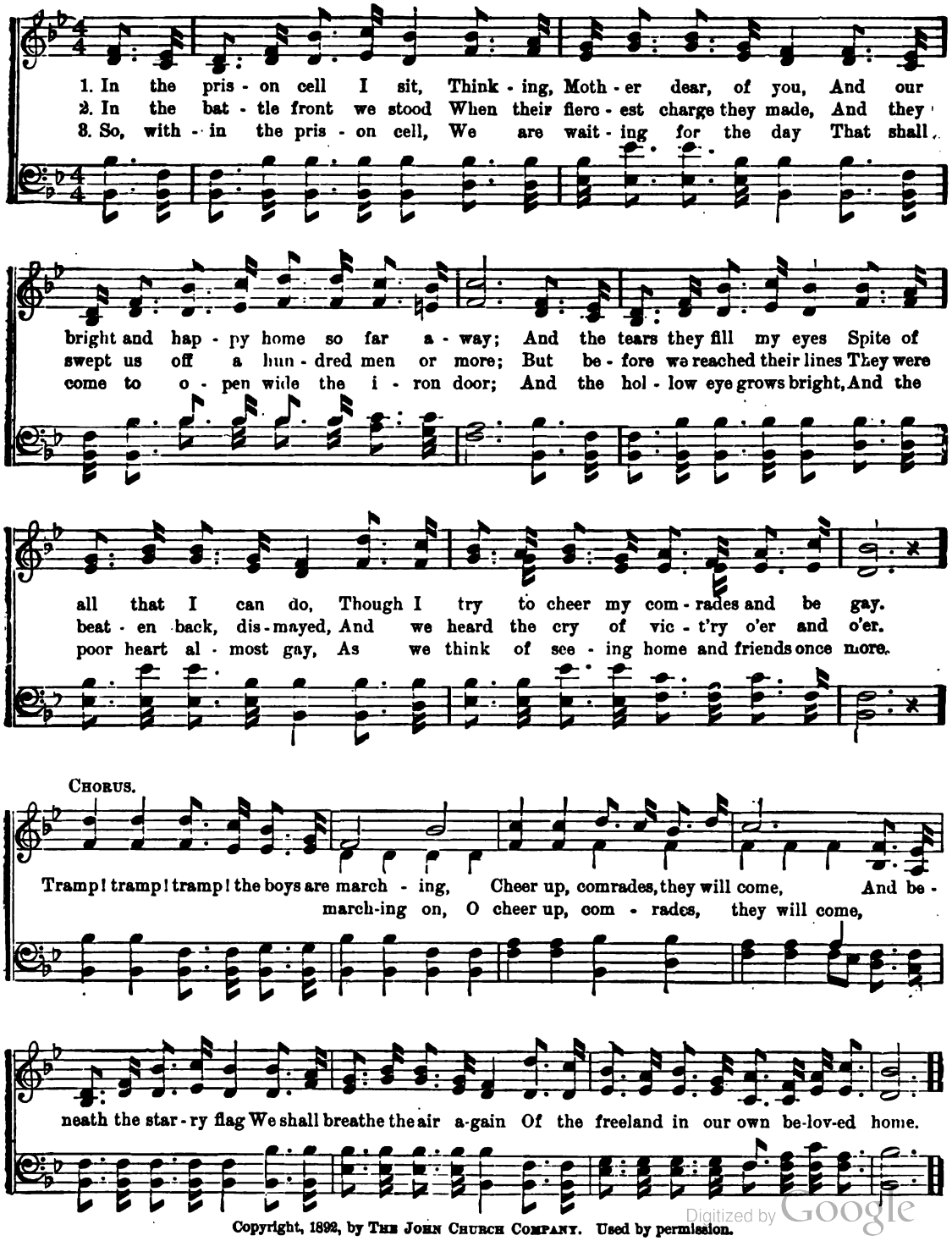
TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

Words and music by Geo. F. Root.

1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear, of you, And our
2. In the bat - tle front we stood When their fierc - est charge they made, And they
3. So, with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day That shall
bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the
all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
beat - en back, dis - mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.
CHORUS.
Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be -
march-ing on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come,
neath the star - ry flag We shall breathe the air a-gain Of the freeland in our own be-lov-ed home.

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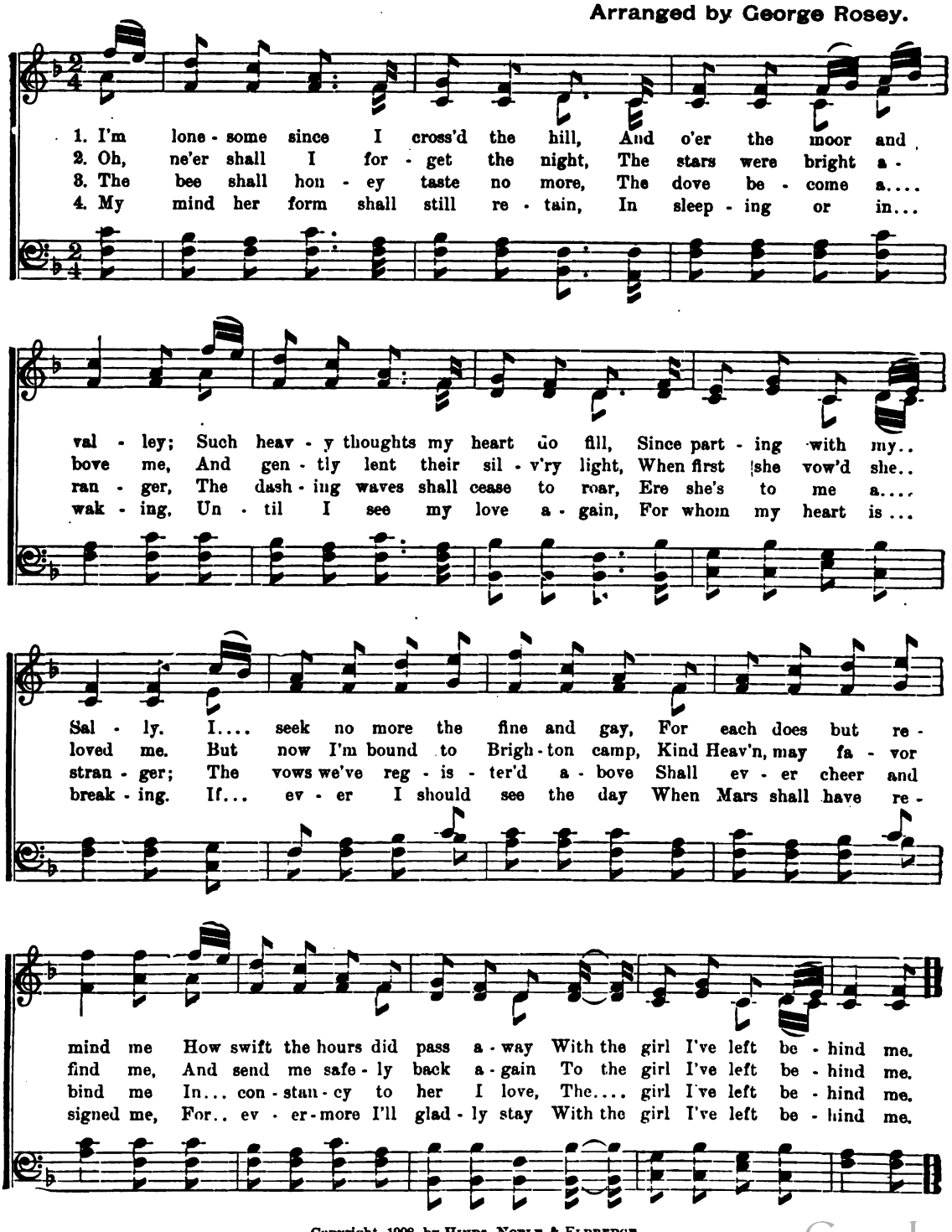
THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

Arranged by George Rosey.

1. I'm lone - some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val - ley; Such heav - y thoughts my heart do fill, Since part - ing with my..
2. Oh, ne'er shall I for - get the night, The stars were bright a - bove me, And gen - tly lent their sil - v'ry light, When first she vow'd she..
3. The bee shall hon - ey taste no more, The dove be - come a.... ran - ger, The dash - ing waves shall cease to roar, Ere she's to me a....
4. My mind her form shall still re - tain, In sleep - ing or in... wak - ing, Un - til I see my love a - gain, For whom my heart is ...
Sal - ly. I.... seek no more the fine and gay, For each does but re - loved me. But now I'm bound to Brigh - ton camp, Kind Heav'n, may fa - vor stran - ger; The vows we've reg - is - ter'd a - bove Shall ev - er cheer and break - ing. If... ev - er I should see the day When Mars shall have re -
mind me How swift the hours did pass a - way With the girl I've left be - hind me.
find me, And send me safe - ly back a - gain To the girl I've left be - hind me.
bind me In... con - stan - cy to her I love, The.... girl I've left be - hind me.
signed me, For.. ev - er - more I'll glad - ly stay With the girl I've left be - hind me.

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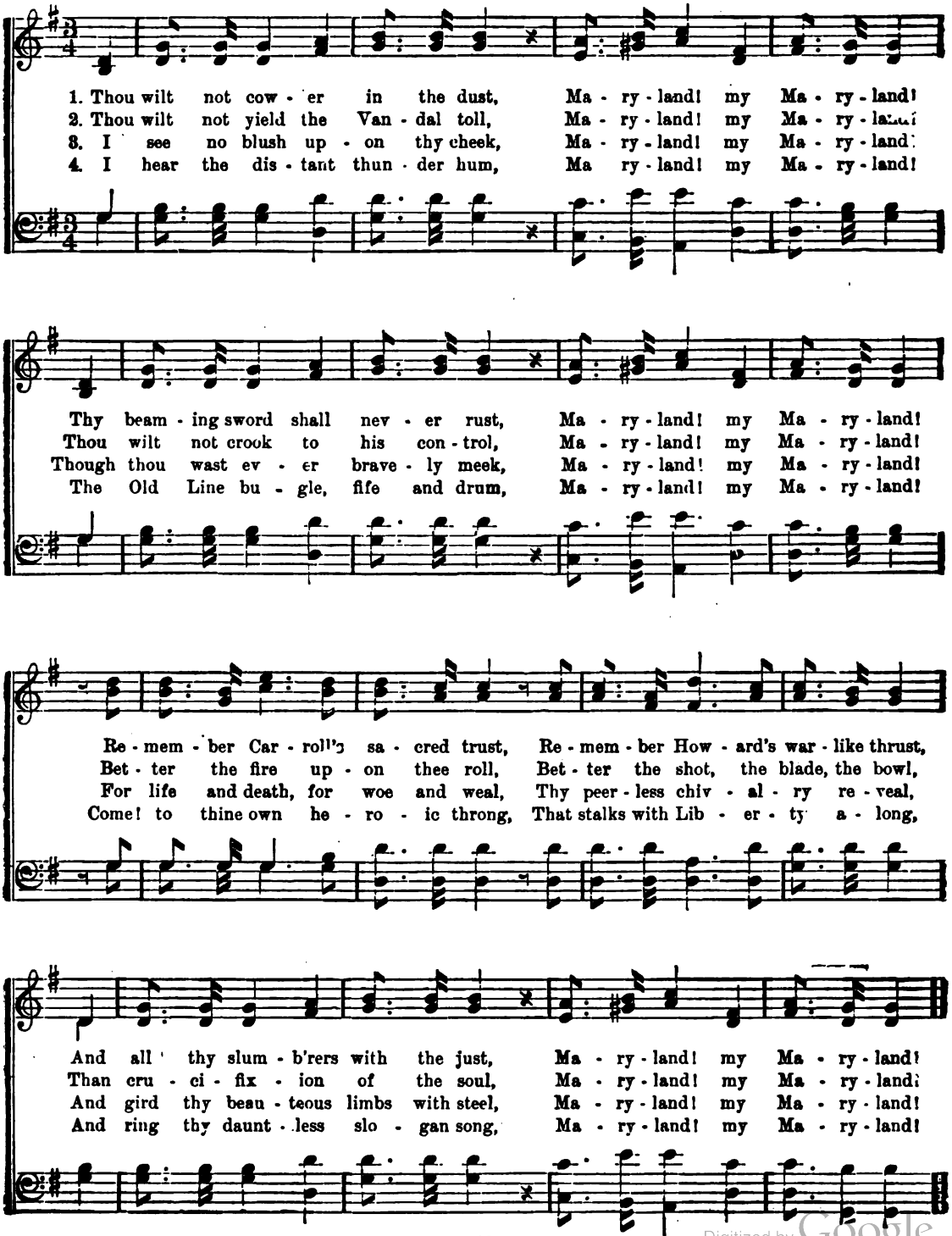
MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

Words by James R. Randall.


1. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toll, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
3. I see no blush up - on thy cheek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
4. I hear the dis - tant thun - der hum, Ma ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Thy beam - ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Thou wilt not crook to his con - trol, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Though thou wast ev - er brave - ly meek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
The Old Line bu - gle, fife and drum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Re - mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ard's war - like thrust,
Bet - ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the blade, the bowl,
For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal,
Come! to thine own he - ro - ic throng, That stalks with Lib - er - ty a - long,
And all thy slum - b'rers with the just, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Than cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
And gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
And ring thy daunt - less slo - gan song, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

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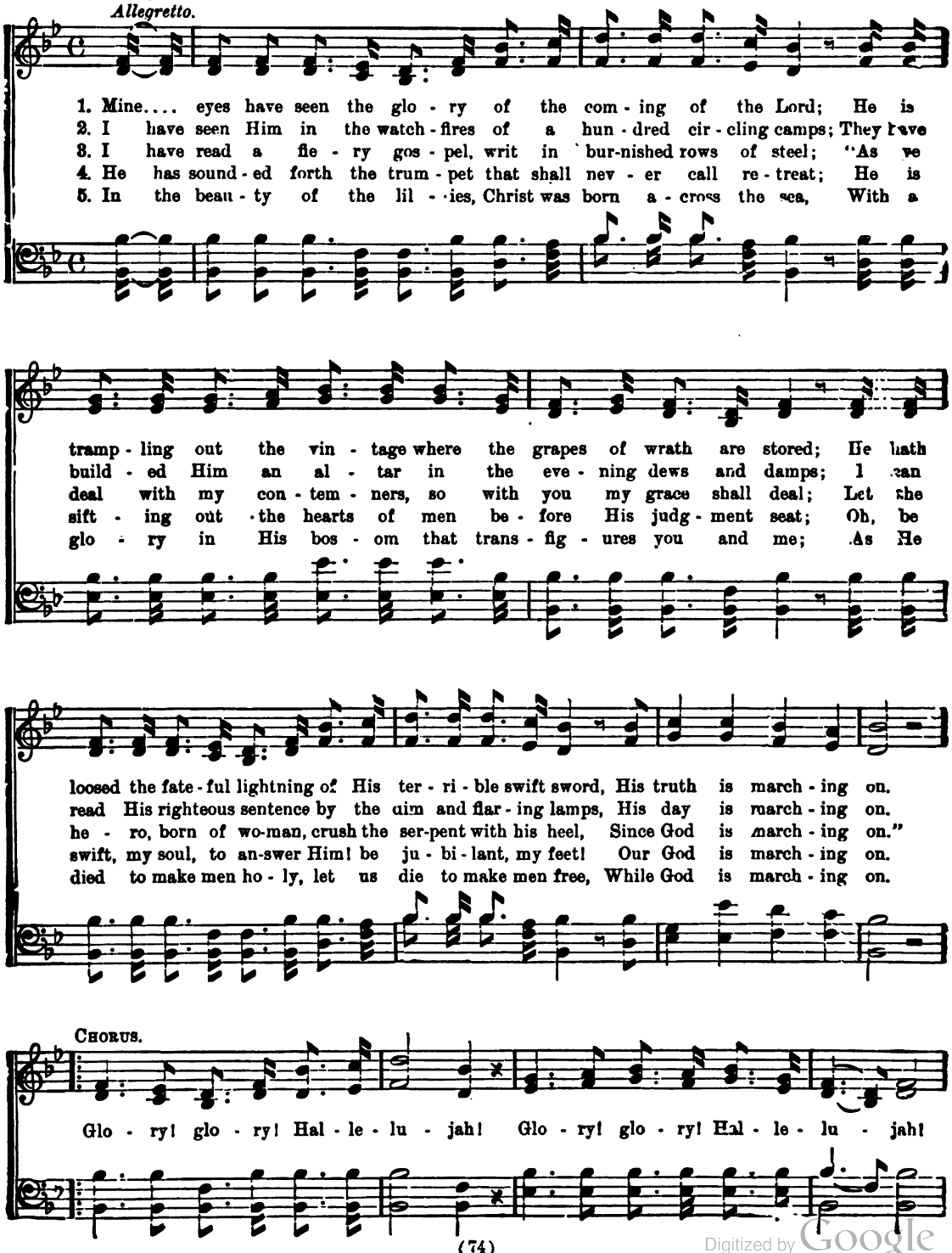
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Words by Julia Ward Howe. **Music by W. Steffe.**

Allegretto.


1. Mine.... eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in bur-nished rows of steel; "As ye
4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He
loosed the fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is march - ing on.
he - ro, born of wo-man, crush the ser-pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on."
swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.
Chorus.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

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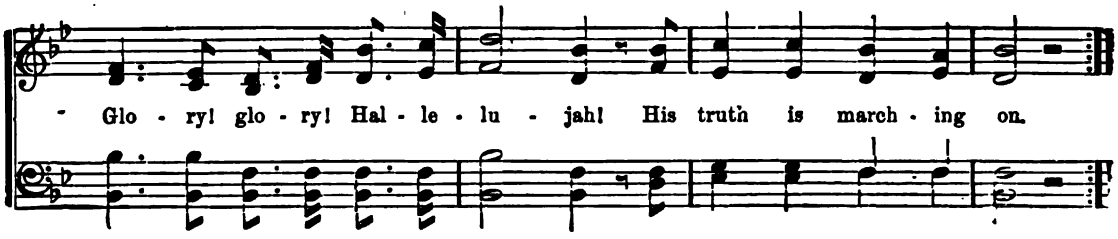
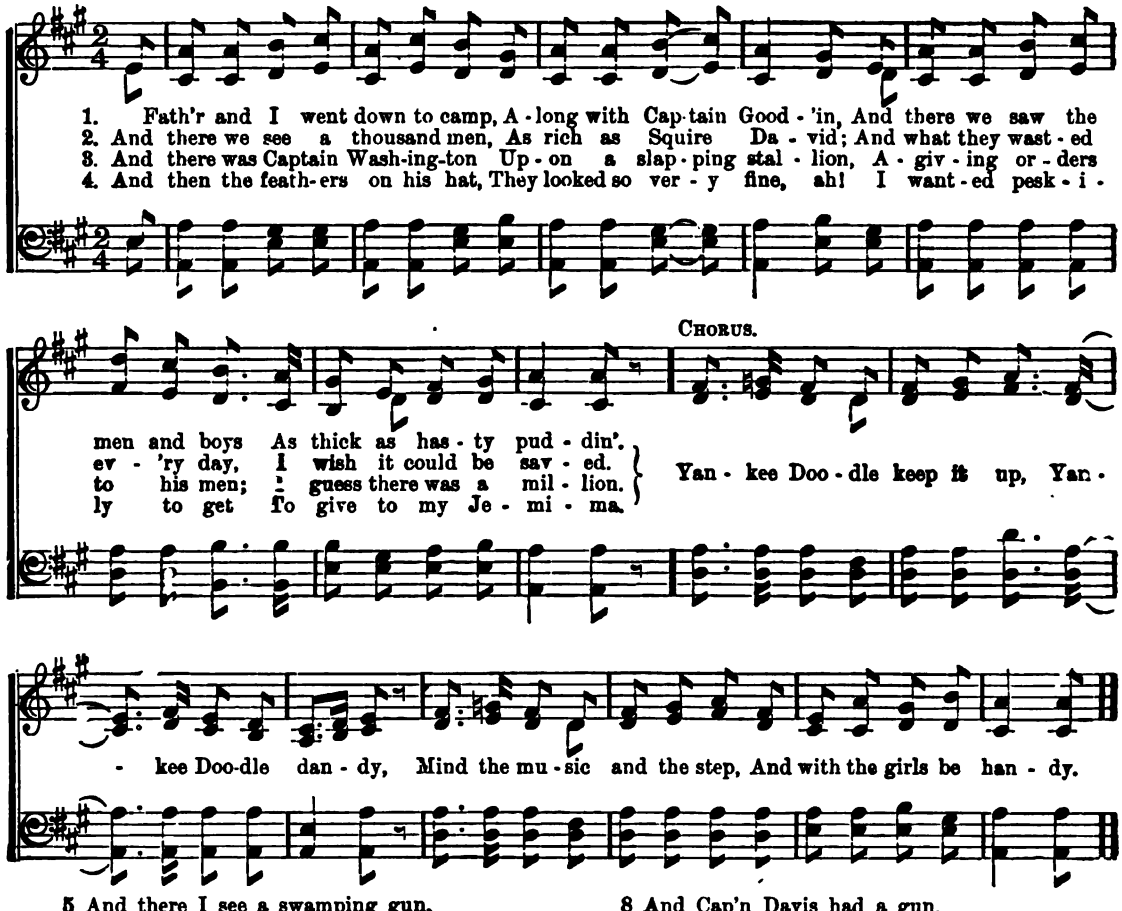
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

YANKEE DOODLE.

Words by Dr. Schackburg.

1. Fath'r and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap - tain Good - 'in, And there we saw the
2. And there we see a thousand men, As rich as Squire Da - vid; And what they wast - ed
3. And there was Captain Wash-ing-ton Up - on a slap - ping stal - lion, A - giv - ing or - ders
4. And then the feath-ers on his hat, They looked so ver - y fine, ah! I want - ed pesk - i -
CHORUS.
men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.
ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
to his men; I guess there was a mil - lion.
ly to get fo give to my Je - mi - ma.
Yan - kee Doo - dle keep it up, Yan -
- kee Doo-dle dan - dy, Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

5 And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father's cattle.

6 And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

7 And there I see a little keg,
Its head all made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

8 And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind o' clapt his hand on't
And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron
Upon the little end on't.

9 The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

10 It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home
Locked up in mother's chamber.

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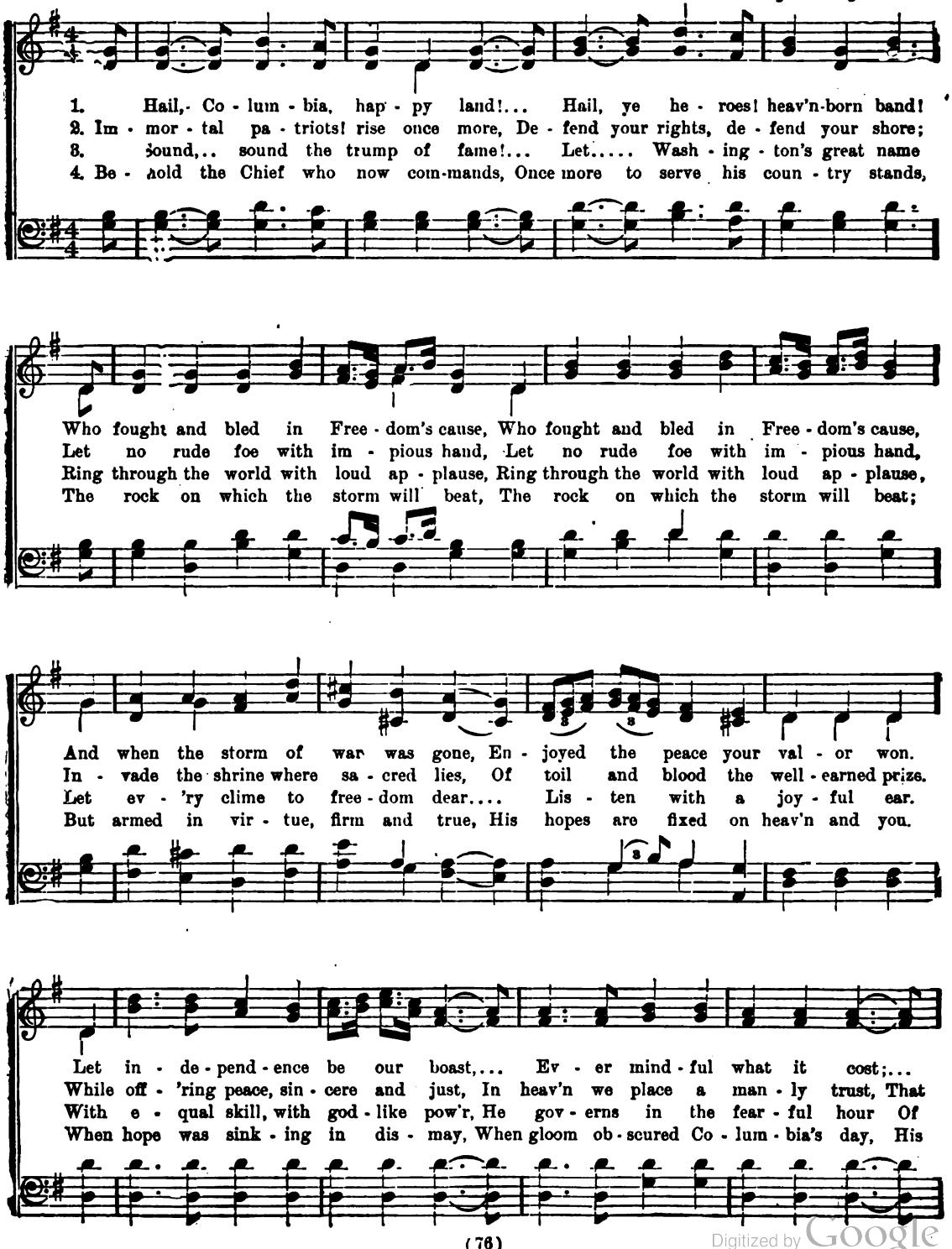
HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Words by Joseph Hopkinson. **Music by J. Fayles.**

1. Hail,- Co - lum - bia, hap - py land!... Hail, ye he - roes! heav'n-born band!
2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots! rise once more, De - fend your rights, de - fend your shore;
3. Sound,.. sound the trump of fame!... Let..... Wash - ing - ton's great name
4. Be - hold the Chief who now com-mands, Once more to serve his coun - try stands,
Who fought and bled in Free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free - dom's cause,
Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand,
Ring through the world with loud ap - plause, Ring through the world with loud ap - plause,
The rock on which the storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat;
And when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won.
In - vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of toil and blood the well - earned prize.
Let ev - 'ry clime to free - dom dear.... Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear.
But armed in vir - tue, firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you.
Let in - de - pend - ence be our boast,... Ev - er mind - ful what it cost;...
While off - 'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That
With e - qual skill, with god - like pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of
When hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom ob - scured Co - lum - bia's day, His

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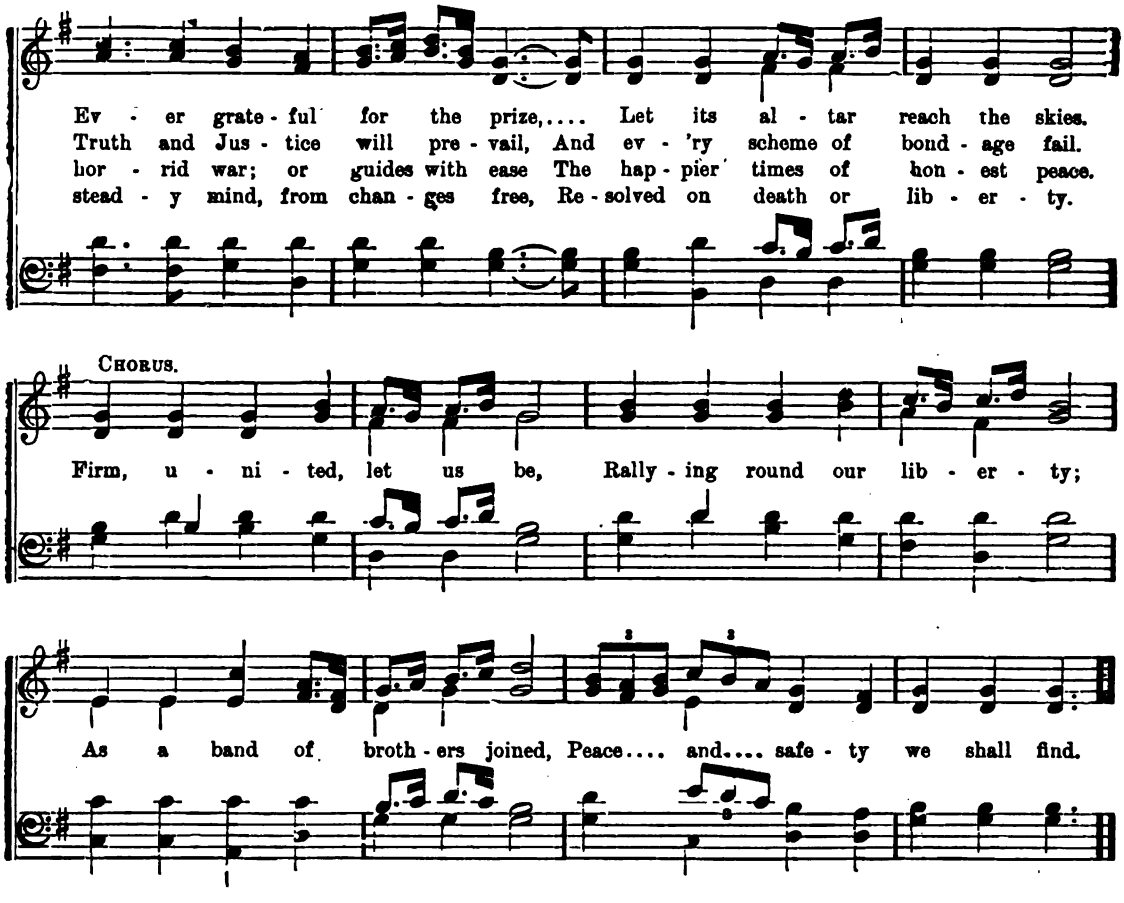
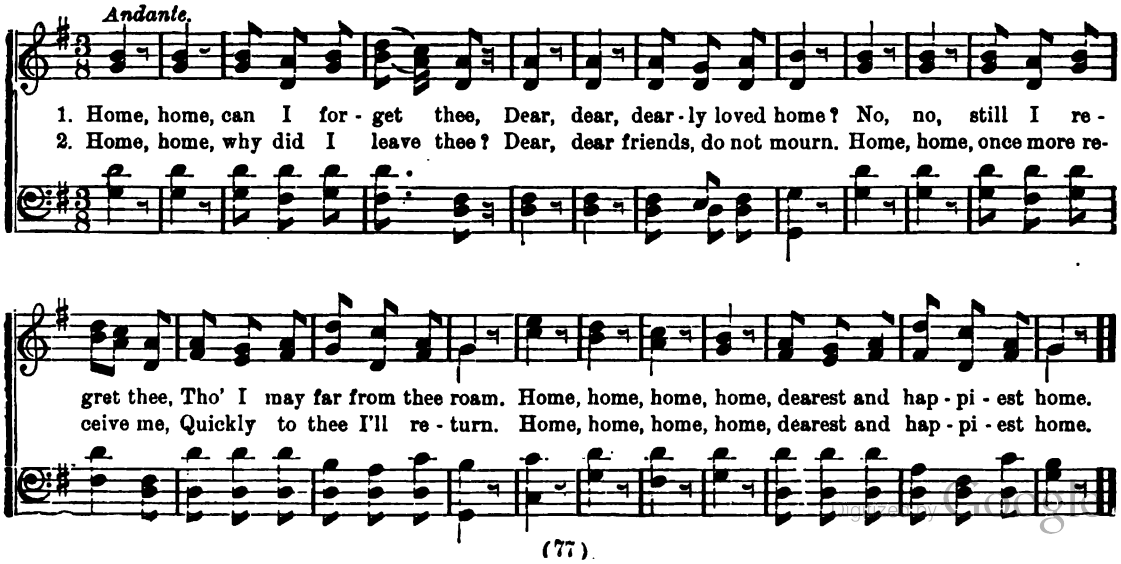
HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Ev - er grate - ful for the prize,.... Let its al - tar reach the skies.
Truth and Jus - tice will pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.
hor - rid war; or guides with ease The hap - pier times of hon - est peace.
stead - y mind, from chan - ges free, Re - solved on death or lib - er - ty.
Chorus.
Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty;
As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace.... and.... safe - ty we shall find.

HOME, CAN I FORGET THEE.

Andante.
1. Home, home, can I for - get thee, Dear, dear, dear - ly loved home? No, no, still I re -
2. Home, home, why did I leave thee? Dear, dear friends, do not mourn. Home, home, once more re -
gret thee, Tho' I may far from thee roam. Home, home, home, home, dearest and hap - pi - est home.
ceive me, Quickly to thee I'll re - turn. Home, home, home, home, dearest and hap - pi - est home.

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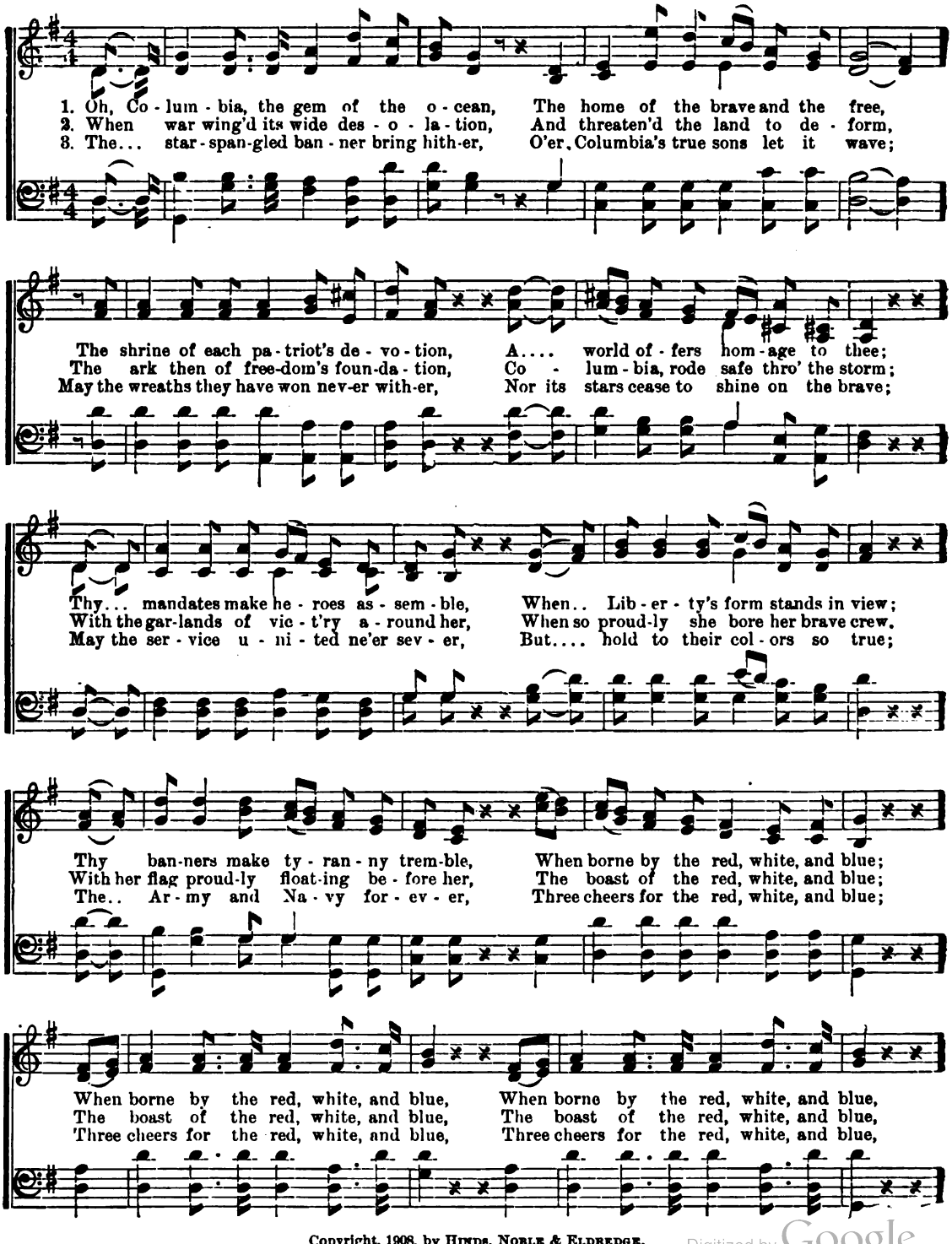
THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

Words by David T. Shaw. **Music by Thomas Becket.**

1. Oh, Co - lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the free,
2. When war wing'd its wide des - o - la - tion, And threaten'd the land to de - form,
3. The... star - span - gled ban - ner bring hith - er, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion, A.... world of - fers hom - age to thee;
The ark then of free - dom's foun - da - tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm;
May the wreaths they have won nev - er with - er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave;
Thy... mandates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When.. Lib - er - ty's form stands in view;
With the gar - lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew.
May the ser - vice u - ni - ted ne'er sev - er, But.... hold to their col - ors so true;
Thy ban - ners make ty - ran - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue;
With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue;
The.. Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue;
When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue,
The boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,

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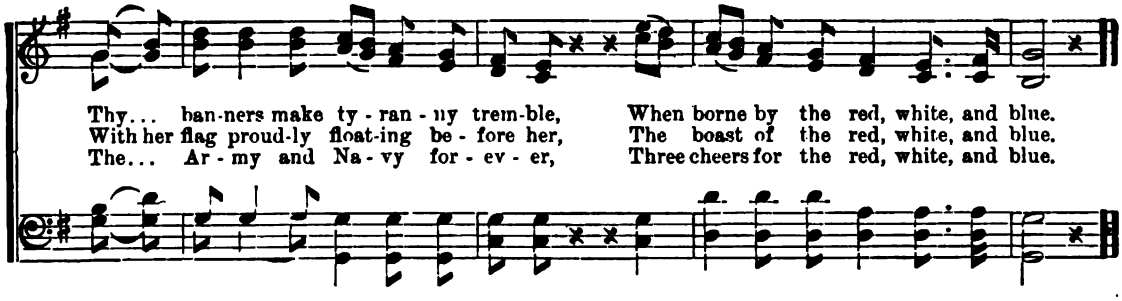
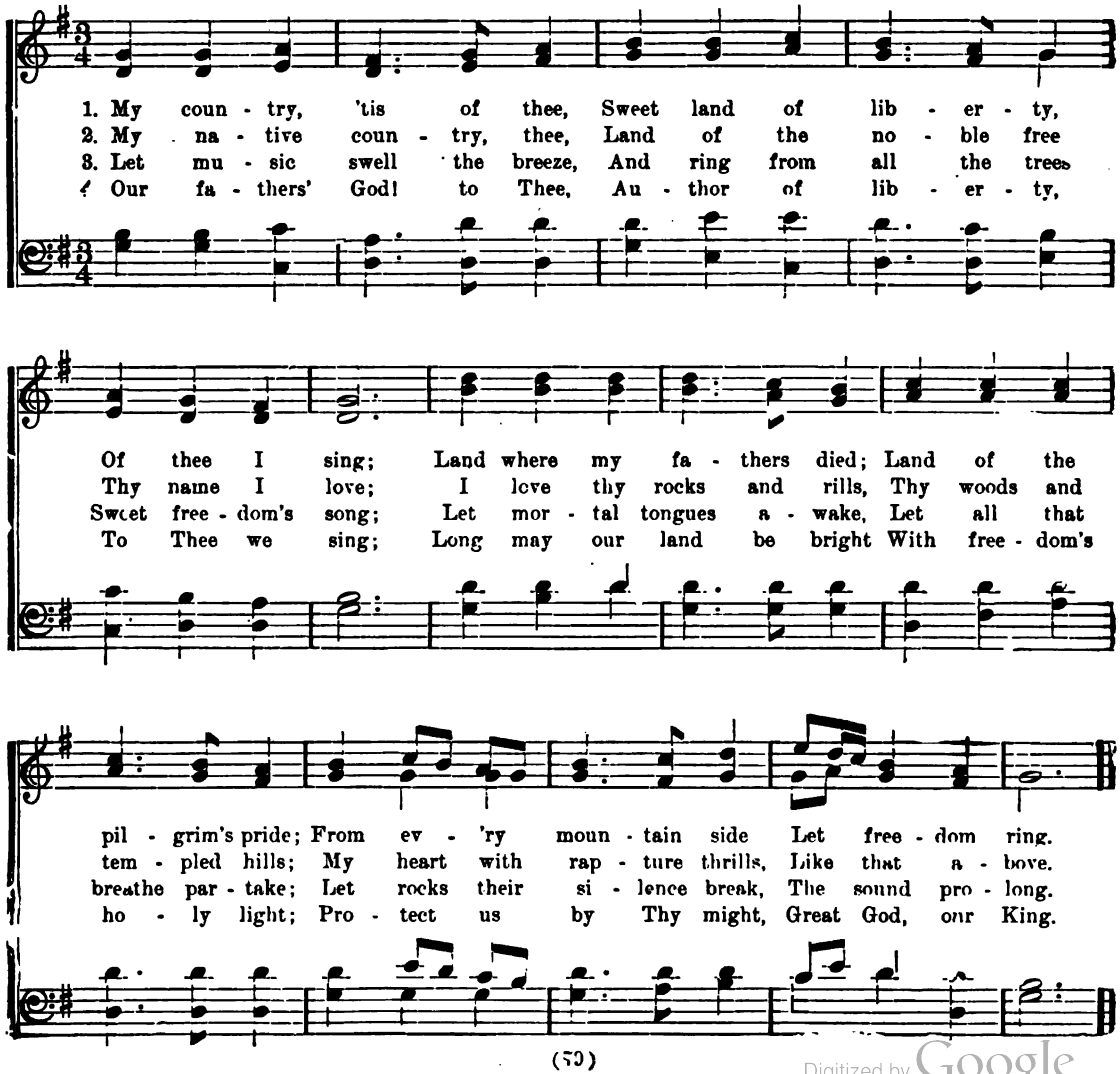
THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.


Thy... ban-ners make ty-ran-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
The... Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

AMERICA.

Words by Samuel Francis Smith. **Music by Henry Carey.**

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty,
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble free
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa-thers' God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa-thers died; Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor-tal tongues a-wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's
pil-grim's pride; From ev-'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring.
tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills, Like that a-bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

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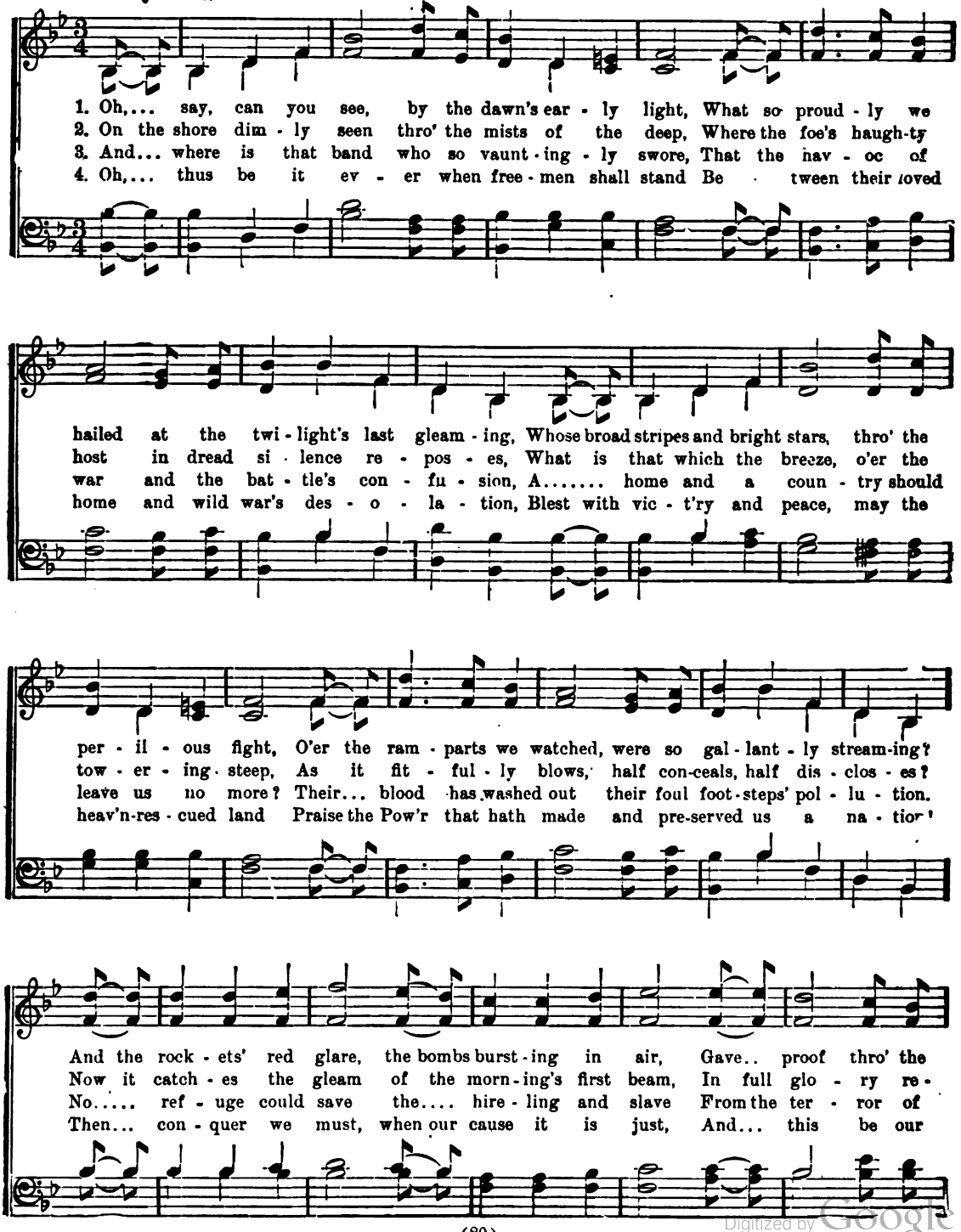
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Words by Francis Scott Key. **Music by John Stafford Smith.**

SOLO OR QUARTET.

1. Oh,... say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty
3. And... where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore, That the hav - oc of
4. Oh,... thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be - tween their loved
hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A..... home and a coun - try should
home and wild war's des - o - la - tion, Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the
per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es?
leave us no more? Their... blood has washed out their foul foot-steps' pol - lu - tion.
heav'n-res - cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion!
And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave.. proof thro' the
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re -
No..... ref - uge could save the.... hire - ling and slave From the ter - ror of
Then... con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And... this be our

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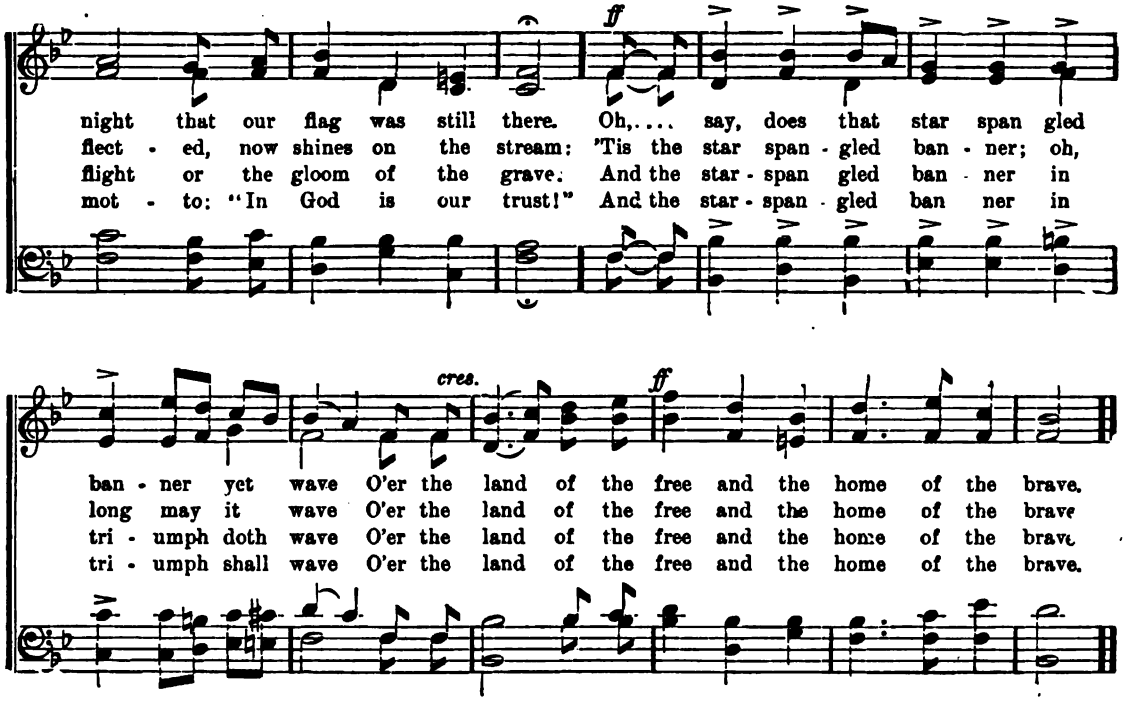
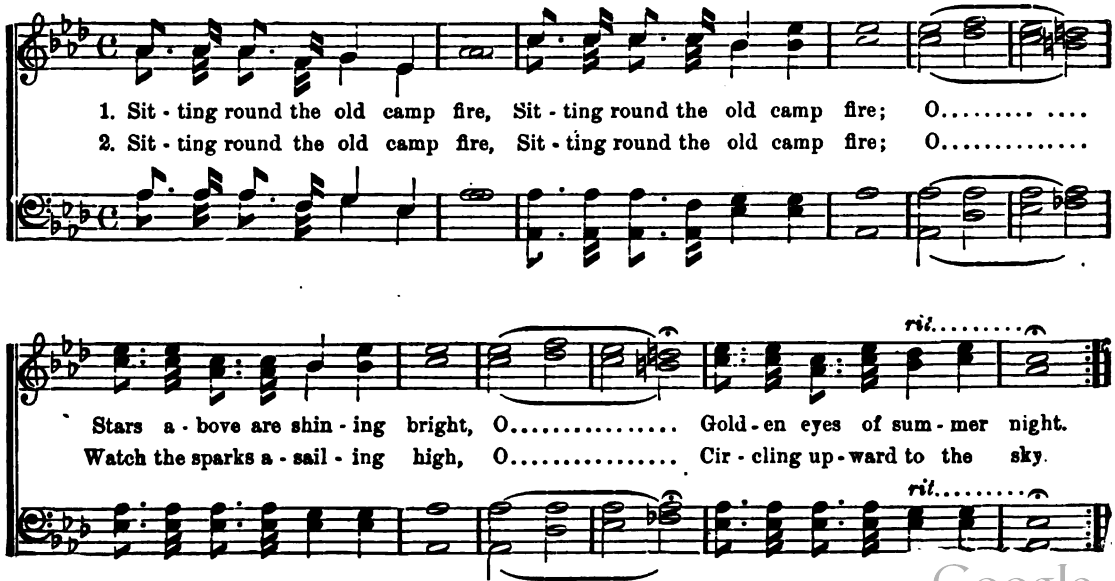
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

CHORUS.

ff
night that our flag was still there. Oh,.... say, does that star span gled
flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star span - gled ban - ner; oh,
flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star - span gled ban - ner in
mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star - span - gled ban ner in
cres.
ff
ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave
tri - umph doth wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

ROUND THE OLD CAMP FIRE.

Music by C. Lawrence Smith, Jr.


1. Sit - ting round the old camp fire, Sit - ting round the old camp fire; O..... ....
2. Sit - ting round the old camp fire, Sit - ting round the old camp fire; O.....
rit.....
Stars a - bove are shin - ing bright, O..... Gold - en eyes of sum - mer night.
Watch the sparks a - sail - ing high, O..... Cir - cling up - ward to the sky.
rit.....

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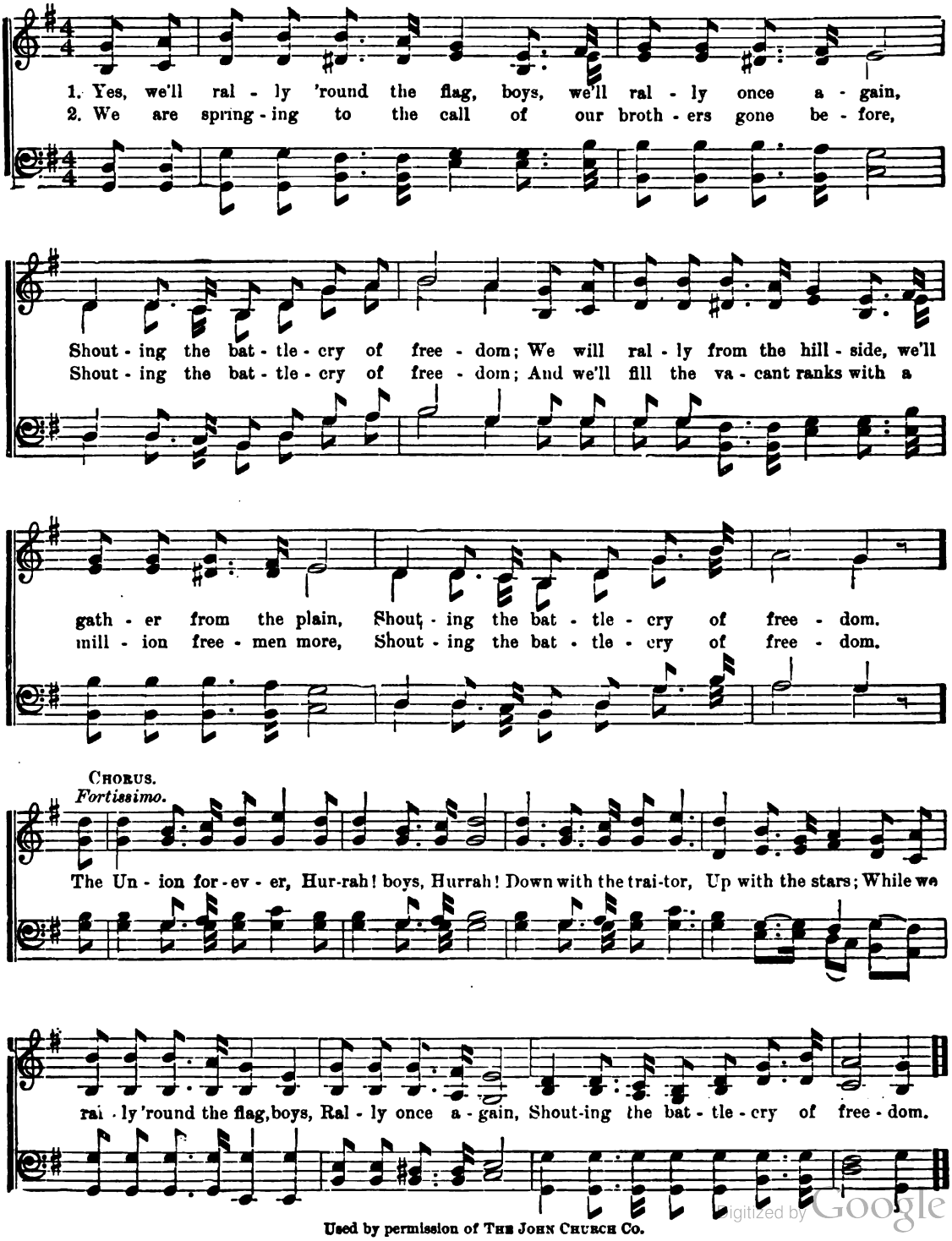
THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

Words and music by Geo. F. Root.

1. Yes, we'll ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
2. We are spring - ing to the call of our broth - ers gone be - fore,
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of free - dom; We will ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of free - dom; And we'll fill the va - cant ranks with a
gath - er from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of free - dom.
mill - ion free - men more, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of free - dom.
CHORUS.
Fortissimo.
The Un - ion for - ev - er, Hur-rah! boys, Hurrah! Down with the trai-tor, Up with the stars; While we
rai - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout-ing the bat - tle - cry of free - dom.

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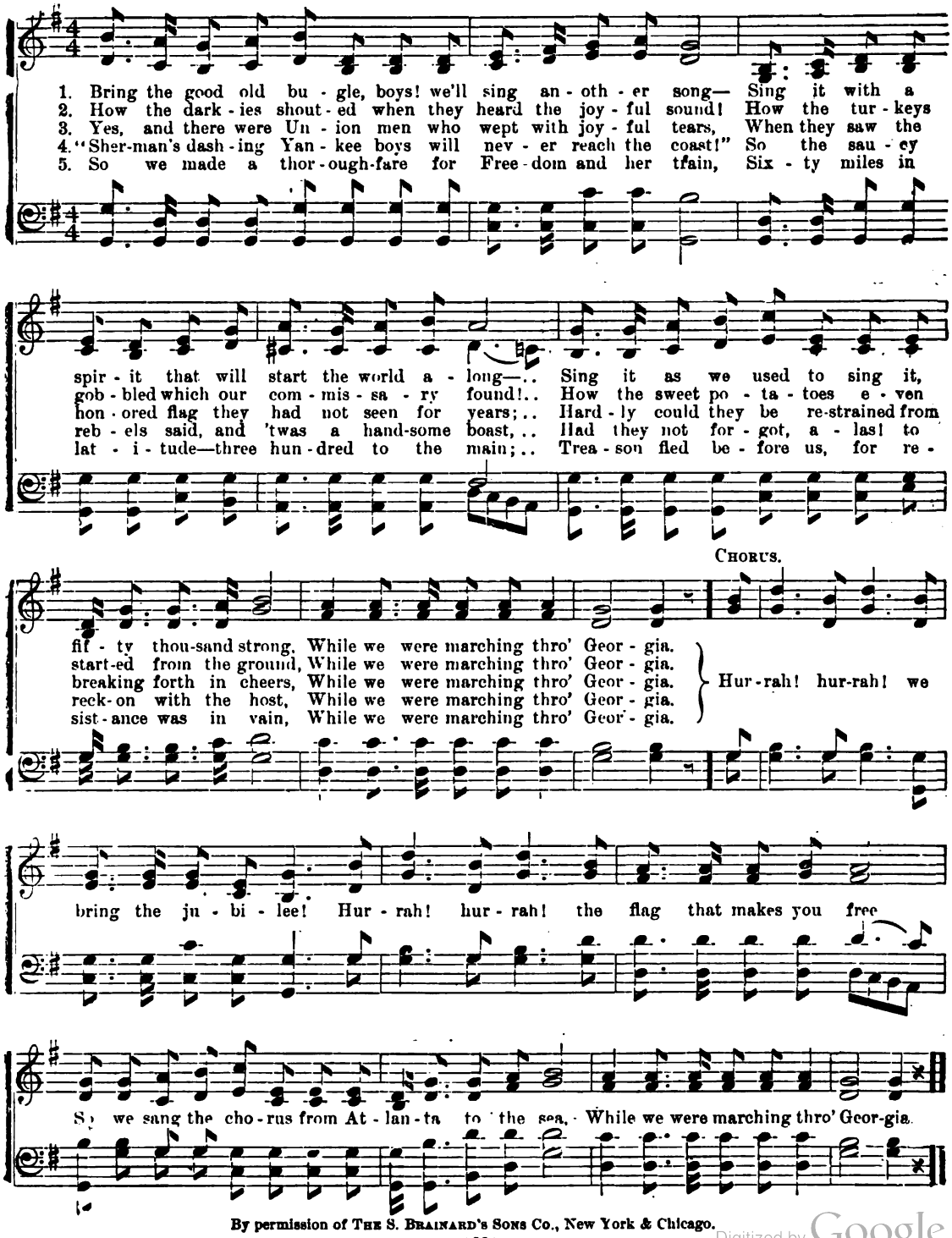
MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Words and music by Henry C. Work.

1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song— Sing it with a
2. How the dark - ies shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound! How the tur - keys
3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears, When they saw the
4. "Sher-man's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!" So the sau - cy
5. So we made a thor - ough-fare for Free - dom and her train, Six - ty miles in
spir - it that will start the world a - long— Sing it as we used to sing it,
gob - bled which our com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven
hon - ored flag they had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be re-strained from
reb - els said, and 'twas a hand-some boast, Had they not for - got, a - las! to
lat - i - tude—three hun - dred to the main; Trea - son fled be - fore us, for re -
Chorus.
fif - ty thou-sand strong, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
start-ed from the ground, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
breaking forth in cheers, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
reck-on with the host, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
sist - ance was in vain, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
Hur-rah! hur-rah! we
bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the flag that makes you free
So we sang the cho - rus from At - lan - ta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Geor-gia.

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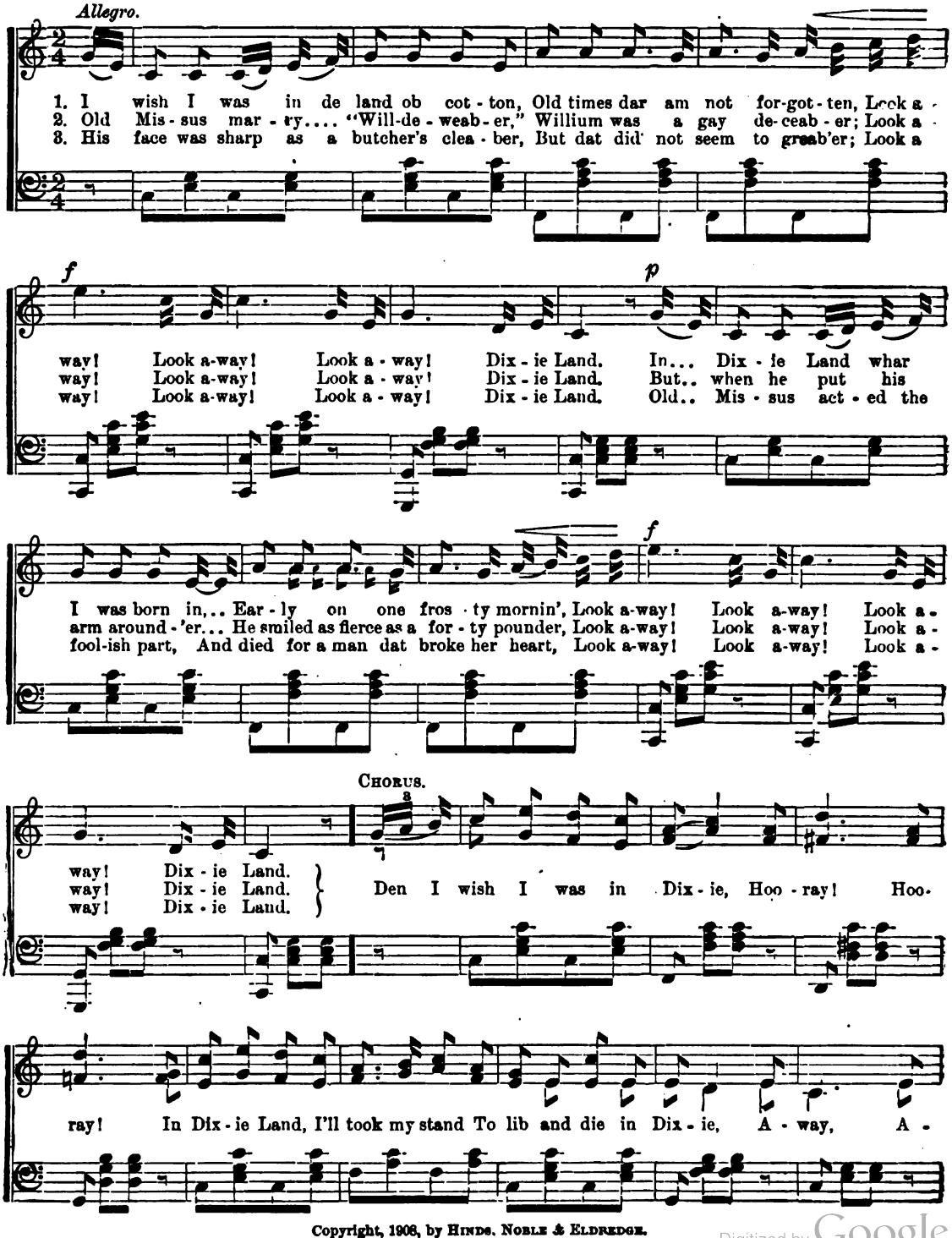
DIXIE'S LAND.

Dan Emmet. **Arranged by George Rosey.**

Allegro.

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am not for-got - ten, Look a -
2. Old Mis - sus mar - ry.... "Will-de - weab - er," Willium was a gay de - ceab - er; Look a -
3. His face was sharp as a butcher's clea - ber, But dat did not seem to greab'er; Look a
f
way! Look a-way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
way! Look a-way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
way! Look a-way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
p
In... Dix - ie Land whar
But.. when he put his
Old.. Mis - sus act - ed the
I was born in,.. Ear - ly on one fros - ty mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a -
arm around - 'er... He smiled as fierce as a for - ty pounder, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a -
fool-ish part, And died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a -
f
Chorus.
way! Dix - ie Land.
way! Dix - ie Land.
way! Dix - ie Land.
Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo -
ray! In Dix - ie Land, I'll took my stand To lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way, A -

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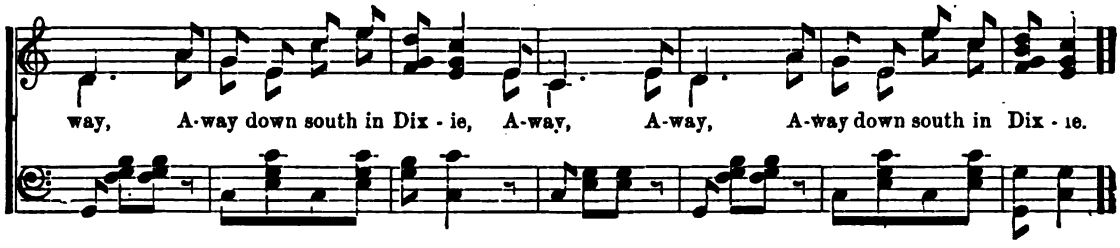
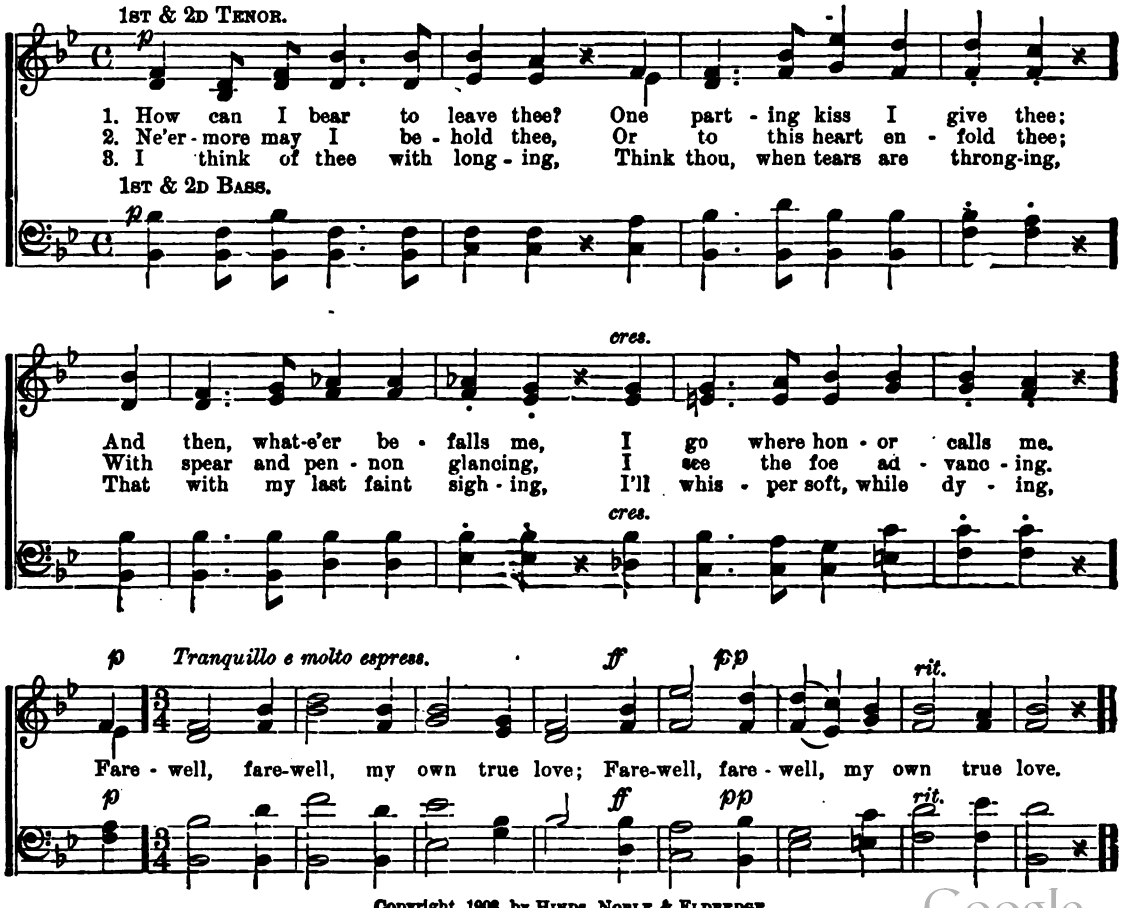
DIXIE'S LAND.

4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away! etc.
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away! etc.

5 Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! etc.
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! etc.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Arranged by George Rosey. **Music by Johanna Kinkle.**

Andante.


1st & 2d Tenor.
p
1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee;
2. Ne'er - more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee;
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng-ing,
1st & 2d Bass.
p
cres.
And then, what-e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me.
With spear and pen - non glancing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing.
That with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft, while dy - ing,
cres.
p
Tranquillo e molto espress.
ff
pp
rit.
Fare - well, fare-well, my own true love; Fare-well, fare - well, my own true love.
p
ff
pp
rit.

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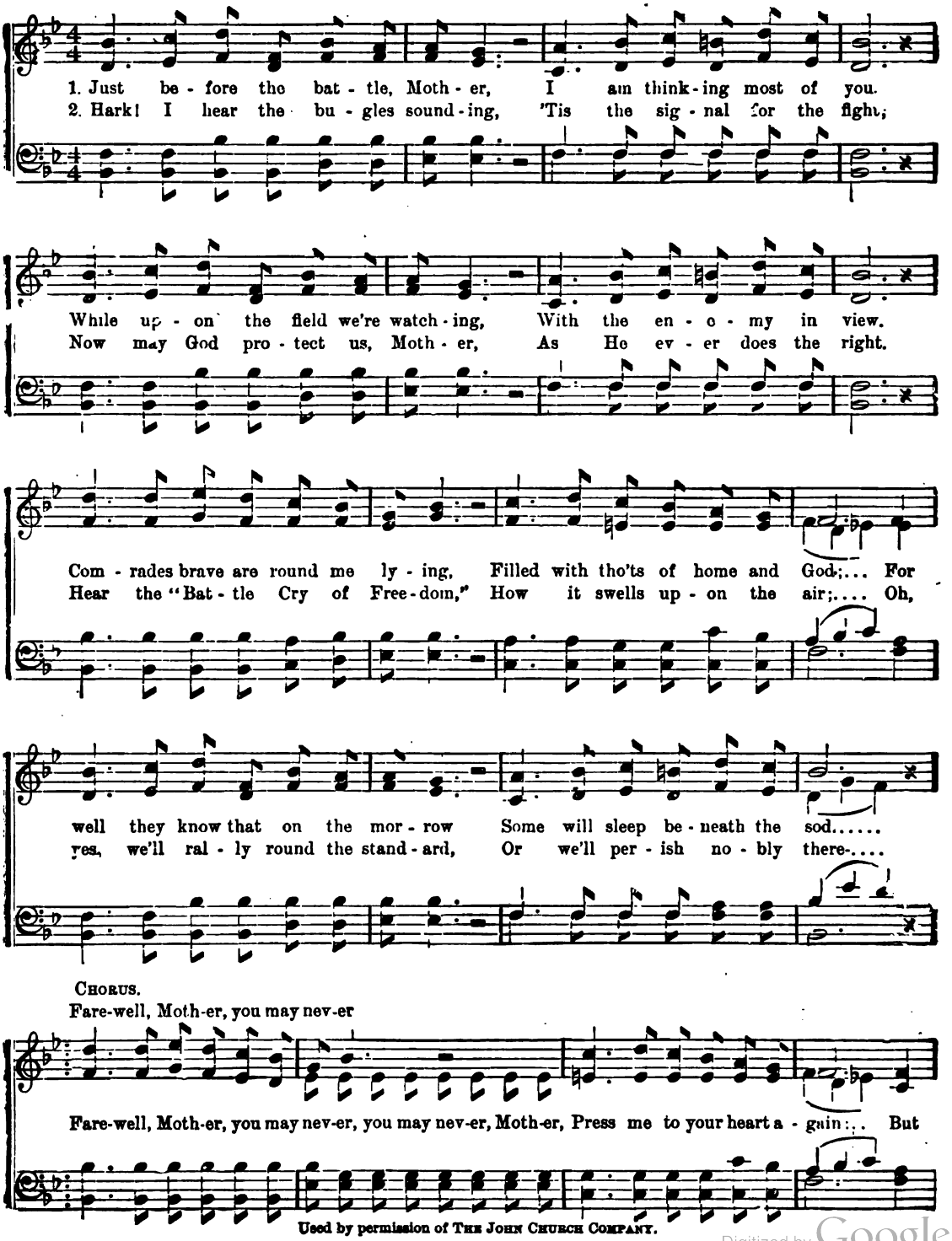
JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Words and music by Geo. F. Root.

1. Just be - fore the bat - tle, Moth - er, I am think - ing most of you.
2. Hark! I hear the bu - gles sound - ing, 'Tis the sig - nal for the fight;
While up - on the field we're watch - ing, With the en - e - my in view.
Now may God pro - tect us, Moth - er, As He ev - er does the right.
Com - rades brave are round me ly - ing, Filled with tho'ts of home and God;... For
Hear the "Bat - tle Cry of Free - dom," How it swells up - on the air;.... Oh,
well they know that on the mor - row Some will sleep be - neath the sod.....
yes, we'll ral - ly round the stand - ard, Or we'll per - ish no - bly there-....
Chorus.
Fare-well, Moth-er, you may nev-er
Fare-well, Moth-er, you may nev-er, you may nev-er, Moth-er, Press me to your heart a - gain:.. But

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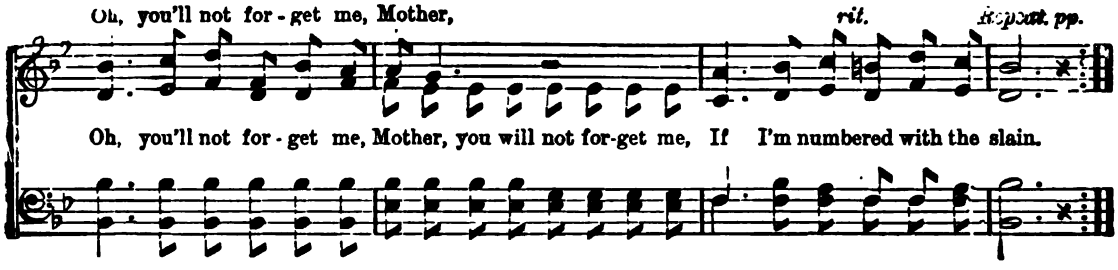
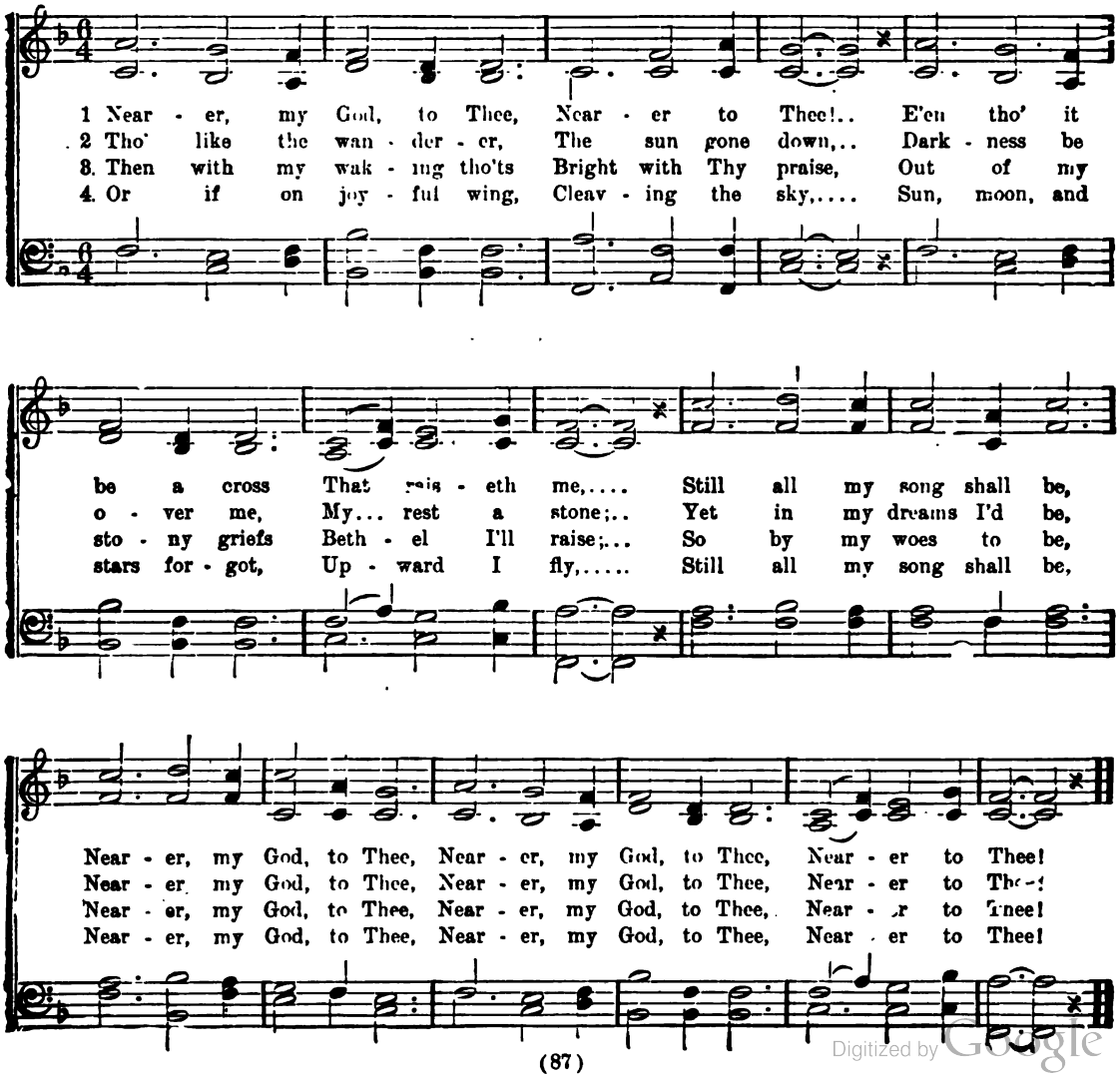
JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.



NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Words by Sarah F. Adams. **Music by Lowell Mason.**


1 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!.. E'en tho' it
2 Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down,.. Dark - ness be
3. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
4. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky,..... Sun, moon, and
be a cross That rais - eth me,..... Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My... rest a stone;.. Yet in my dreams I'd be,
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise;... So by my woes to be,
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly,..... Still all my song shall be,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

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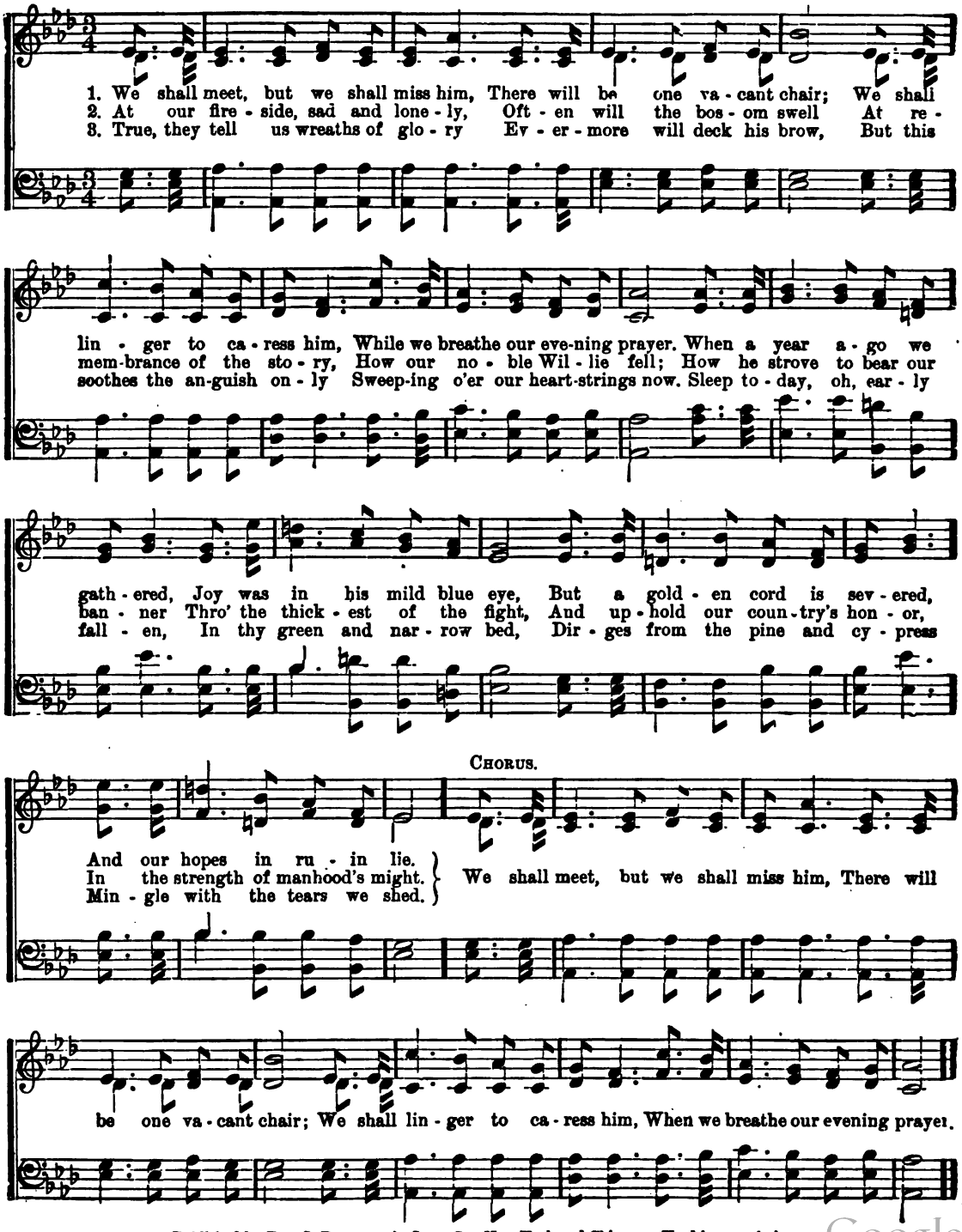
THE VACANT CHAIR.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant chair; We shall
2. At our fire - side, sad and lone - ly, Oft - en will the bos - om swell At re -
3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo - ry Ev - er - more will deck his brow, But this
lin - ger to ca - ress him, While we breathe our eve-ning prayer. When a year a - go we
mem-brance of the sto - ry, How our no - ble Wil - lie fell; How he strove to bear our
soothes the an-guish on - ly Sweep-ing o'er our heart-strings now. Sleep to - day, oh, ear - ly
gath - ered, Joy was in his mild blue eye, But a gold - en cord is sev - ered,
ban - ner Thro' the thick - est of the fight, And up - hold our coun - try's hon - or,
fall - en, In thy green and nar - row bed, Dir - ges from the pine and cy - press
Chorus.
And our hopes in ru - in lie.
In the strength of manhood's might.
Min - gle with the tears we shed.
We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will
be one va - cant chair; We shall lin - ger to ca - ress him, When we breathe our evening prayer.

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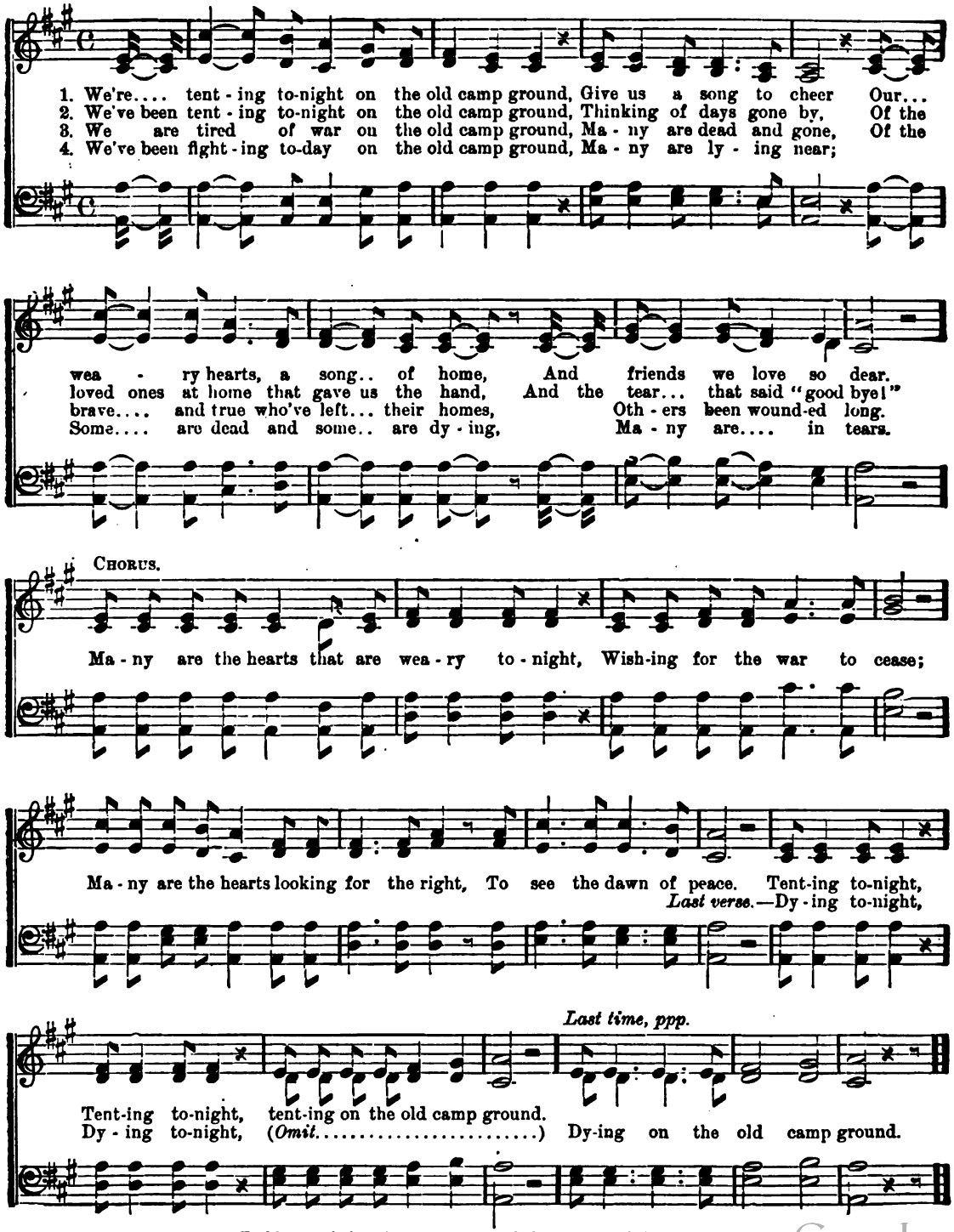
WE'RE TENTING TO-NIGHT.

Words and music by Walter Kittredge.

1. We're.... tent - ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our...
2. We've been tent - ing to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the
3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are dead and gone, Of the
4. We've been fight - ing to-day on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are ly - ing near;
wea - ry hearts, a song.. of home, And friends we love so dear.
loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear... that said "good bye!"
brave.... and true who've left... their homes, Oth - ers been wound-ed long.
Some.... are dead and some.. are dy - ing, Ma - ny are.... in tears.
Chorus.
Ma - ny are the hearts that are wea - ry to - night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;
Ma - ny are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night,
Last verse.—Dy - ing to-night,
Last time, ppp.
Tent-ing to-night, tent-ing on the old camp ground.
Dy - ing to-night, (Omit.....) Dy-ing on the old camp ground.

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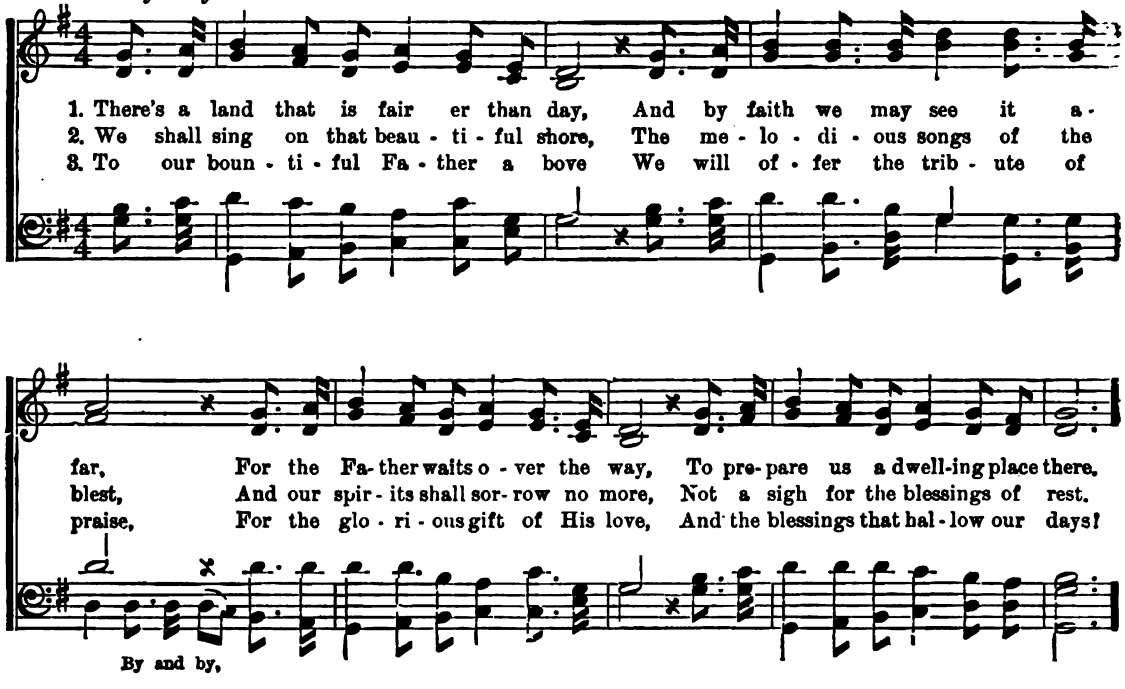
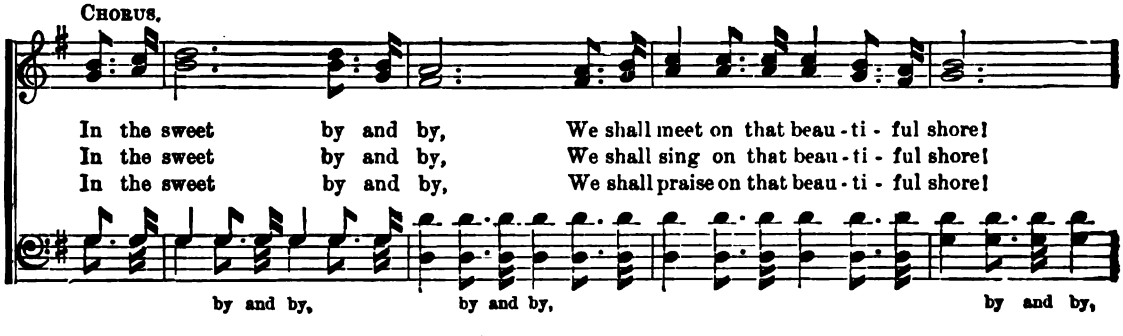
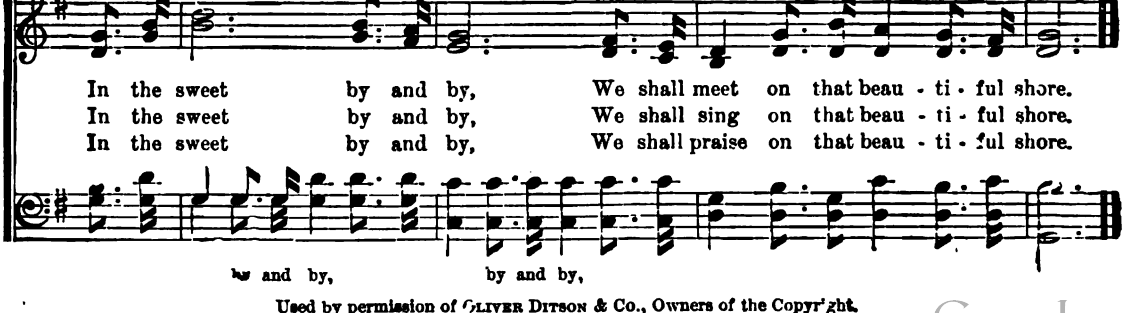
IN THE SWEET BY AND BY.

Words by S. Fillmore Bennett. **Music by Joseph P. Webster.**

With feeling.


1. There's a land that is fair er than day, And by faith we may see it a-
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di - ous songs of the
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a bove We will of - fer the trib - ute of
far, For the Fa-ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwell-ing place there.
blest, And our spir - its shall sor- row no more, Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.
praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the blessings that hal - low our days!
By and by,

CHORUS.
In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore!
In the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore!
In the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau - ti - ful shore!
by and by, by and by, by and by,

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
In the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore.
In the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau - ti - ful shore.
by and by, by and by,

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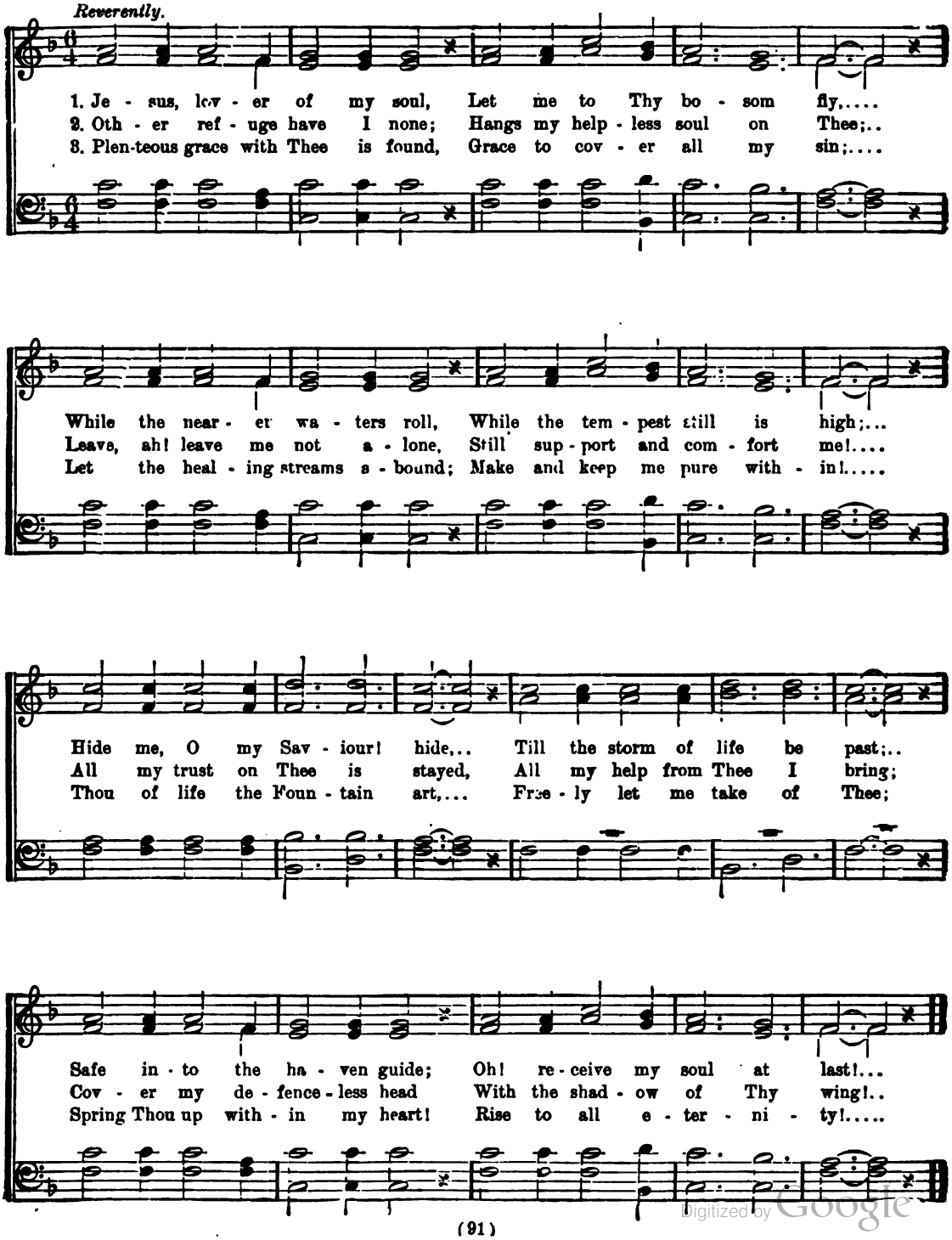
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Words by Charles Wesley. **Music by S. R. Marsh**

Reverently.


1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,....
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;..
3. Plen-teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;....
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;...
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!....
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in!.....
Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide,... Till the storm of life be past;..
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Thou of life the Foun - tain art,... Free - ly let me take of Thee;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh! re - ceive my soul at last!...
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!..
Spring Thou up with - in my heart! Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty!.....

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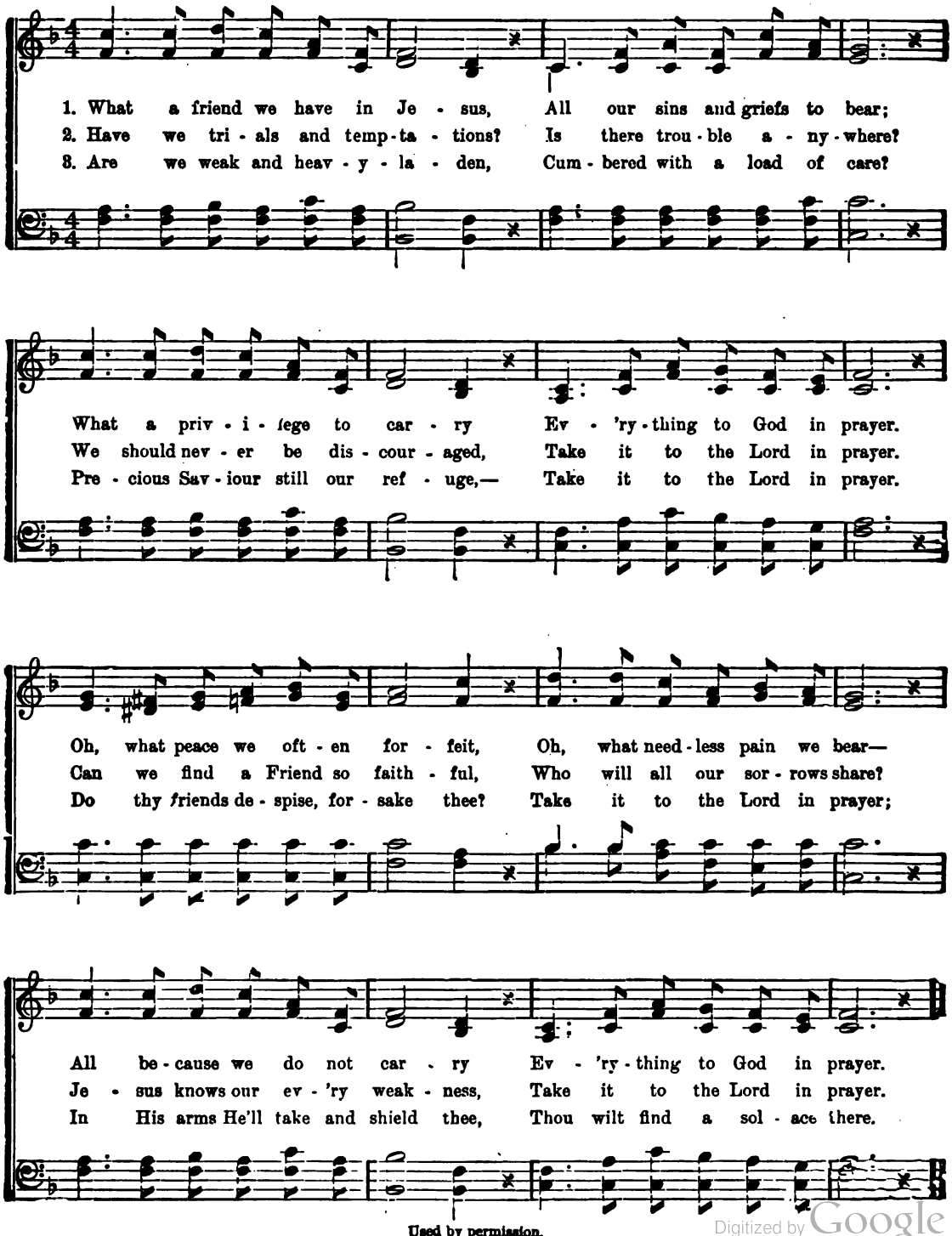
WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

Words by Joseph Scriven. Music by C. Crozat Converse.


1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer.
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - iour still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear—
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

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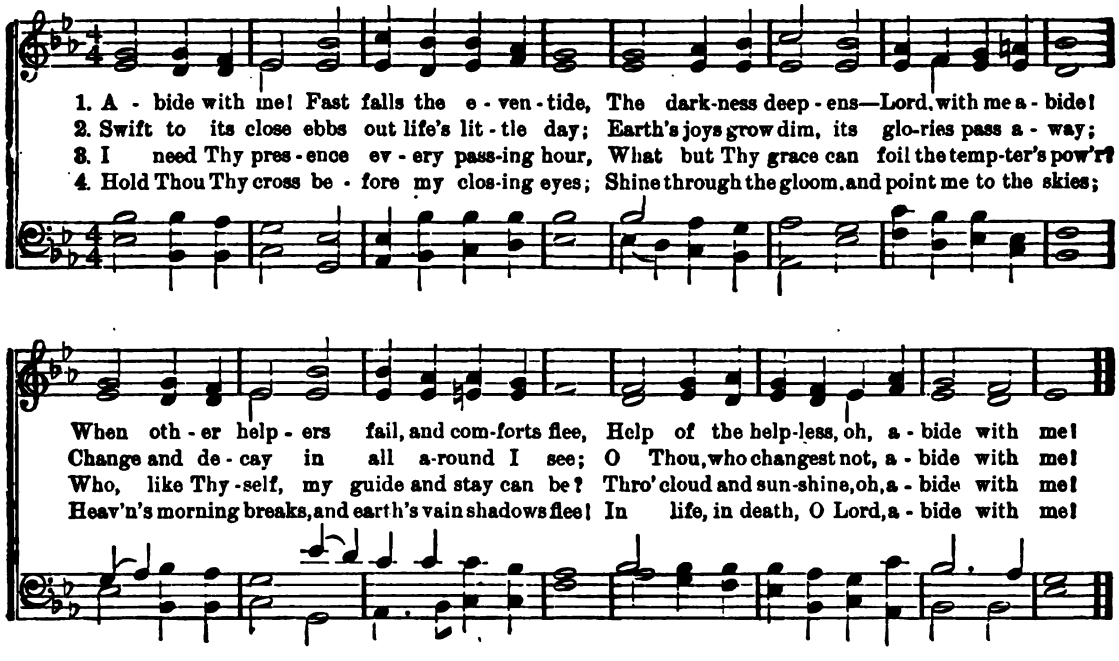
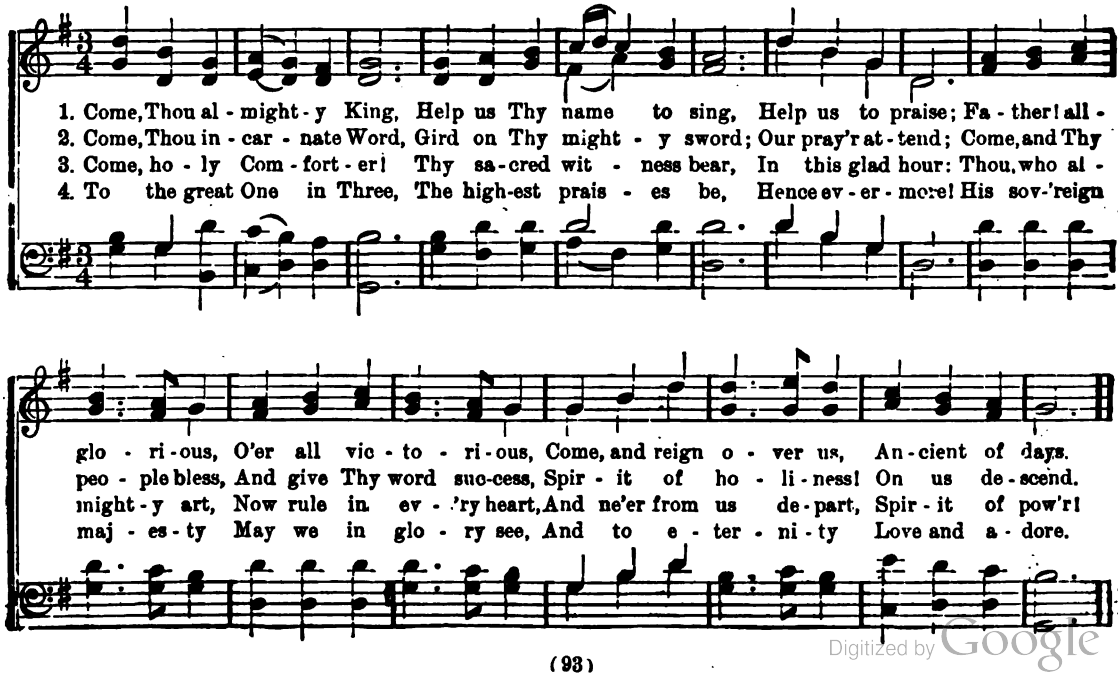
ABIDE WITH ME.

Words by Henry Francis Lyte. **Music by William Henry Monk.**


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the temp-ter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

Words by Charles Wesley. **Music by Felice Giardini.**

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa - ther! all -
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our pray'r at - tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who al -
4. To the great One in Three, The high-est prais - es be, Hence ev - er - more! His sov-'reign
glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc-cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

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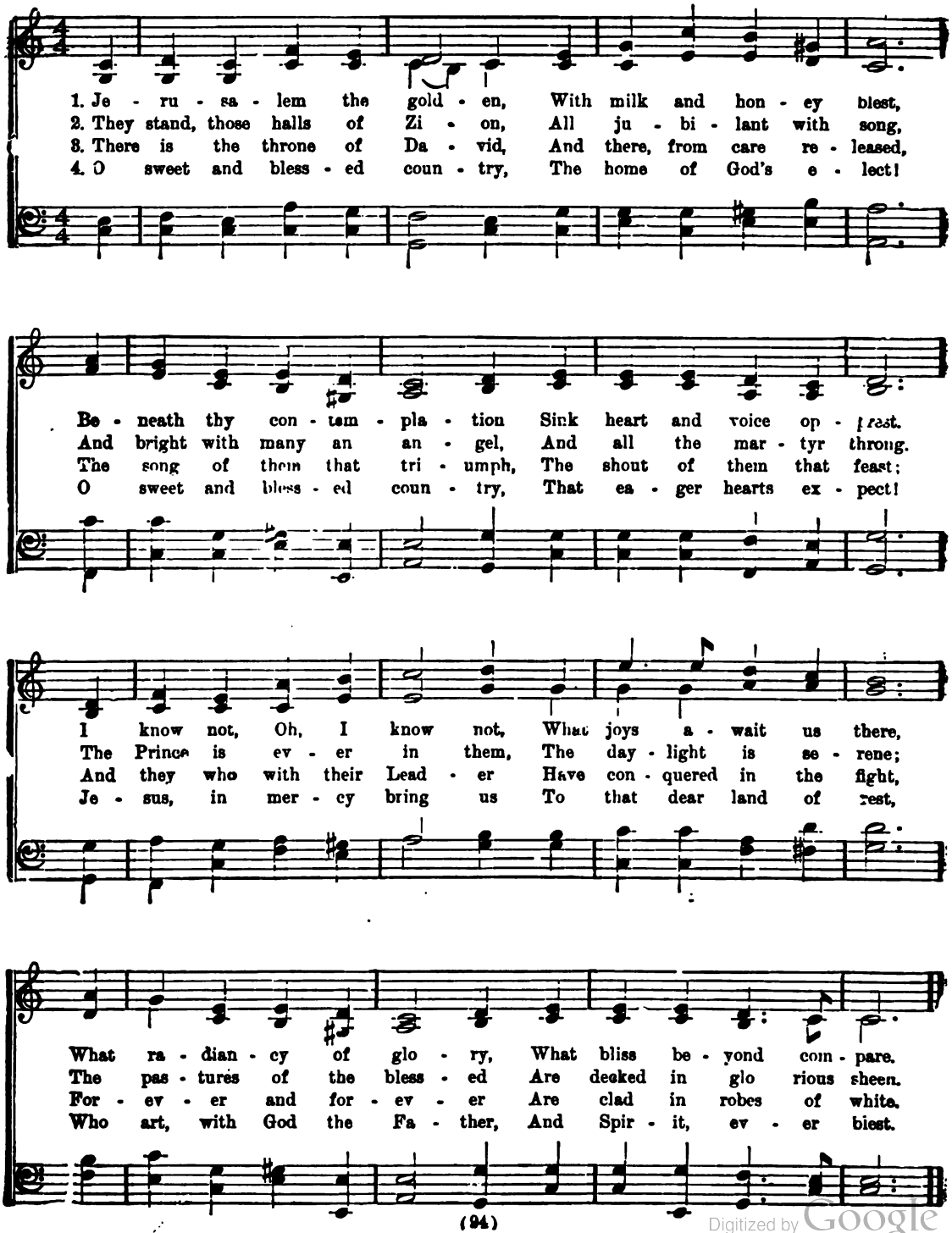
JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

Words by Bernard of Cluny. **Music by Alex. Ewing.**


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased,
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!
I know not, Oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there,
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest,
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo rious sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

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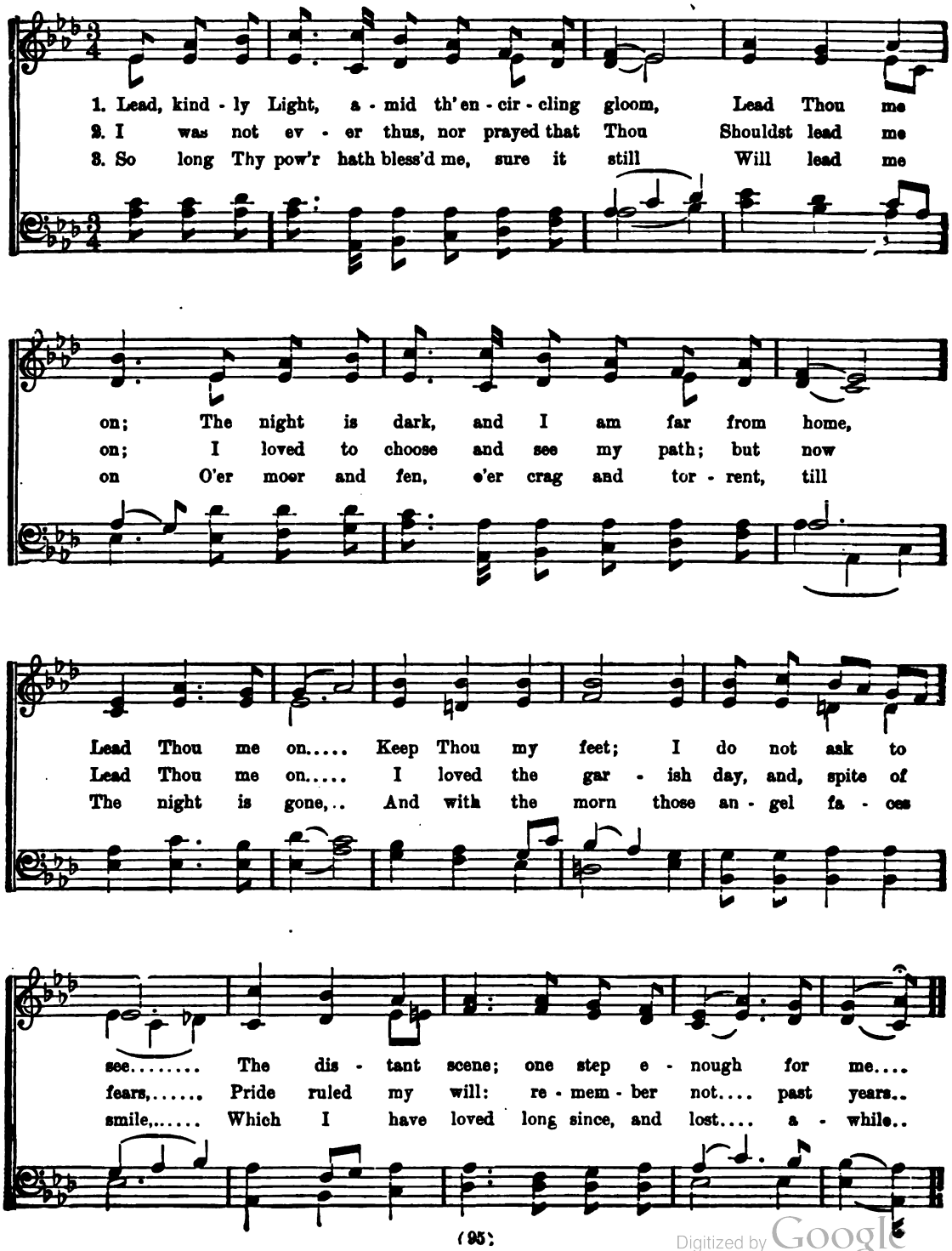
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Words by Rev. John Henry Newman. **Music by Rev. J. B. Dykes.**


1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me
3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me
on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,
on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
on O'er moor and fen, e'er crag and tor - rent, till
Lead Thou me on..... Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
Lead Thou me on..... I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of
The night is gone,.. And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces
see..... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me....
fears,..... Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not.... past years..
smile,..... Which I have loved long since, and lost.... a - while..

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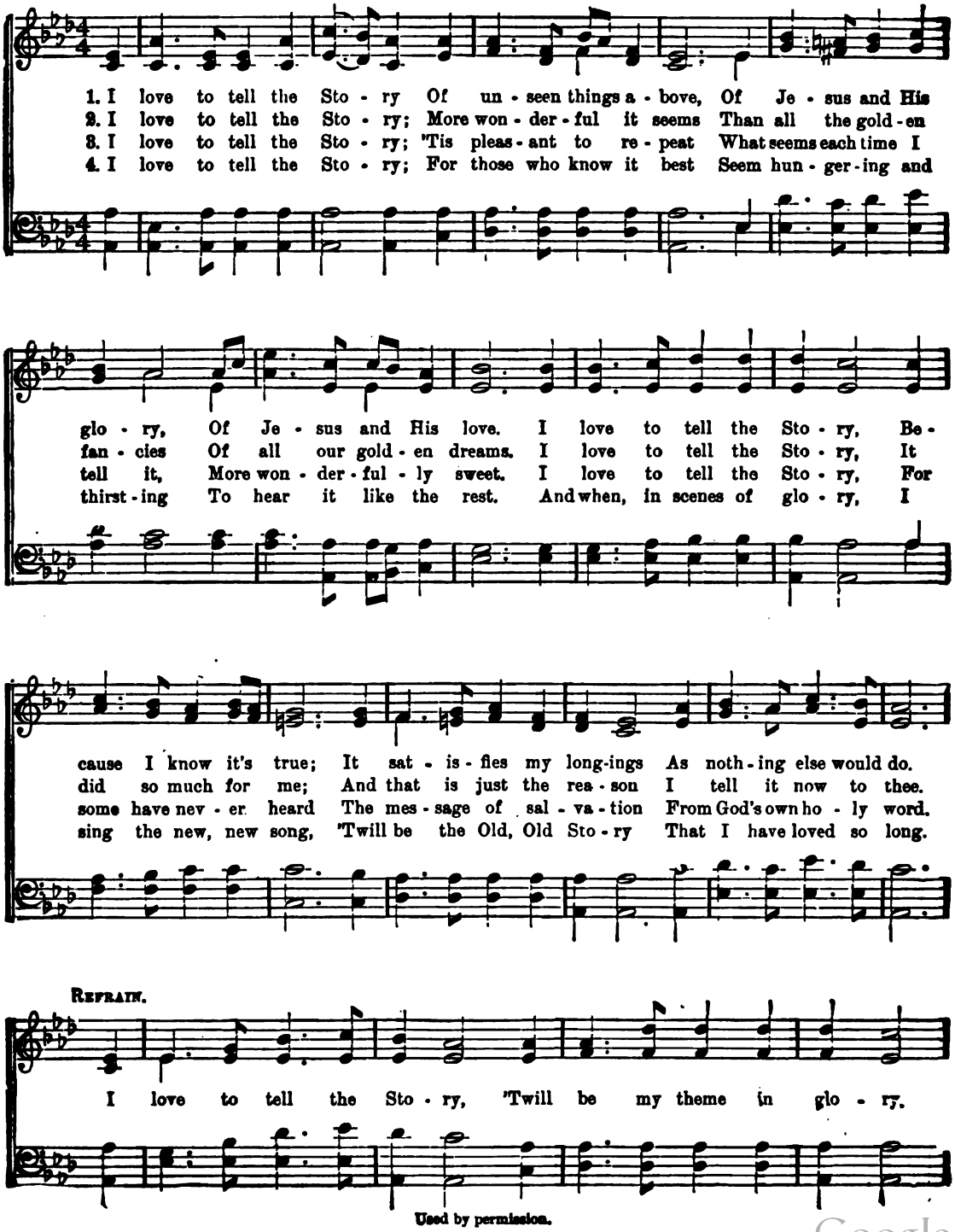
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

Words by Katherine Hankey. **Music by Wm. G. Fischer.**

1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the Sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my long-ings As noth - ing else would do.
2. I love to tell the Sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the Sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
3. I love to tell the Sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the Sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
4. I love to tell the Sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the Old, Old Sto - ry That I have loved so long.
Refrain.
I love to tell the Sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry.

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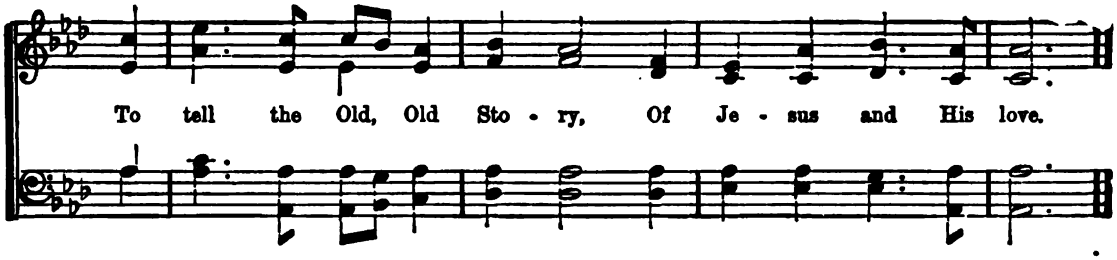
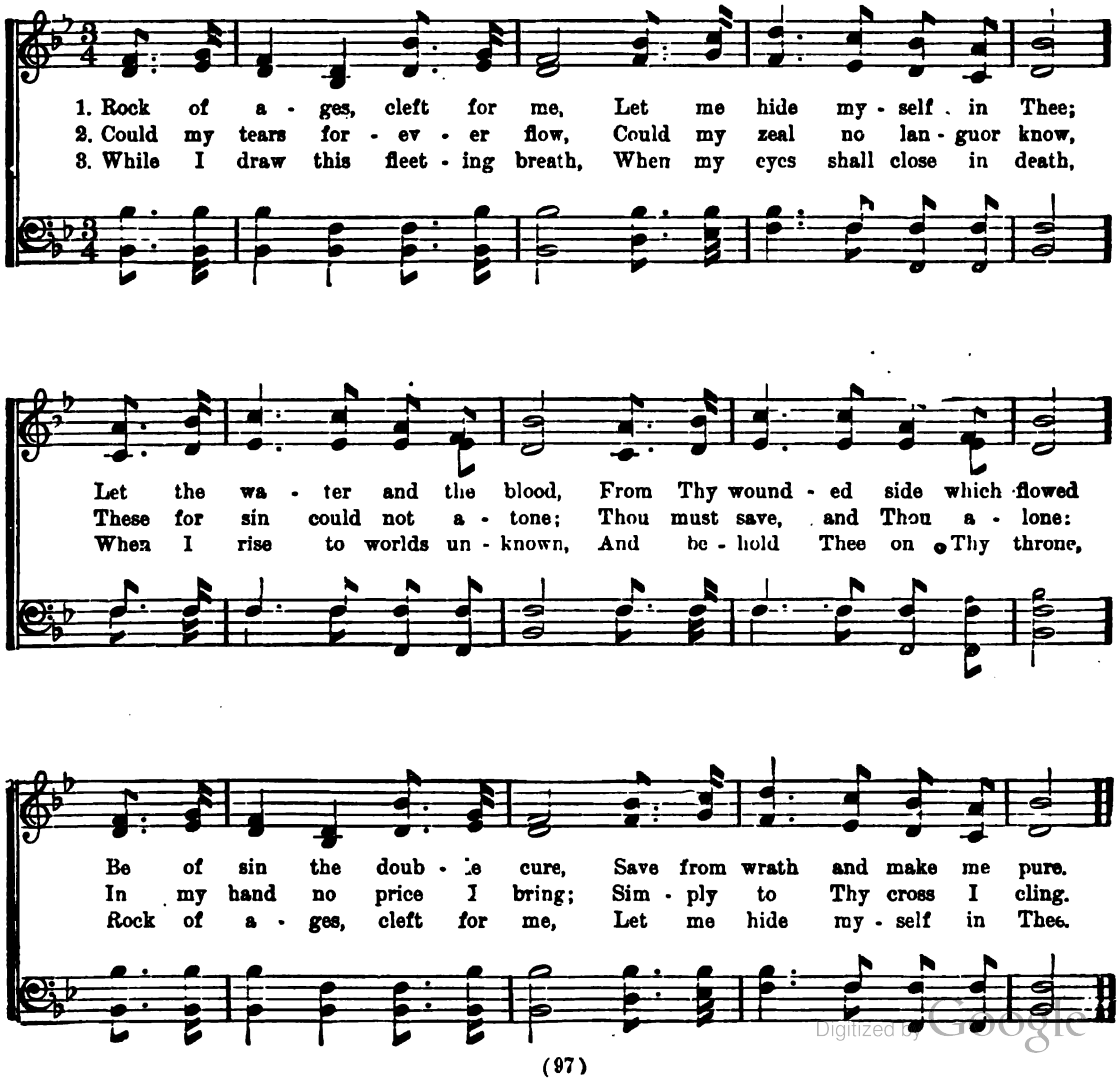
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.



ROCK OF AGES.

Words by Augustus M. Toplady. **Music by Thomas Hastings.**

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

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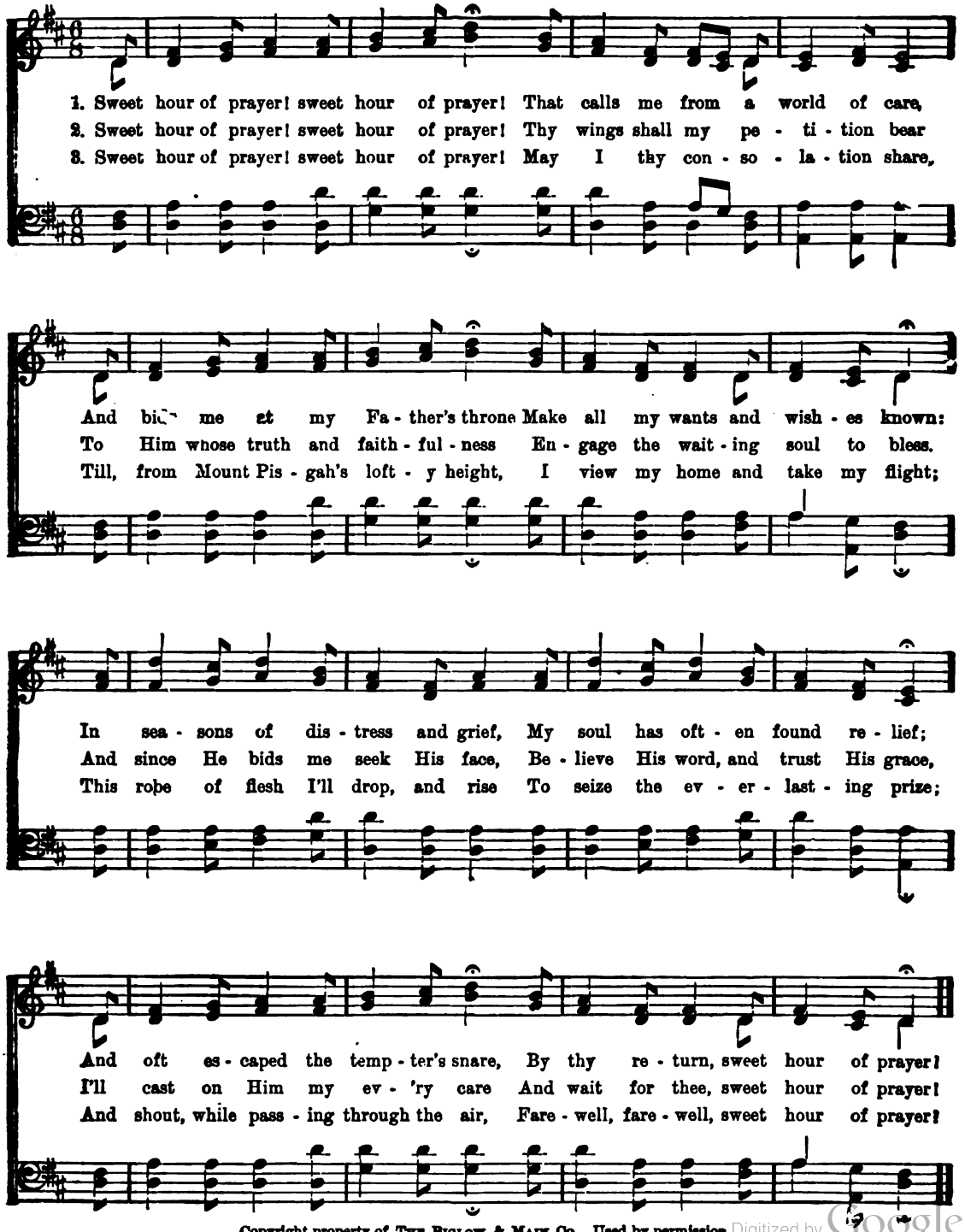
SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

Words by Wm. W. Walford. **Music by W. B. Bradbury.**


1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,
And bid me at my Fa - ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known:
To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless.
Till, from Mount Pis - gah's loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight;
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;
And oft es - caped the temp - ter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer!
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
And shout, while pass - ing through the air, Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of prayer!

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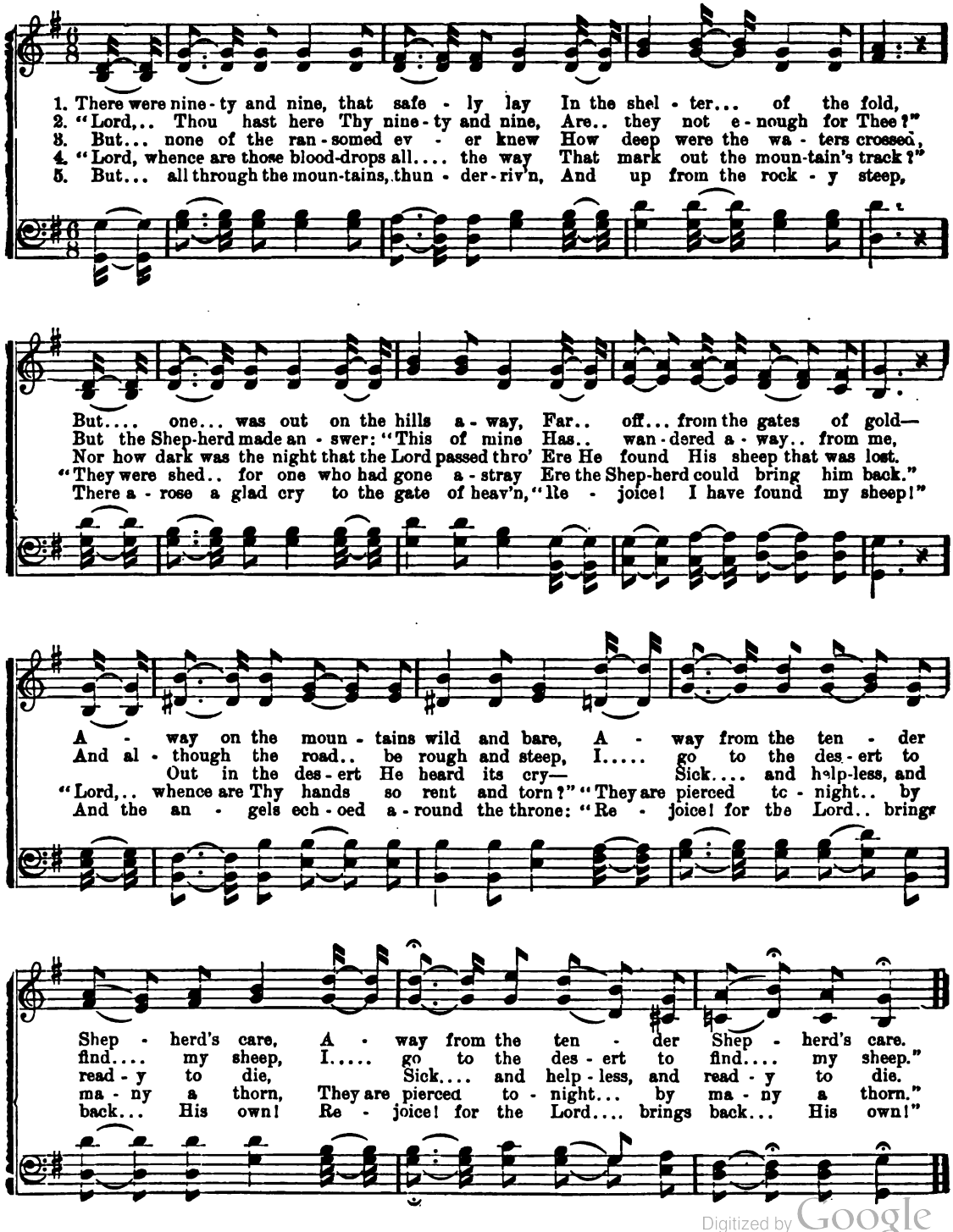
THE NINETY AND NINE.

Words by E. C. Clephane. **Music by Ira D. Sankey.**

1. There were nine-ty and nine, that safe-ly lay In the shel-ter... of the fold,
2. "Lord,.. Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine, Are.. they not e-nough for Thee?"
3. But... none of the ran-somed ev-er knew How deep were the wa-ters crossed,
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all.... the way That mark out the moun-tain's track?"
5. But... all through the moun-tains, thun-der-riv'n, And up from the rock-y steep,
But.... one... was out on the hills a-way, Far.. off... from the gates of gold—
But the Shep-herd made an-swer: "This of mine Has.. wan-dered a-way.. from me,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
"They were shed.. for one who had gone a-stray Ere the Shep-herd could bring him back."
There a-rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re-joice! I have found my sheep!"
A-way on the moun-tains wild and bare, A-way from the ten-der
And al-though the road.. be rough and steep, I..... go to the des-ert to
Out in the des-ert He heard its cry— Sick.... and help-less, and
"Lord,.. whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to-night.. by
And the an-gels ech-oed a-round the throne: "Re-joice! for the Lord.. brings
Shep-herd's care, A-way from the ten-der Shep-herd's care.
find.... my sheep, I..... go to the des-ert to find.... my sheep."
read-y to die, Sick.... and help-less, and read-y to die.
ma-ny a thorn, They are pierced to-night... by ma-ny a thorn."
back... His own! Re-joice! for the Lord.... brings back... His own!"

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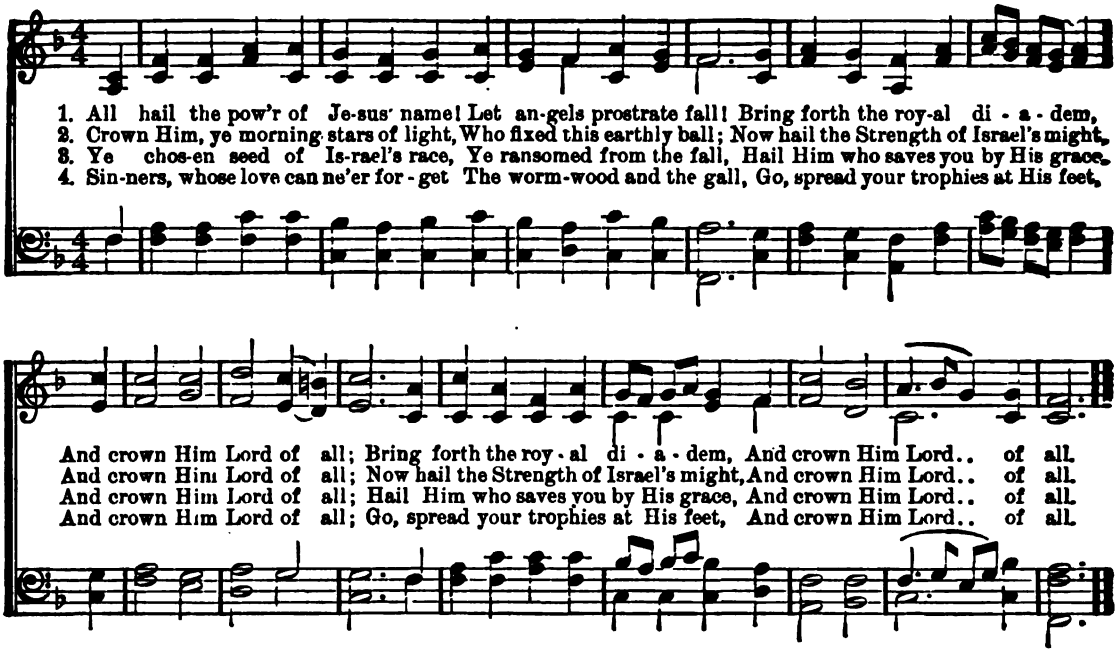
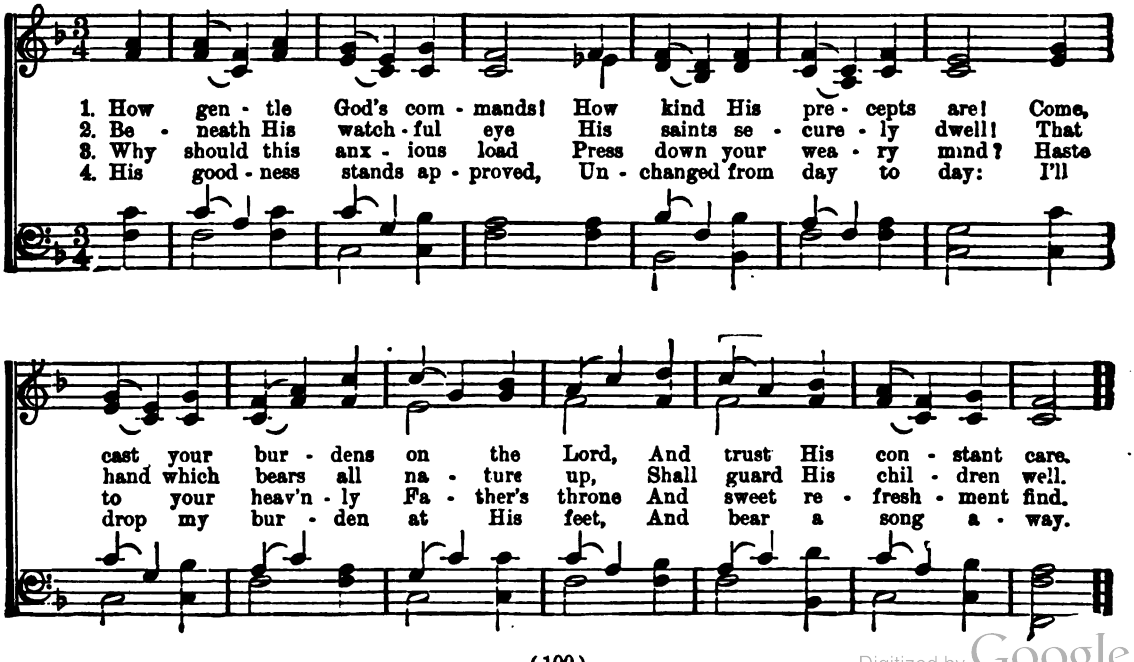
ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME!

Words by Edward Perronet. **Music by Oliver Holden.**

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall! Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,
2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
3. Ye chos-en seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
4. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord.. of all.
And crown Him Lord of all; Now hail the Strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord.. of all.
And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord.. of all.
And crown Him Lord of all; Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord.. of all.

HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS.

Words by Philip Doddridge. **Music by H. G. Nägeli.**

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are! Come,
2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell! That
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind? Haste
4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un - changed from day to day: I'll
cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
hand which bears all na - ture up, Shall guard His chil - dren well.
to your heav'n - ly Fa - ther's throne And sweet re - fresh - ment find.
drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

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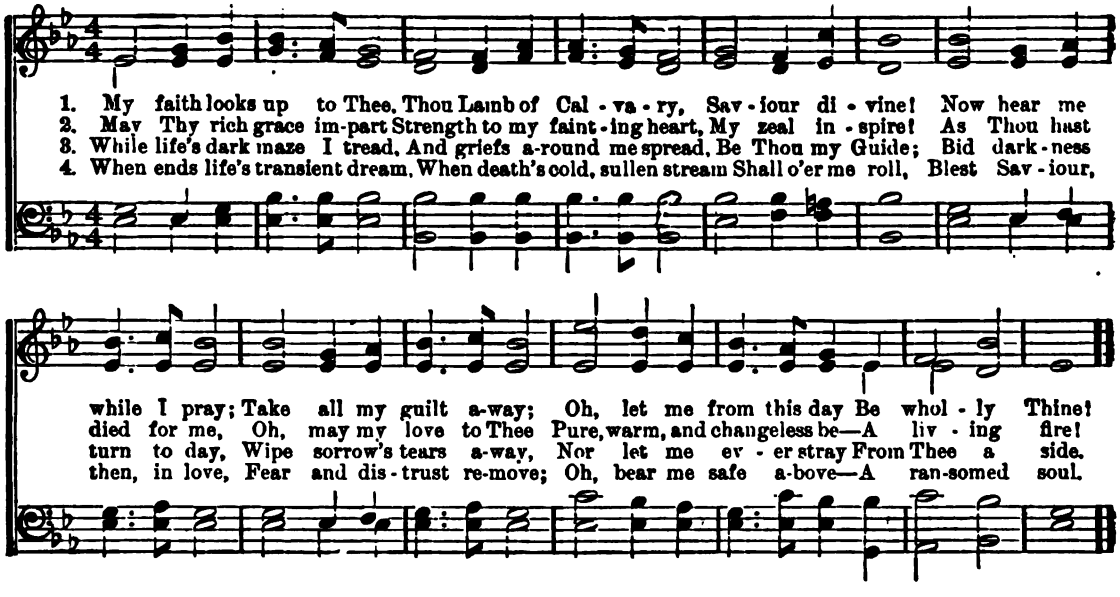
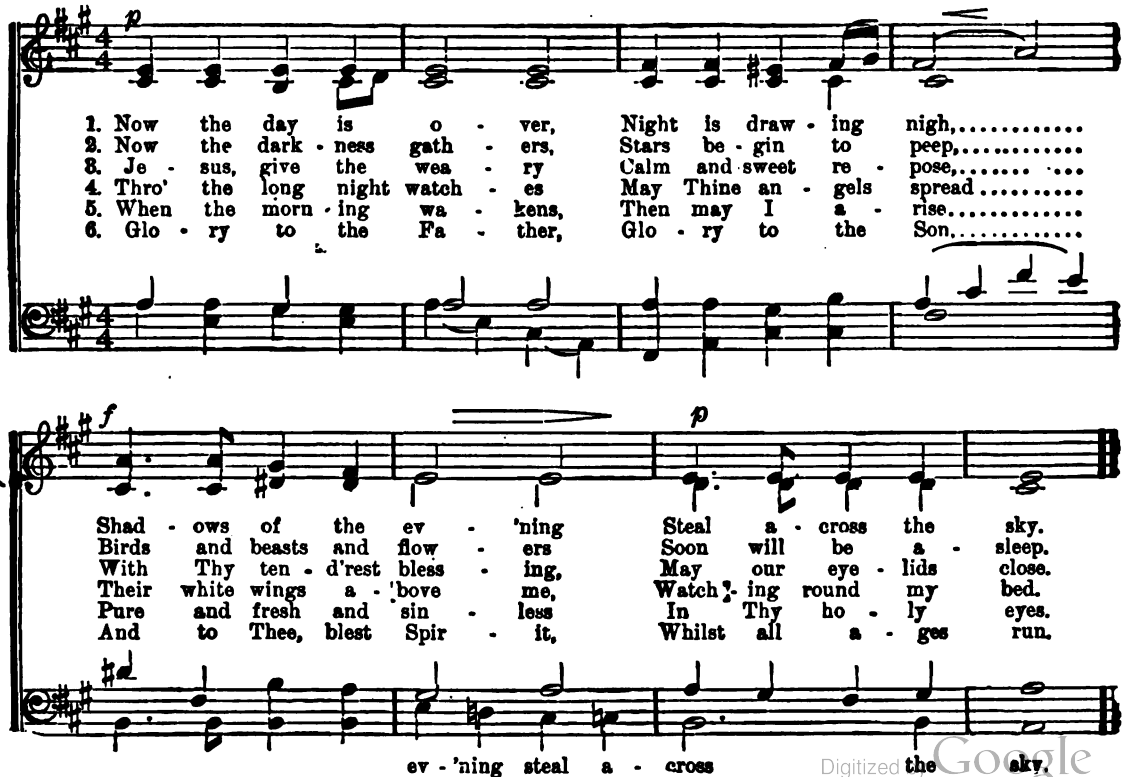
MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

Words by Rev. Ray Palmer. **Music by Lowell Mason.**


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt a-way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire! As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be—A liv - ing fire!
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a side.
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re-move; Oh, bear me safe a-bove—A ran-somed soul.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

Words by Sabine Baring-Gould. **Music by J. Barnby.**

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,.....
2. Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep,.....
3. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose,.....
4. Thro' the long night watch - es May Thine an - gels spread.....
5. When the morn - ing wa - kens, Then may I a - rise.....
6. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son.....
Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
Birds and beasts and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing, May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run.
ev - 'ning steal a - cross the sky.

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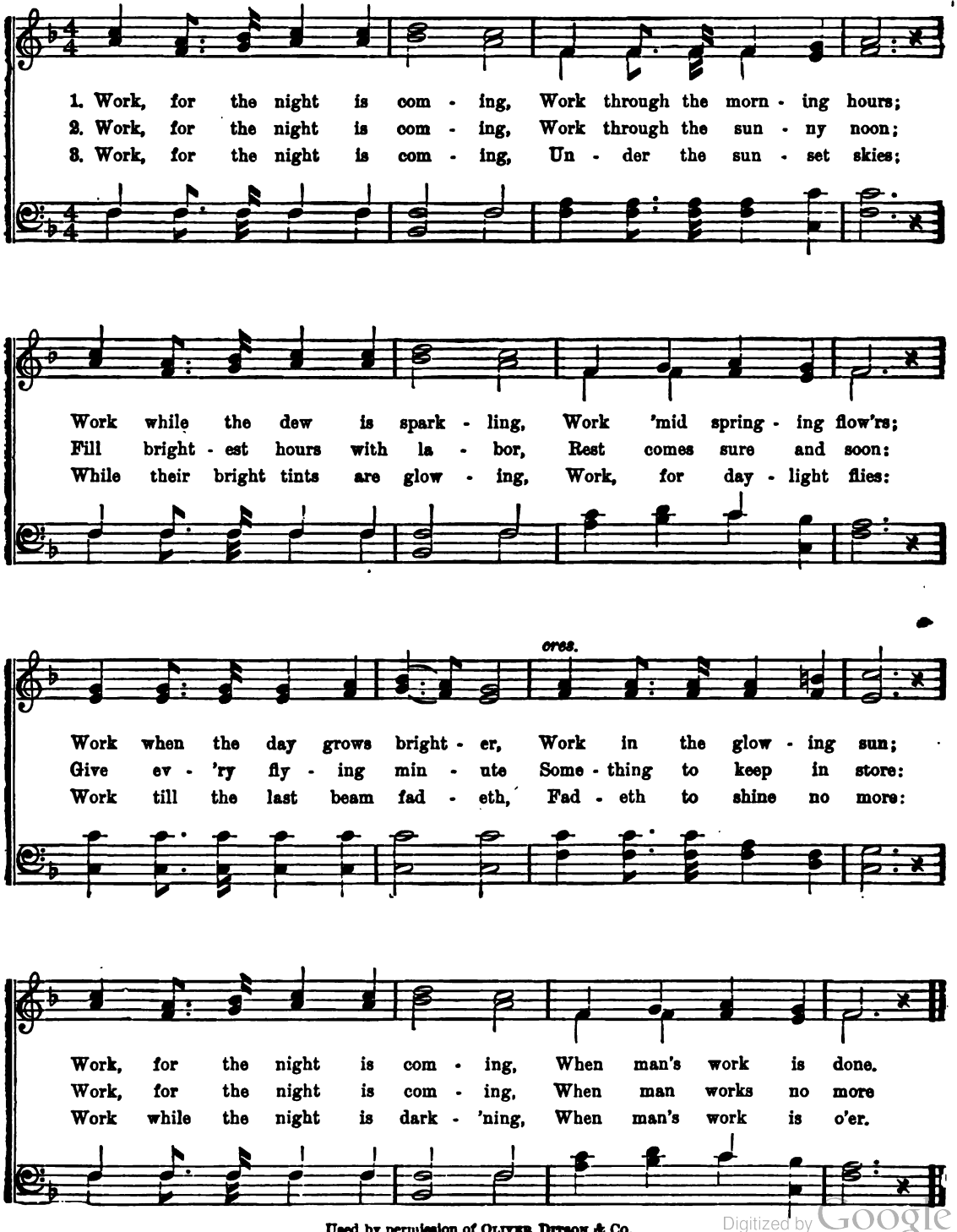
WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Words by Mrs. A. L. Coghill. **Music by Lowell Mason.**


1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morn - ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;
Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon:
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies:
cres.
Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store:
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more:
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more
Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

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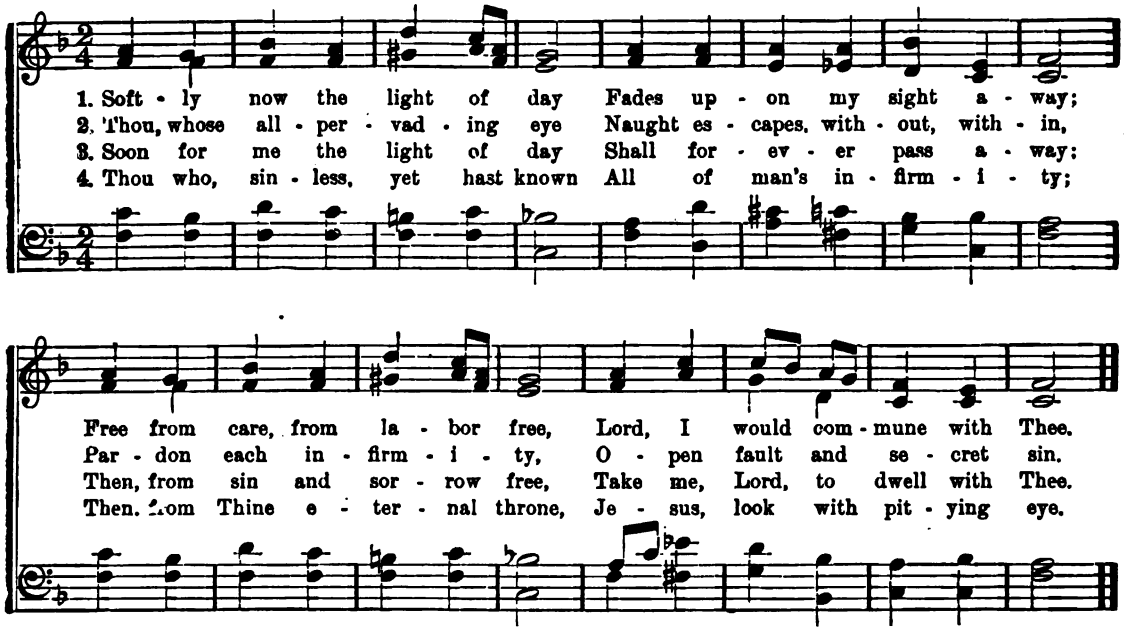
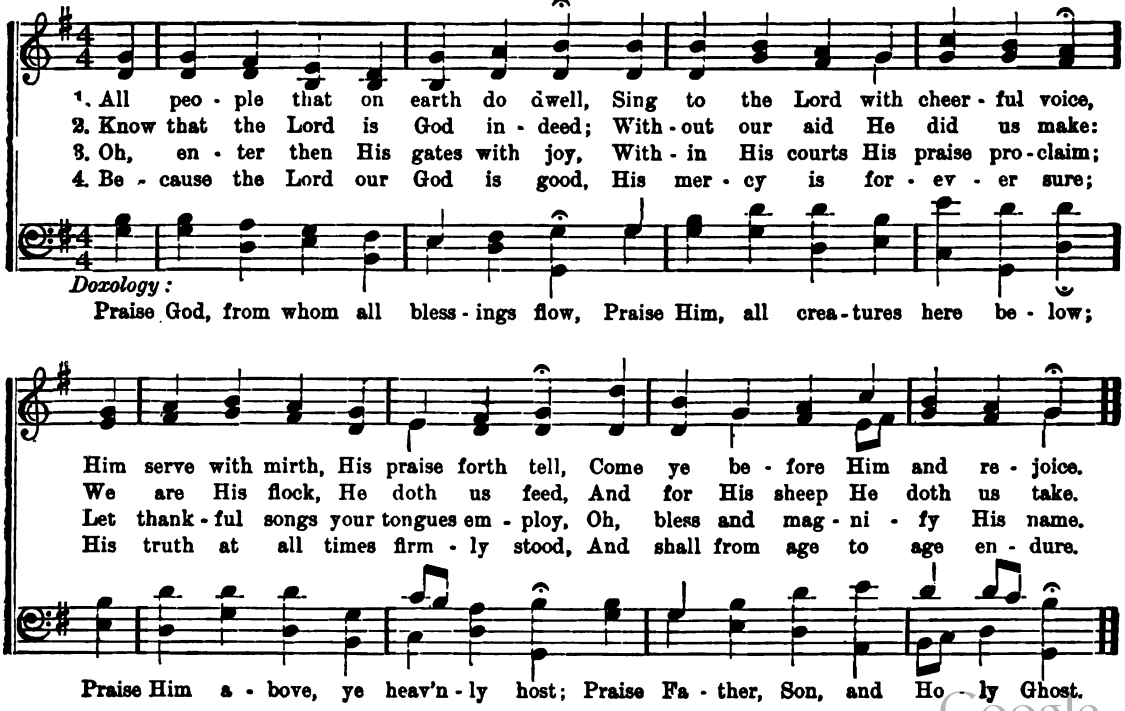
SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

Words by Geo. W. Doane. Arranged from Carl Maria von Weber.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pit - ying eye.

OLD HUNDRED.

Music by L. Bourgeois.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice,
2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make:
3. Oh, en - ter then His gates with joy, With - in His courts His praise pro - claim;
4. Be - cause the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure;
Doxology:
Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Let thank - ful songs your tongues em - ploy, Oh, bless and mag - ni - fy His name.
His truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

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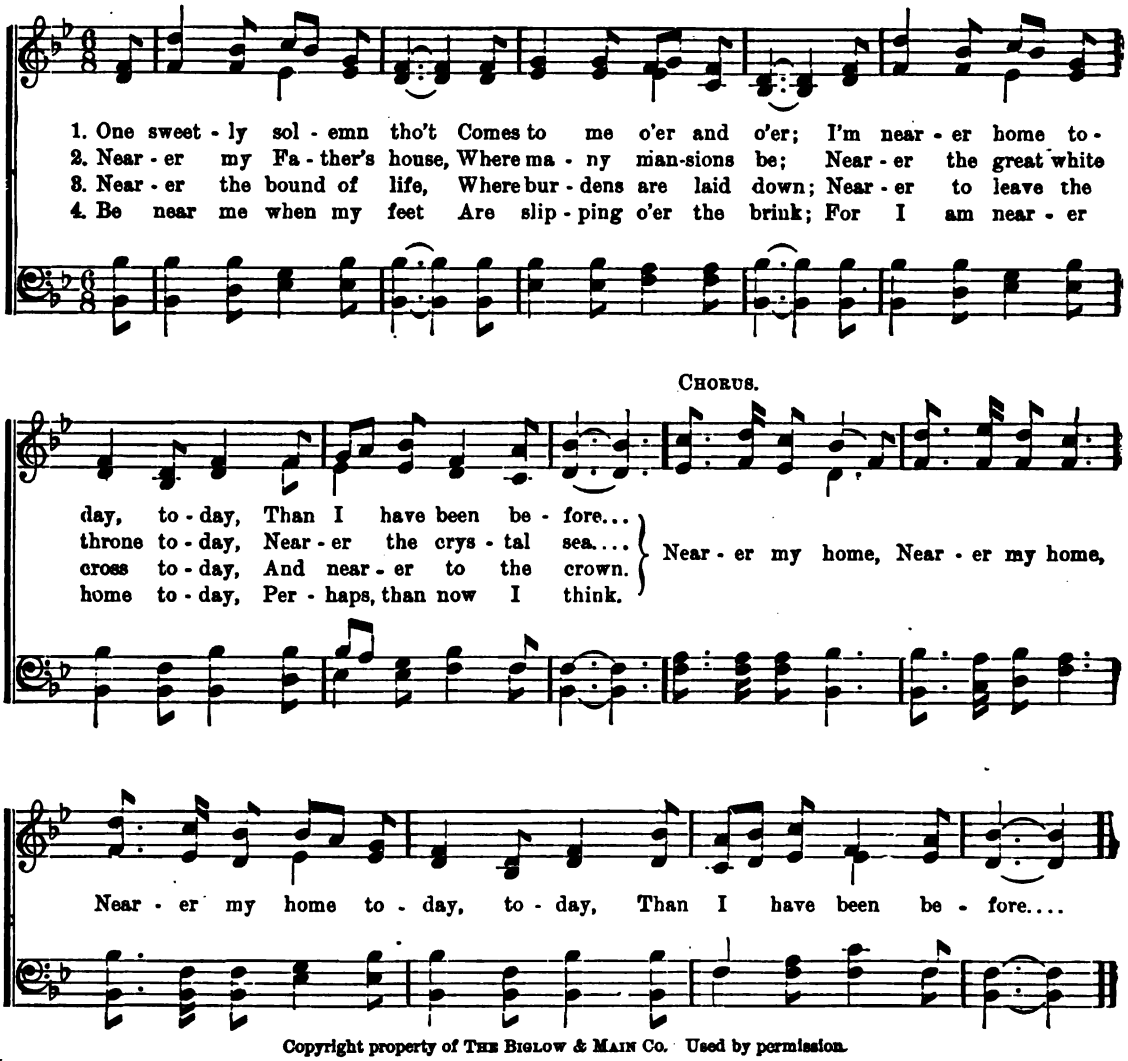
ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

Words by Phœbe Cary. **Music by Philip Phillips.**

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near - er home to-
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man-sions be; Near - er the great white
3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid down; Near - er to leave the
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink; For I am near - er
Chorus.
day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore...
throne to - day, Near - er the crys - tal sea....
cross to - day, And near - er to the crown.
home to - day, Per - haps, than now I think.
Near - er my home, Near - er my home,
Near - er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore....

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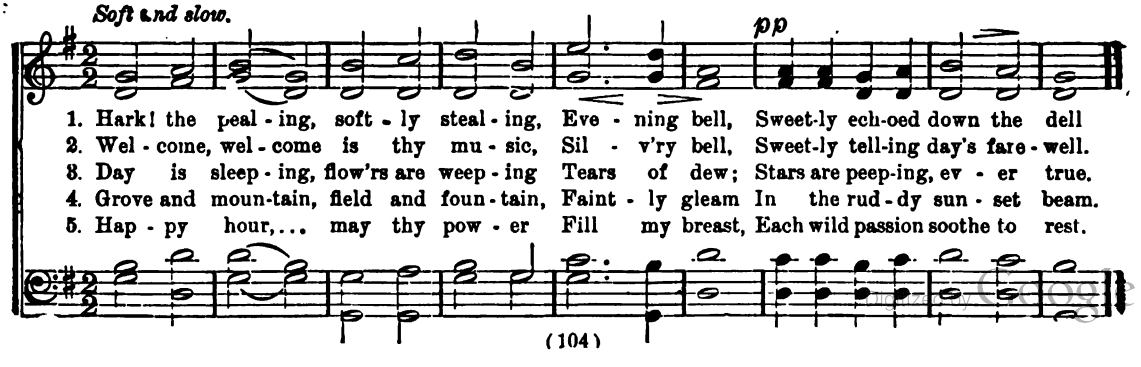
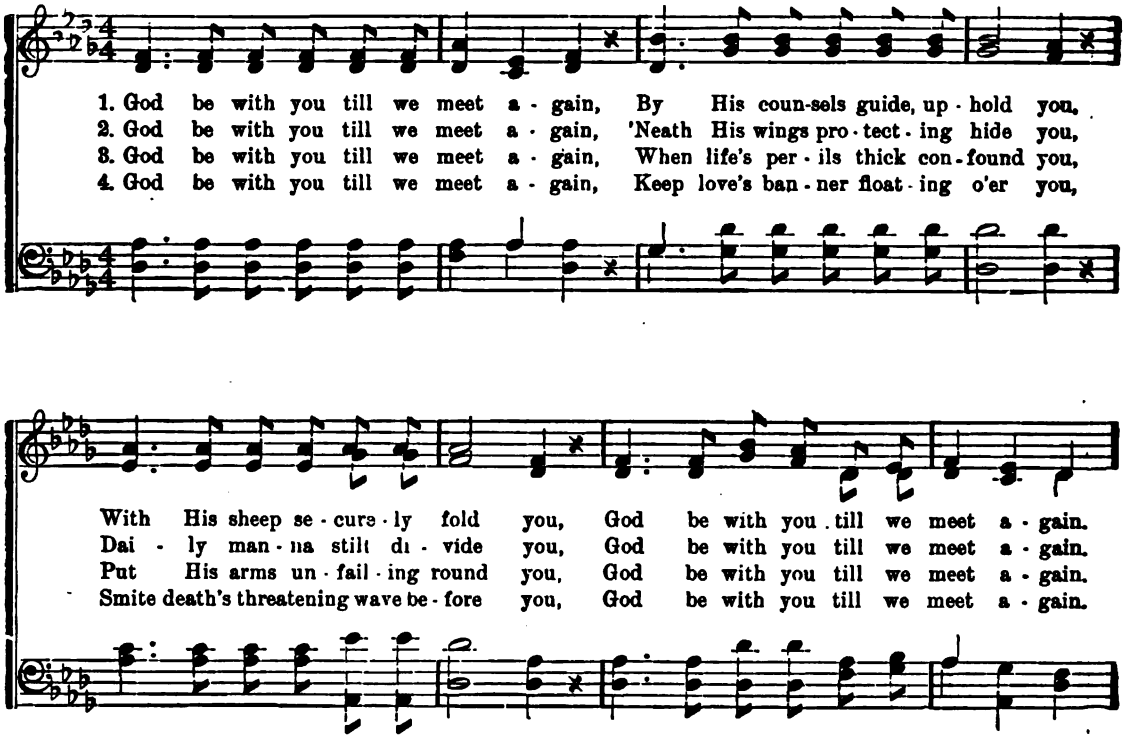
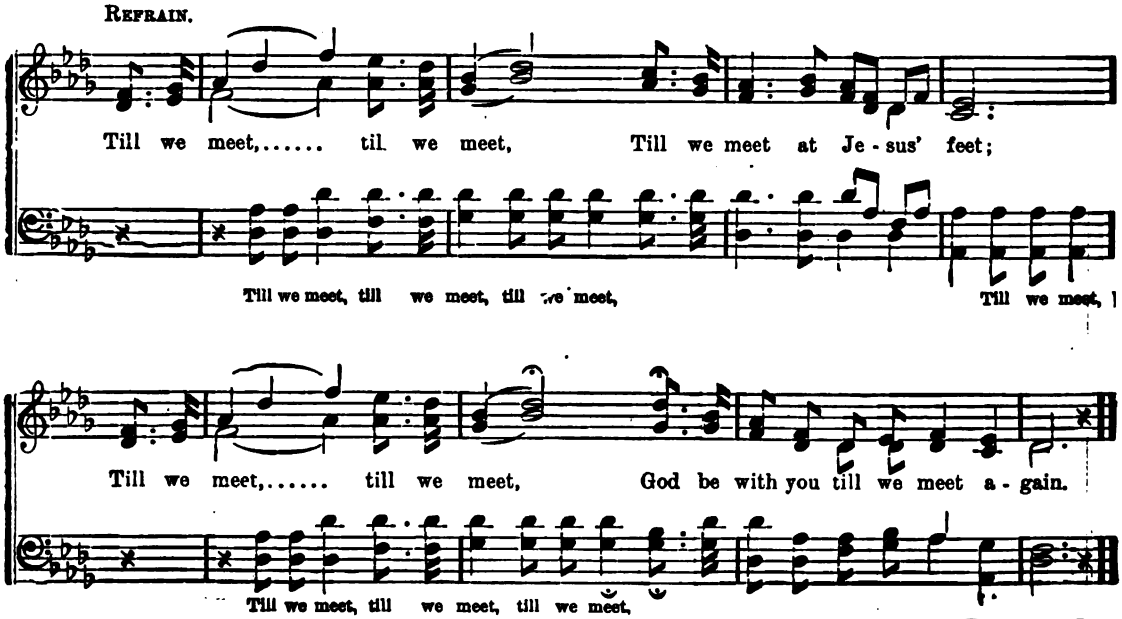
THE EVENING BELL.

Soft and slow.
pp
1. Hark! the peal - ing, soft - ly steal - ing, Eve - ning bell, Sweet-ly ech-oed down the dell
2. Wel - come, wel - come is thy mu - sic, Sil - v'ry bell, Sweet-ly tell-ing day's fare - well.
3. Day is sleep - ing, flow'rs are weep - ing Tears of dew; Stars are peep-ing, ev - er true.
4. Grove and moun-tain, field and foun - tain, Faint - ly gleam In the rud - dy sun - set beam.
5. Hap - py hour,... may thy pow - er Fill my breast, Each wild passion soothe to rest.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

Words by J. E. Rankin. Music by William G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up - hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings pro - tect - ing hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con - found you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban - ner float - ing o'er you,
With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threatening wave be - fore you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

REFRAIN.
Till we meet,..... til we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,
Till we meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

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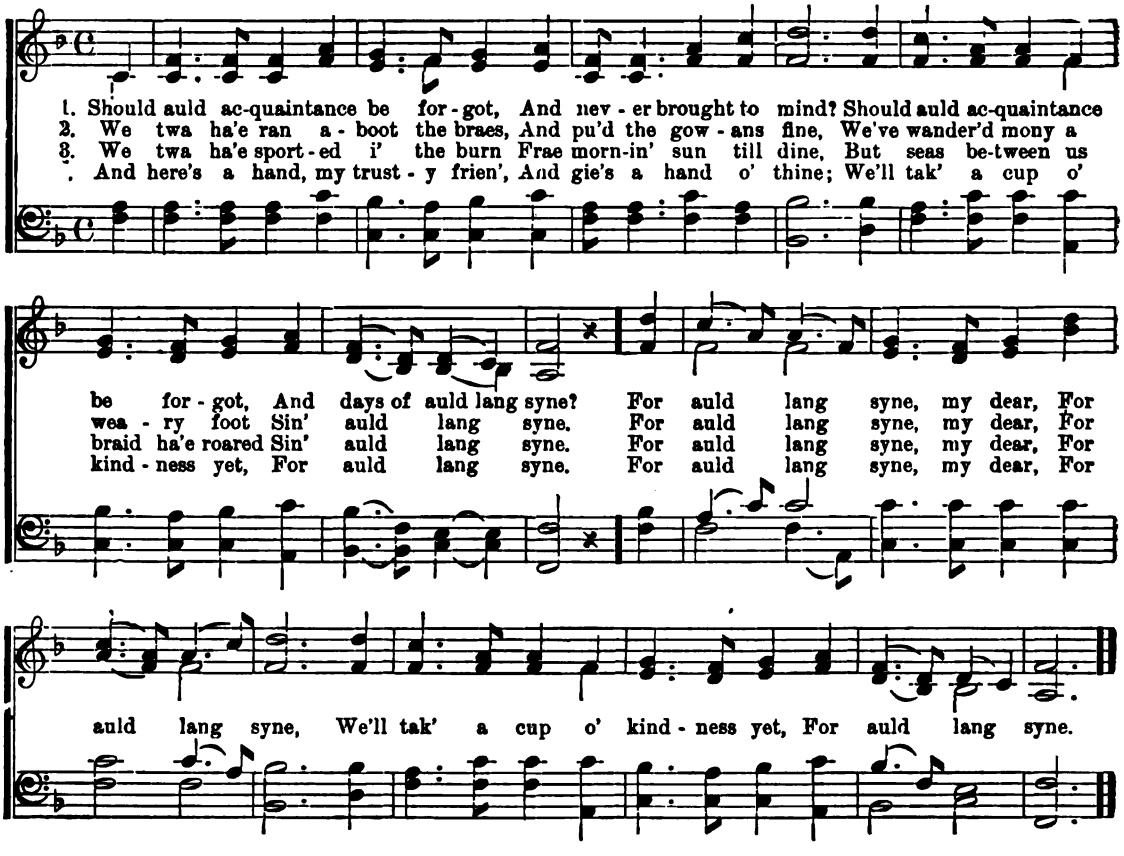
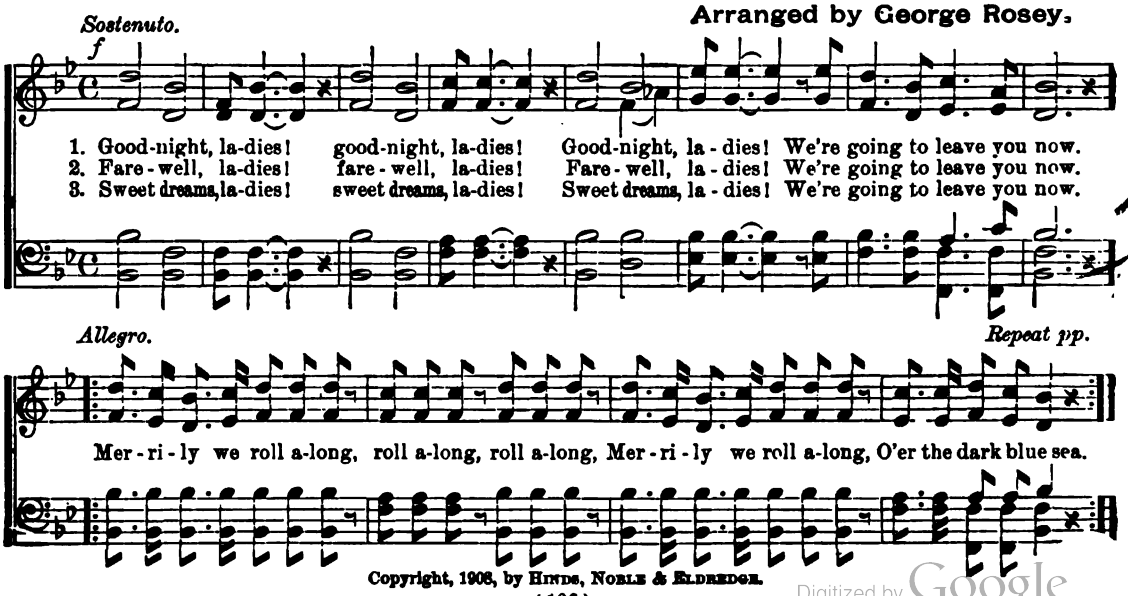
AULD LANG SYNE.

Robert Burns.

1. Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld ac-quaintance
2. We twa ha'e ran a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We've wander'd mony a
3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But seas be-tween us
4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o'
be for-got, And days of auld lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For
wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, For
braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, For
kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, For
auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES!

Arranged by George Rosey.

Sostenuto.
f
1. Good-night, la-dies! good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.
2. Fare-well, la-dies! fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.
3. Sweet dreams, la-dies! sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.
Allegro.
Repeat pp.
Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, roll a-long, roll a-long, Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, O'er the dark blue sea.

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RULE, BRITANNIA!

Words by James Thomson. **Music by Dr. Thomas A. Arne.**

Maestoso. *mp*

1. When
2. The
3. Still
4. Thee

f

Brit - ain first,.... at heav'n's com - mand, A - rose..... from out the
na - tions not..... so blessed as thee Must in..... their turn to
more ma - jes - - tic shalt thou rise, More dread - - ful from each
haugh - ty ty - - rants ne'er shall tame; All their..... at-tempts to

mp

az - - ure main, A - rose from out..... the az - ure.. main,
ty - - rants fall, Must in.. their turn..... to ty - rants fall;
for - - eign stroke, More dread-ful.. from..... each for - eign stroke;
bend.... thee down, All their at - tempts..... to bend thee - down.

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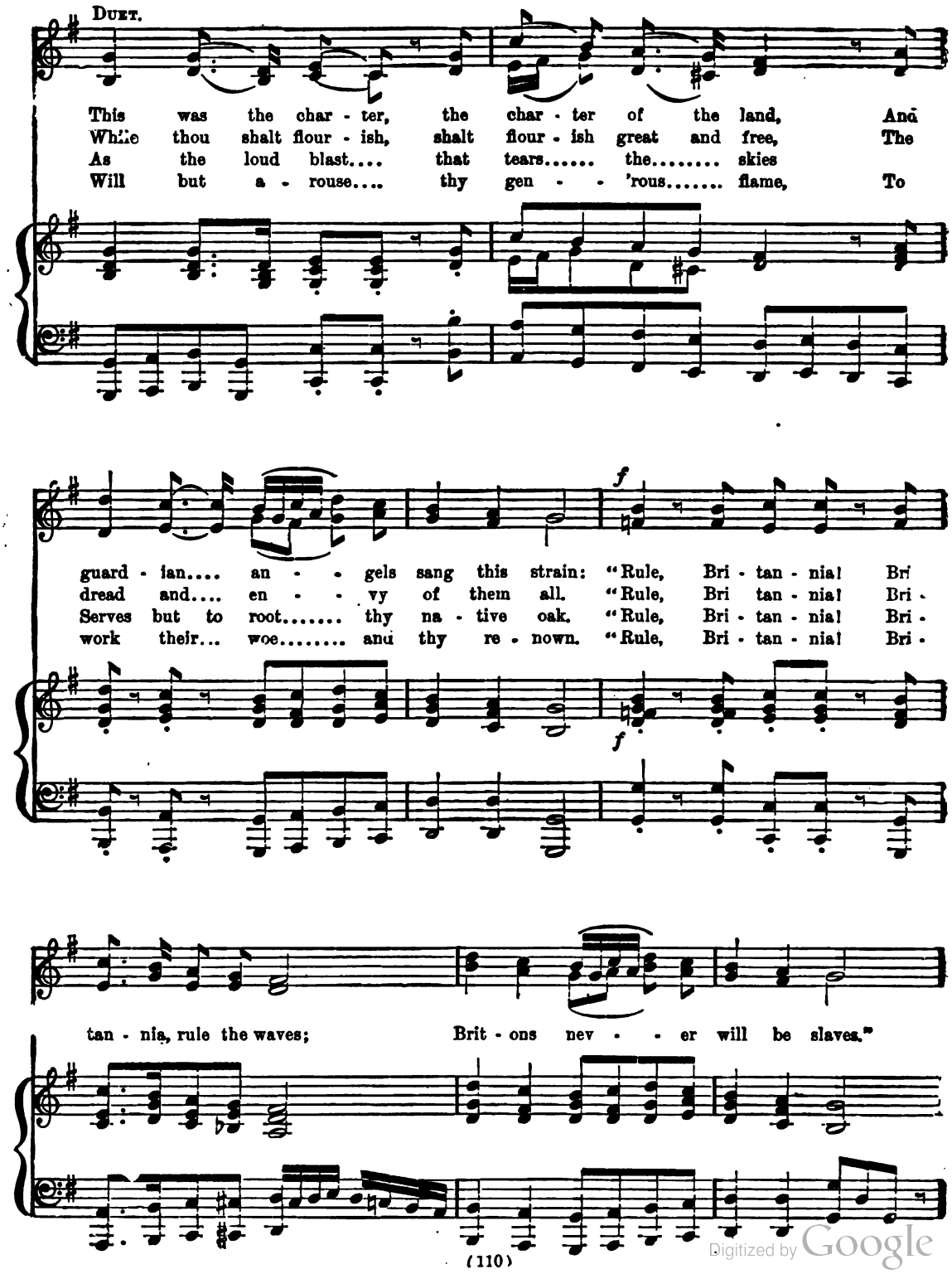
RULE, BRITANNIA!

Duet.
This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land, And
While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flour - ish great and free, The
As the loud blast.... that tears..... the..... skies
Will but a - rouse.... thy gen - - 'rous..... flame, To
guard - ian.... an - - gels sang this strain: "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri
dread and.... en - - vy of them all. "Rule, Bri tan - nia! Bri -
Serves but to root..... thy na - tive oak. "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
work their... woe..... and thy re - nown. "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
f
f
tan - nia, rule the waves; Brit - ons nev - - er will be slaves."

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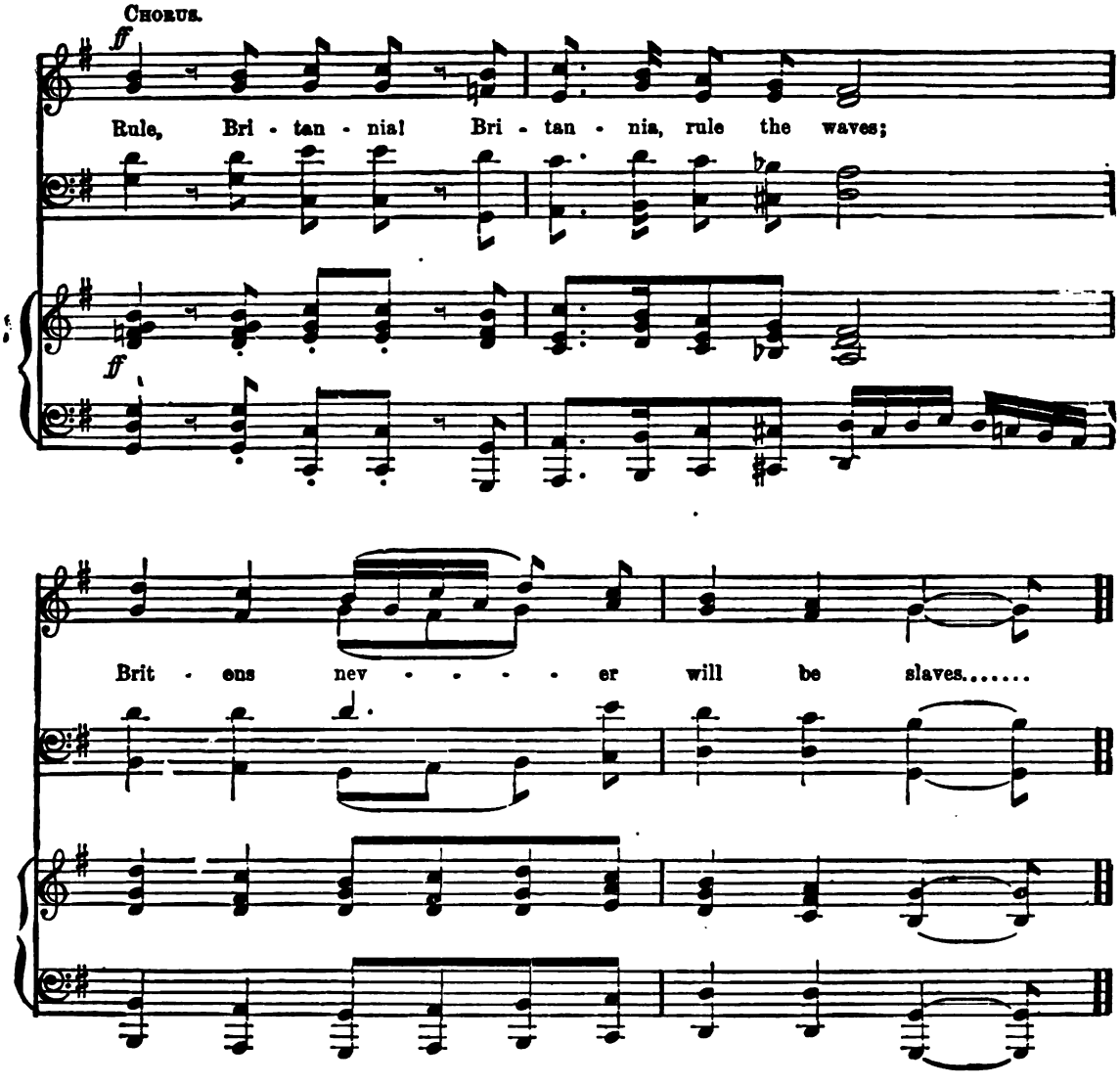
RULE, BRITANNIA!

5 To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
"Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

6 The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blessed Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd.
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
"Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

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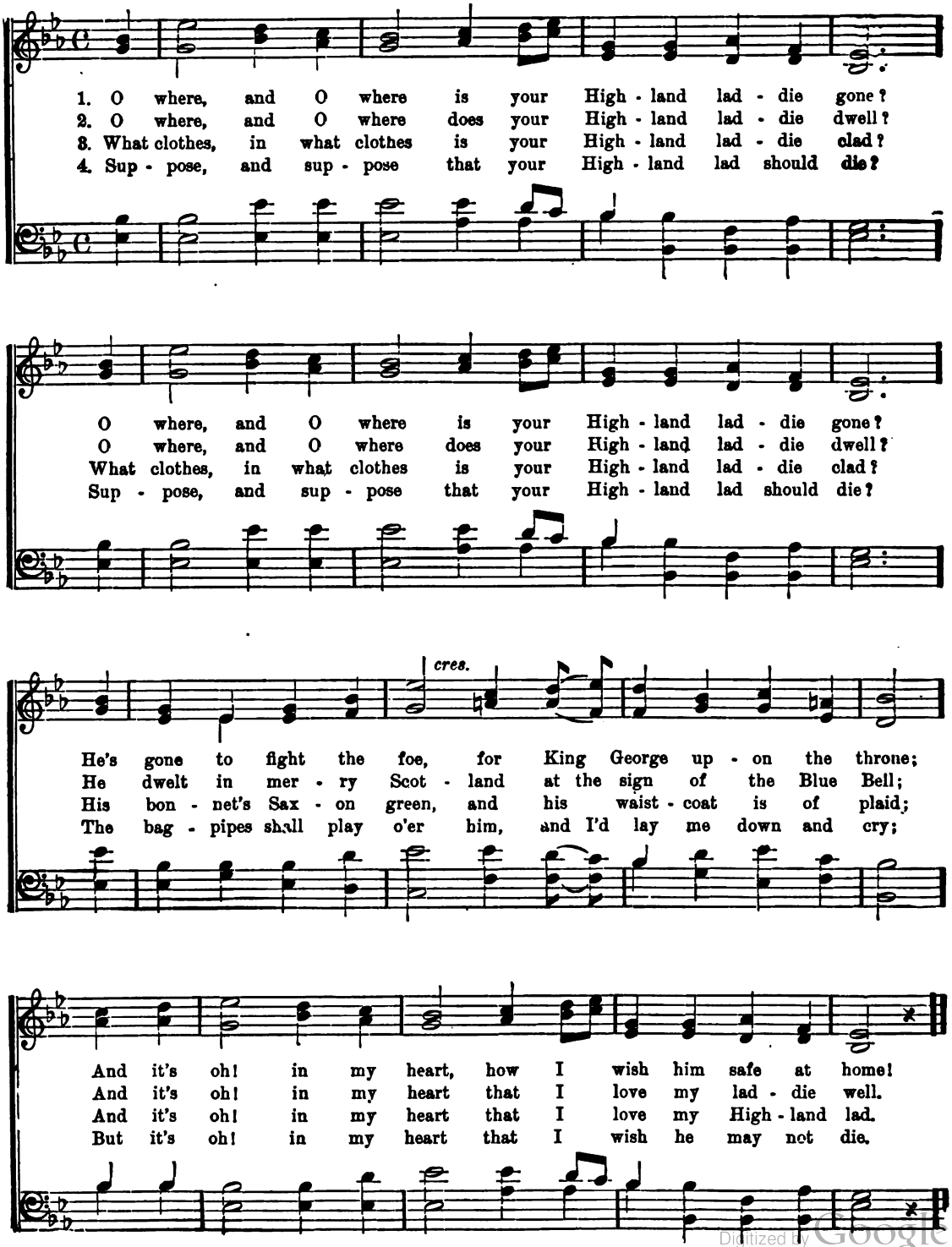
THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

1. O where, and O where is your High - land lad - die gone?
2. O where, and O where does your High - land lad - die dwell?
3. What clothes, in what clothes is your High - land lad - die clad?
4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High - land lad should die?
O where, and O where is your High - land lad - die gone?
O where, and O where does your High - land lad - die dwell?
What clothes, in what clothes is your High - land lad - die clad?
Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High - land lad should die?
cres.
He's gone to fight the foe, for King George up - on the throne;
He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the sign of the Blue Bell;
His bon - net's Sax - on green, and his waist - coat is of plaid;
The bag - pipes shall play o'er him, and I'd lay me down and cry;
And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad - die well.
And it's oh! in my heart that I love my High - land lad.
But it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

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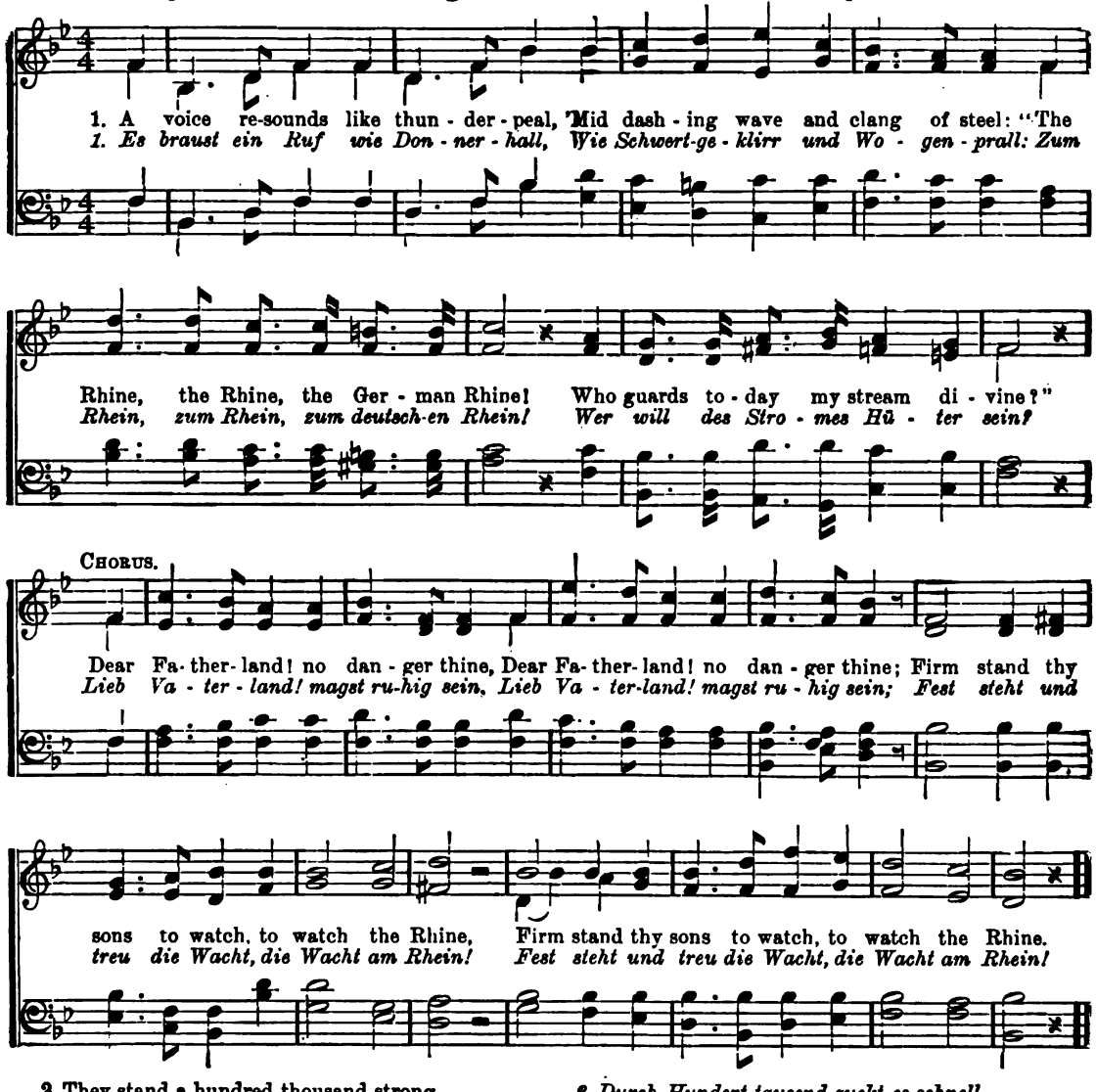
THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

Words by Max Schneckenburger. **Music by Carl Wilhelm.**

1. A voice re-sounds like thun - der - peal, 'Mid dash - ing wave and clang of steel: "The
1. Es braust ein Ruf wie Don - ner - hall, Wie Schwert-ge - klirr und Wo - gen - prall: Zum
Rhine, the Rhine, the Ger - man Rhine! Who guards to - day my stream di - vine?"
Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutsch-en Rhein! Wer will des Stro - mes Hü - ter sein?
Chorus.
Dear Fa - ther - land! no dan - ger thine, Dear Fa - ther - land! no dan - ger thine; Firm stand thy
Lieb Va - ter - land! magst ru-hig sein, Lieb Va - ter-land! magst ru - hig sein; Fest steht und
sons to watch, to watch the Rhine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.
treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein! Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!

2 They stand a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their bosoms swell;
They'll guard the sacred land-mark well.

3 To heav'n his eager glances fly,
Whence heroes gaze approvingly,
And swears, with haughty pride, the Rhine
Shall German be while life is mine!

4 While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot's hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

5 Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows,
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine,
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

2 Durch Hundert-tausend zuckt es schnell,
Und aller Augen blitzen hell;
Der Deutsche, bieder, fromm und stark,
Beschützt die heil'ge Landesmark.

3 Er blickt hinauf in Himmelsau'n,
Da Heldenväter niederschau'n,
Und schwört mit stolzer Kampfeslust,
Du, Rhein, bleibst deutsch wie meine Brust!

4 So lang' ein Tropfen Blut noch glüht,
Noch eine Faust den Degen zieht,
Und noch ein Arm die Büchse spannt,
Betritt kein Feind hier deinen Strand.

5 Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,
Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind:
Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deutschen Rhein,
Wir alle wollen Hüter sein!

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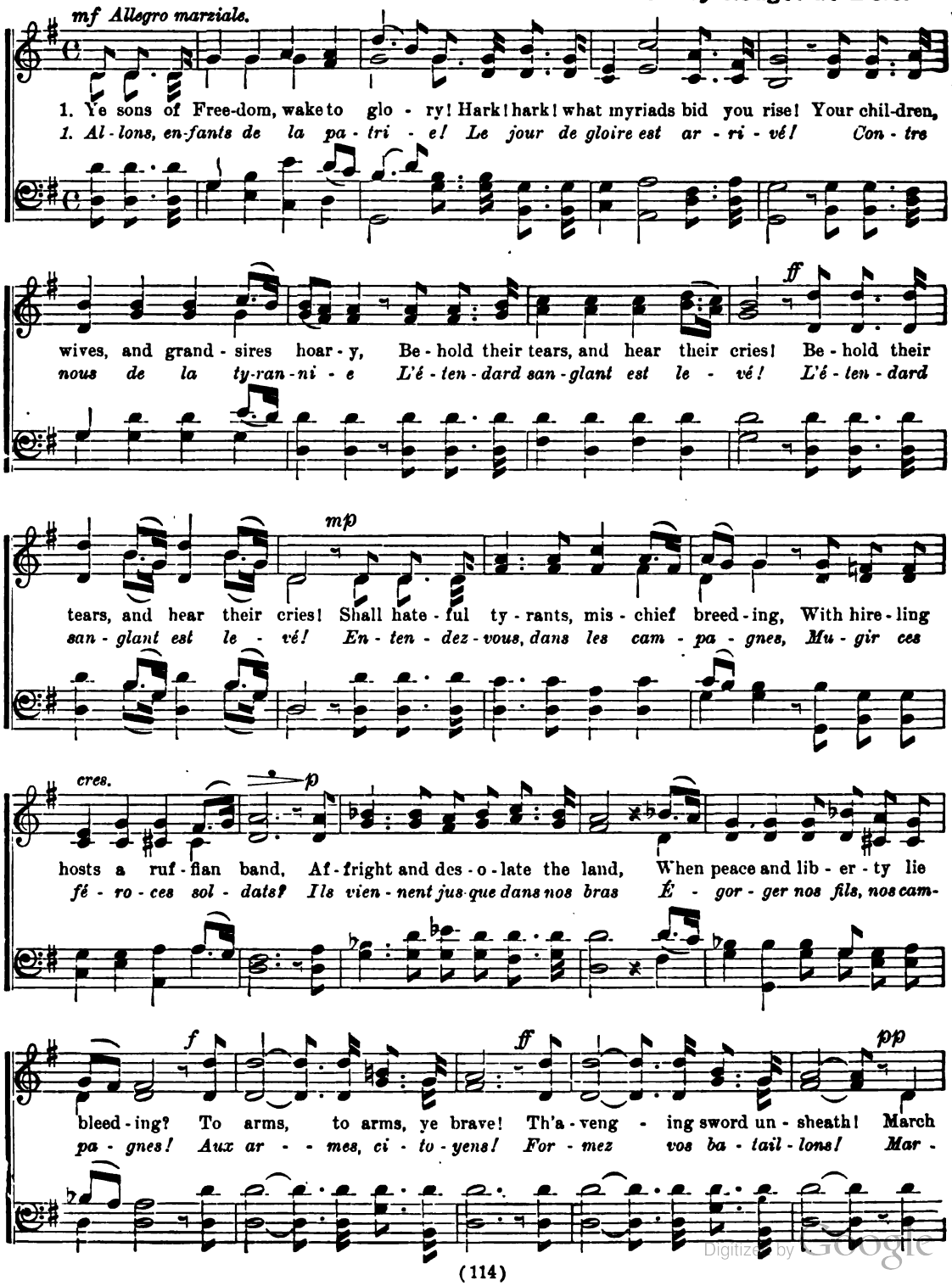
THE MARSEILLAISE.

Music by Rouget de Lisle.

mf Allegro marziale.
1. Ye sons of Free-dom, wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise! Your chil-dren,
1. Al - lons, en-fants de la pa - tri - e! Le jour de gloire est ar - ri - vé! Con - tre
ff
wives, and grand - sires hoar - y, Be - hold their tears, and hear their cries! Be - hold their
nous de la ty-ran-ni - e L'é - ten - dard san - glant est le - vé! L'é - ten - dard
mp
tears, and hear their cries! Shall hate - ful ty - rants, mis - chief breed - ing, With hire - ling
san - glant est le - vé! En - ten - dez - vous, dans les cam - pa - gnes, Mu - gir ces
cres.
p
hosts a ruf - fian band, Af - fright and des - o - late the land, When peace and lib - er - ty lie
fé - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils vien - nent jus - que dans nos bras É - gor - ger nos fils, nos cam-
f
ff
pp
bleed - ing? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a - veng - ing sword un - sheath! March
pa - gnes! Aux ar - mes, ci - to - yens! For - mez vos ba - tail - lons! Mar -

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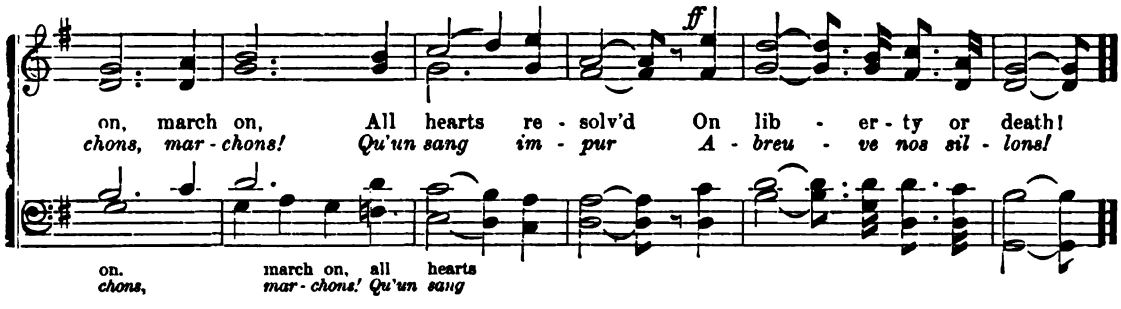
THE MARSEILLAISE.

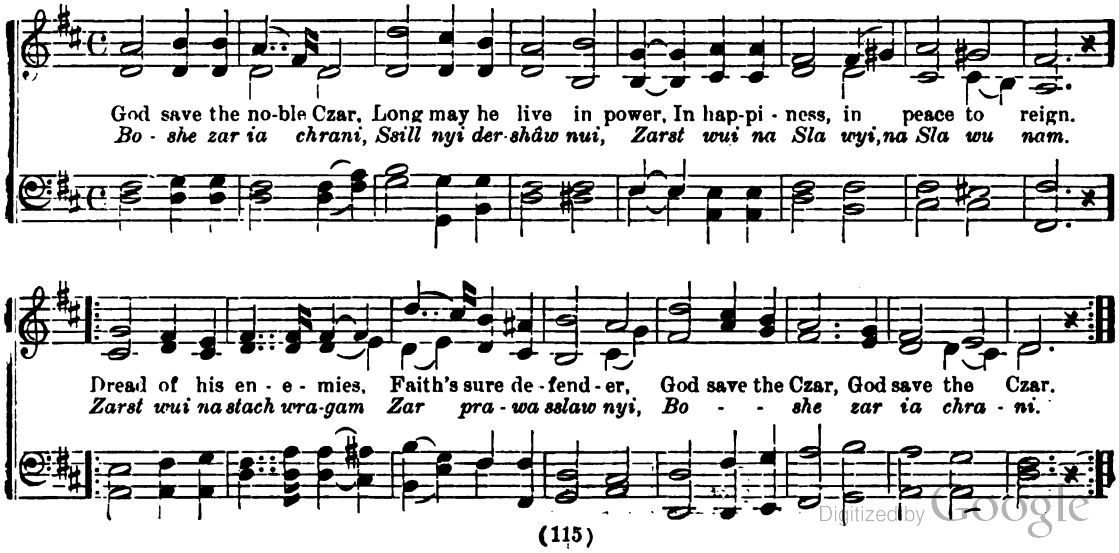

ff
on, march on, All hearts re - solv'd On lib - er - ty or death!
chons, mar - chons! Qu'un sang im - pur A - breu - ve nos sil - lons!
on. march on, all hearts
chons, mar - chons! Qu'un sang

2 With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air!
To mete and vend the light and air!
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th'avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

3 O Liberty! can man resign thee?
Once having felt thy generous flame,
Can dungeon bolts and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
The blood-stained sword our conq'rors wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing!
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th'avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

2 *Tremblez, tyrants! et vous, perfides,*
L'opprobre de tous les partis,
Tremblez! vos projets parricides
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix!
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix!
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre.
S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,
La France en produit, de nouveaux,
Contre vous tout prêts à se battre!
Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons! qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!

3 *Nous entrerons dans la carrière*
Quand nos aînés n'y seront plus;
Nous y trouverons leur poussière
Et la trace de leurs vertus,
Et la trace de leurs vertus,
Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre
Que de partager leur cercueil,
Nous aurons le sublime orgueil
De les venger ou de les suivre!
Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons! qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!

RUSSIAN HYMN.

God save the no-ble Czar, Long may he live in power, In hap-pi - ness, in peace to reign.
Bo - she zar ia chrani, Ssill nyi der-shâw nui, Zarst wui na Sla wyi, na Sla wu nam.
Dread of his en - e - mies, Faith's sure de - fend - er, God save the Czar, God save the Czar.
Zarst wui na stach wra-gam Zar pra - wa sslaw nyi, Bo - - she zar ia chra - ni.

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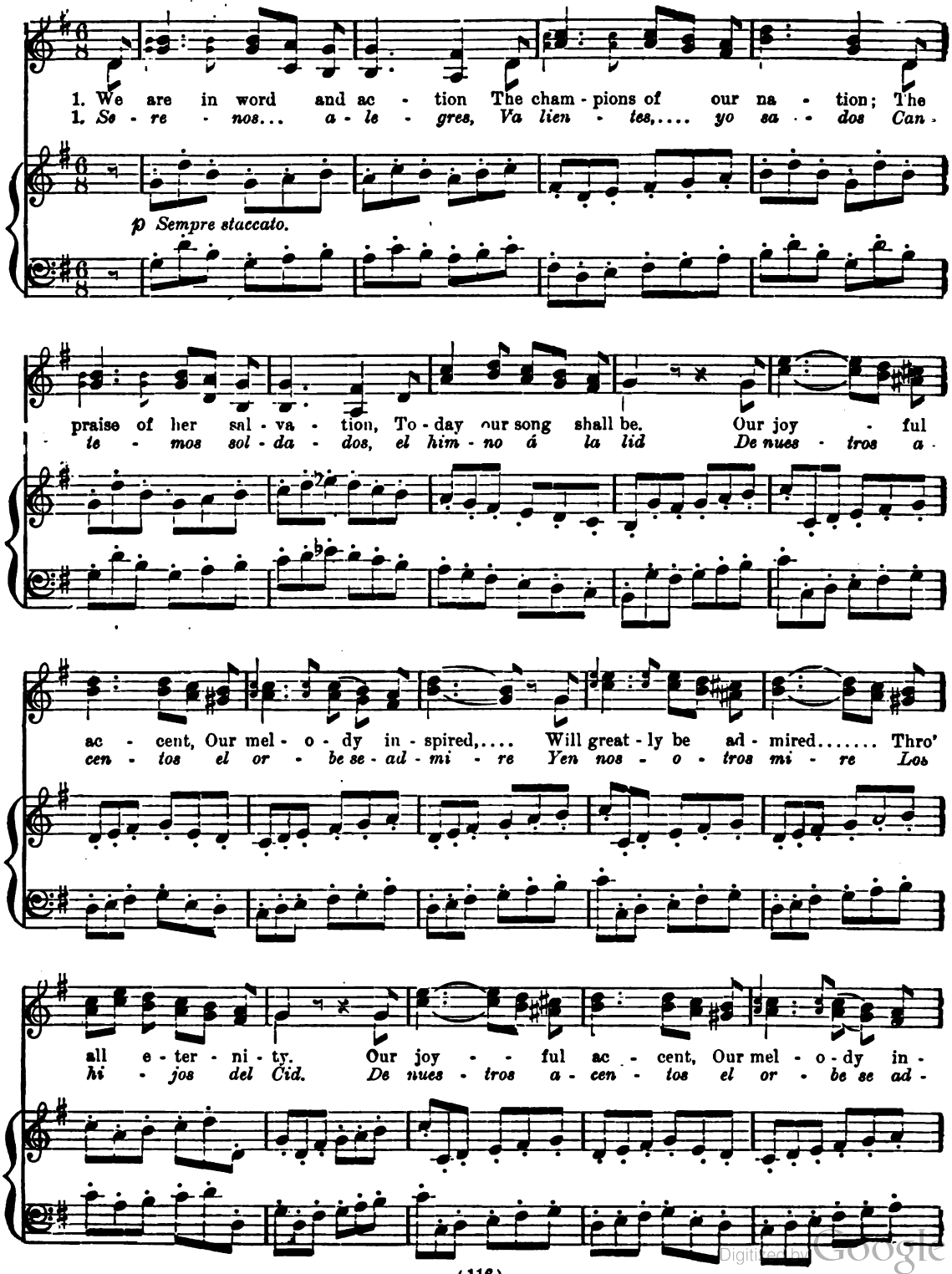
SPANISH HYMN.

1. We are in word and ac - tion The cham - pions of our na - tion; The
1. Se - re - nos... a - le - gres, Va lien - tes,.... yo sa - dos Can -
p Sempre staccato.
praise of her sal - va - tion, To - day our song shall be. Our joy - ful
te - mos sol - da - dos, el him - no á la lid De nues - tros a -
ac - cent, Our mel - o - dy in - spired,.... Will great - ly be ad - mired..... Thro'
cen - tos el or - be se - ad - mi - re Yen nos - o - tros mi - re Los
all e - ter - ni - ty. Our joy - - ful ac - cent, Our mel - o - dy in -
hi - jos del Cid. De nues - tros a - cen - tos el or - be se ad -

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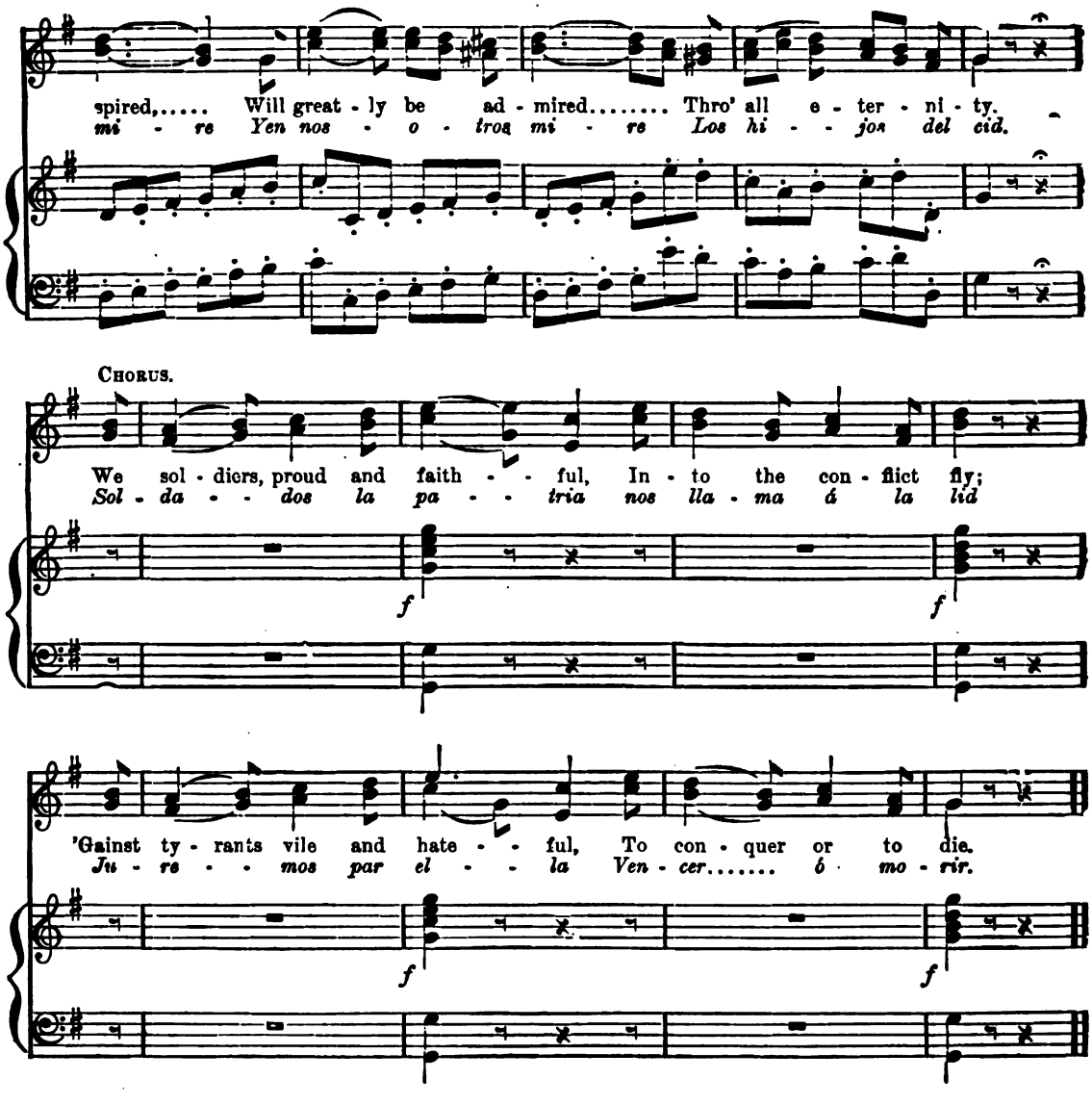
SPANISH HYMN.

spired,..... Will great - ly be ad - mired..... Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
mi - re Yen nos - o - tros mi - re Los hi - - jos del cid.
Chorus.
We sol - diers, proud and faith - - ful, In - to the con - flict fly;
Sol - da - - dos la pa - - tria nos lla - ma á la lid
f
f
'Gainst ty - rants vile and hate - - ful, To con - quer or to die.
Ju - re - - mos par el - - la Ven - cer..... ó mo - rir.
f
f

3 To break the chains of bondage
Our honor we have plighted;
And hands and hearts united
To set our brothers free!
If Fate should have ordained
That we must perish,
One thought we will cherish:
We die for liberty!—Cho.

3 The cannon's mouth is roaring,
The coward's heart confounding,
The bugler's horn is sounding
In clear, inspiring tones.
The nation, when in anger,
By gross insult provoked,
The genius invoked
Of her beloved songs.—Cho.

2 *Blandamos el hierro*
Que el timido esclavo
Del libre, del bravo
La fas no osa ver.
Sus huestes cual humo
Vereis disipadas
Ya nuestras espadas
Fugaces correr.—Cho.

3 *La trompa guerrera*
Sus ecos da al viento
De horrores sediento
Ya muge el cannon
Ya marte sannudo
La audacia provoca,
Y el genio se invoca
De nuestra nacion.—Cho.

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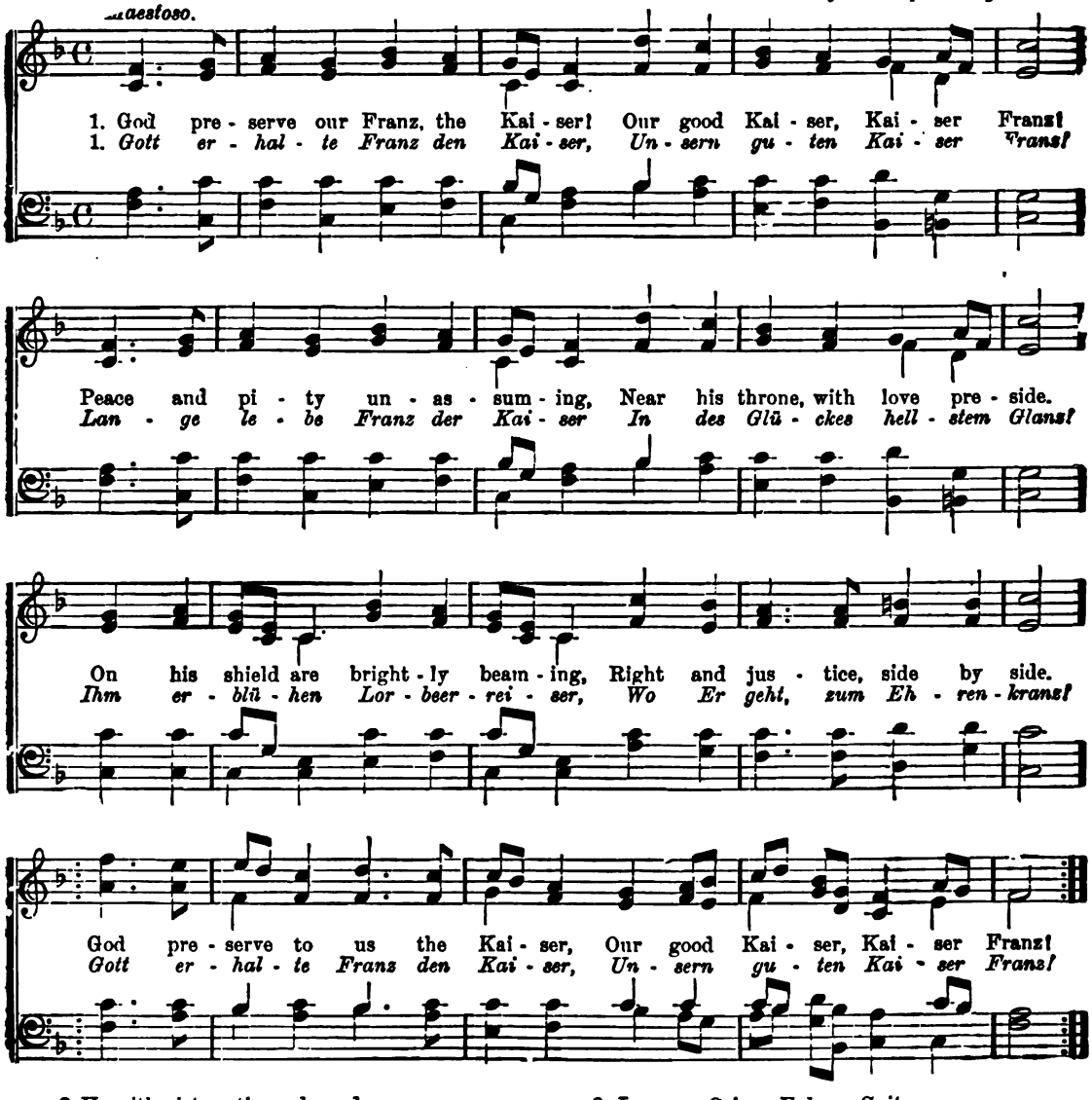
AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

Music by Joseph Haydn.

maestoso.
1. God pre - serve our Franz, the Kai - ser! Our good Kai - ser, Kai - ser Franz!
1. Gott er - hal - te Franz den Kai - ser, Un - sern gu - ten Kai - ser Franz!
Peace and pi - ty un - as - sum - ing, Near his throne, with love pre - side.
Lan - ge le - be Franz der Kai - ser In des Glü - ckes hell - stem Glanz!
On his shield are bright - ly beam - ing, Right and jus - tice, side by side.
Ihm er - blü - hen Lor - beer - rei - ser, Wo Er geht, zum Eh - ren - kranz!
God pre - serve to us the Kai - ser, Our good Kai - ser, Kai - ser Franz!
Gott er - hal - te Franz den Kai - ser, Un - sern gu - ten Kai - ser Franz!

2 He with virtues thus adorned,
Hath an eye for human care;
Never o'er a people scorned,
Swingeth he the sword in air;
By their blessings won and warned,
All for them he'll do and dare.
‖: God preserve to us the Kaiser,
Our good Kaiser, Kaiser Franz! :‖

3 Chains of slavery he breaketh,
Upward raiseth freedom high!
Now the German land he maketh
Soon the highest, far or nigh!
And at last the chorus waketh
Him to immortality.
‖: God preserve to us the Kaiser,
Our good Kaiser, Kaiser Franz! :‖

2 *Lass von Seiner Fahnen Spitzen*
Strahlen Sieg und Fruchtbarkeit!
Lass in Seinem Rathe sitzen
Weisheit, Klugheit, Redlichkeit;
Und mit Seiner Hoheit Blitzen
Schalten nur Gerechtigkeit!
‖: *Gott! erhalte Franz den Kaiser,*
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz! :‖

3 *Ströme deiner Gaben Fülle*
Über Ihn, Sein Haus und Reich!
Brich der Bosheit Macht, enthülle
Jeden Schelm und Buben-Streich!
Dein Gesetz sey stetz Sein Wille,
Dieser uns Gesetzen gleich.
‖: *Gott! erhalte Franz den Kaiser,*
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz! :‖

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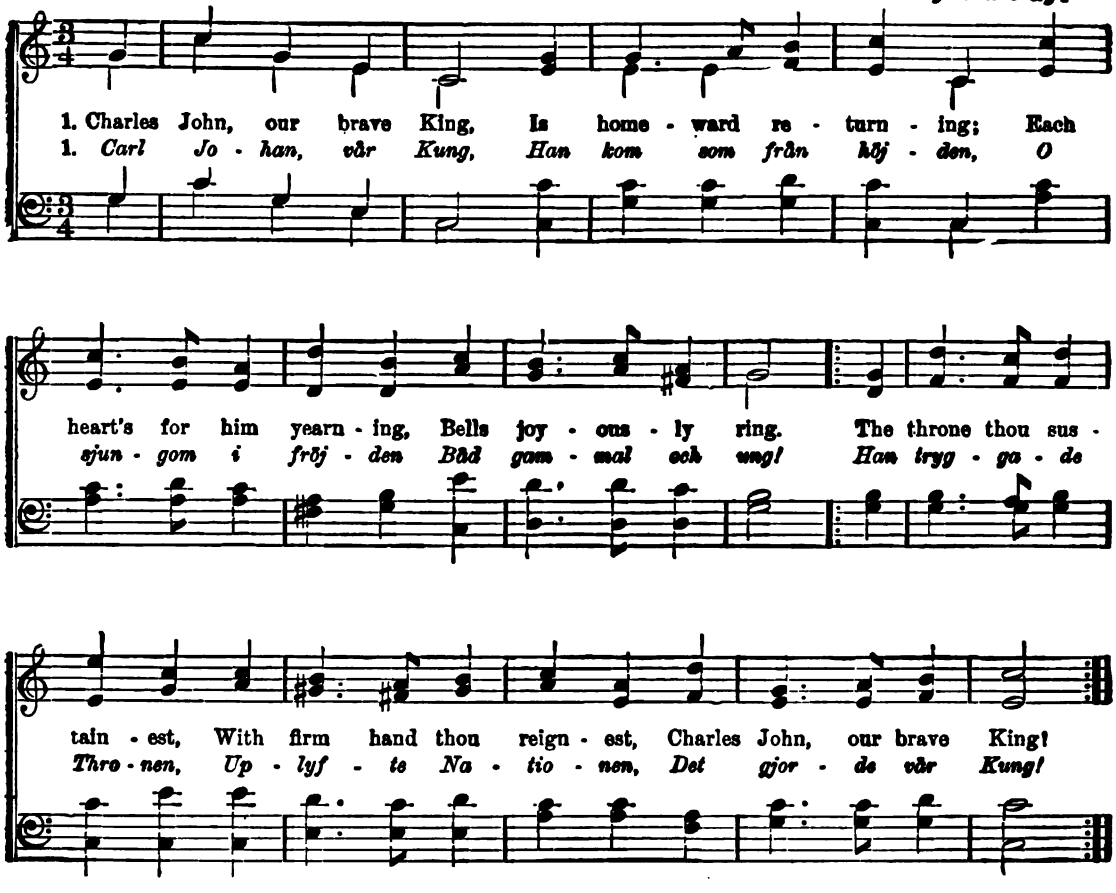
CHARLES JOHN, OUR BRAVE KING.

(SWEDISH NATIONAL HYMN.)

Music by Du Puy.

1. Charles John, our brave King, Is home - ward re - turn - ing; Each
1. Carl Jo - han, vår Kung, Han kom som från höj - den, O
heart's for him yearn - ing, Bells joy - ous - ly ring. The throne thou sus -
sjun - gom i fröj - den Båd gam - mal och ung! Han tryg - ga - de
tain - est, With firm hand thou reign - est, Charles John, our brave King!
Thro - nen, Up - lyf - te Na - tio - nen, Det gjor - de vår Kung!

2 Ha! when our brave King
In battle is leading,
To fame we are speeding!
His praises we'll sing.
‖: In peace he is glorious,
In war he's victorious,
Charles John, our brave King! :‖

3 All hail, O dear King!
Thou raisest thy nation
From all tribulation,
And plenty dost bring.
‖: Our cares thou dost lighten,
Our homes thou dost brighten,
All hail, O dear King! :‖

4 Long live our brave King!
That, free from oppression,
In freedom's possession,
To him we may sing.
‖: Mongst kings thou art peerless,
Of heroes most fearless,
Long live our brave King! :‖

2 *O följom vår Kung,*
I krigiska tider,
Till modiga strider,
Båd gammal och ung!
‖: *Han vet föra svärdet*
Men känner dock värdet
Af friden, vår Kung. :‖

3 *Välsignom vår Kung!*
Han ryckt oss ur nöden,
Till sällare öden
Båd gammal och ung.
‖: *Han bär för vår smärta*
Ett faderligt hjerta,
Välsignom vår Kung. :‖

4 *O lefve vår Kung,*
Till frihetens hägnad,
Till innerlig fägnad
För gammal och ung!
‖: *Bland Kungar den Förste,*
Bland Hjeltar den Störste
O lefve vår Kung! :‖

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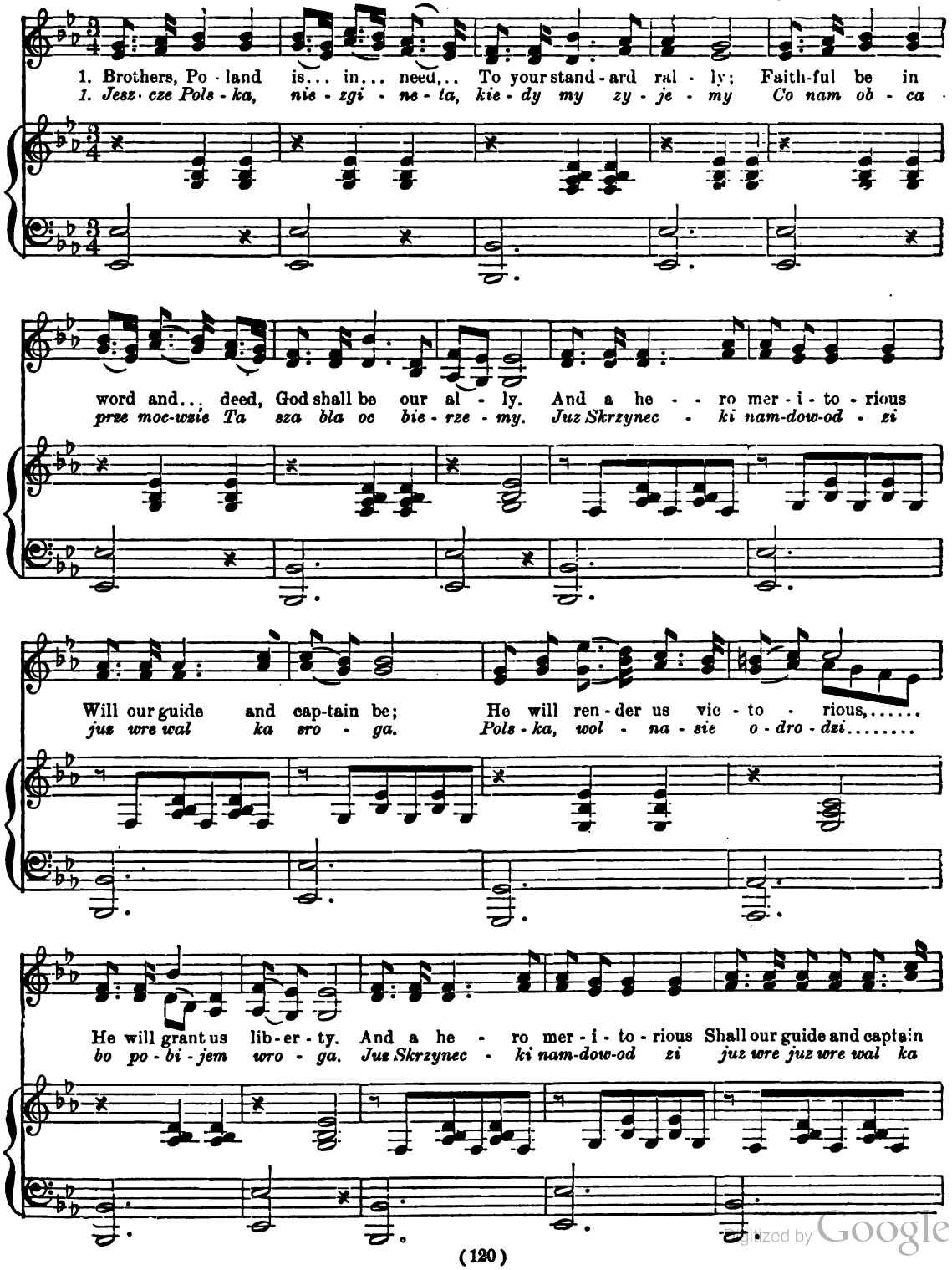
POLISH HYMN.

Music by Sowinski.

1. Brothers, Po - land is... in... need,.. To your stand - ard ral - ly; Faith-ful be in
1. Jesz - cze Pols - ka, nie - zgi - ne - ta, kie - dy my zy - je - my Co nam ob - ca
word and...; deed, God shall be our al - ly. And a he - - ro mer - i - to - rious
prze moc-wzie Ta sza bla oc bie - rze - my. Juz Skrzynec - ki nam-dow-od - zi
Will our guide and cap-tain be; He will ren - der us vic - to - rious,.....
jus wre wal ka sro - ga. Pols - ka, wol - na - sie o - dro - dzi.....
He will grant us lib-er - ty. And a he - ro mer - i - to - rious Shall our guide and captain
bo po - bi - jem wro - ga. Juz Skrzynec - ki nam-dow-od zi juz wre juz wre wal ka

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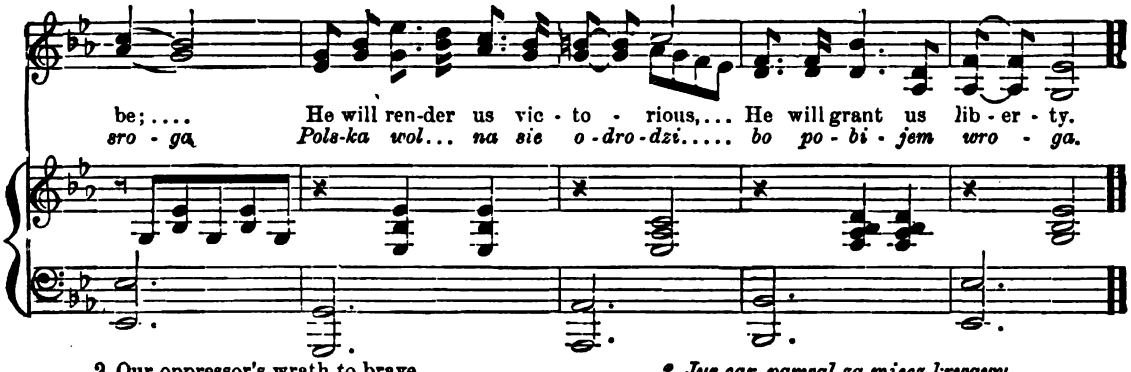
POLISH HYMN.

2 Our oppressor's wrath to brave,
We will fight or perish;
From his cruel grasp to save
The dear land we cheris'..
For a hero, etc.

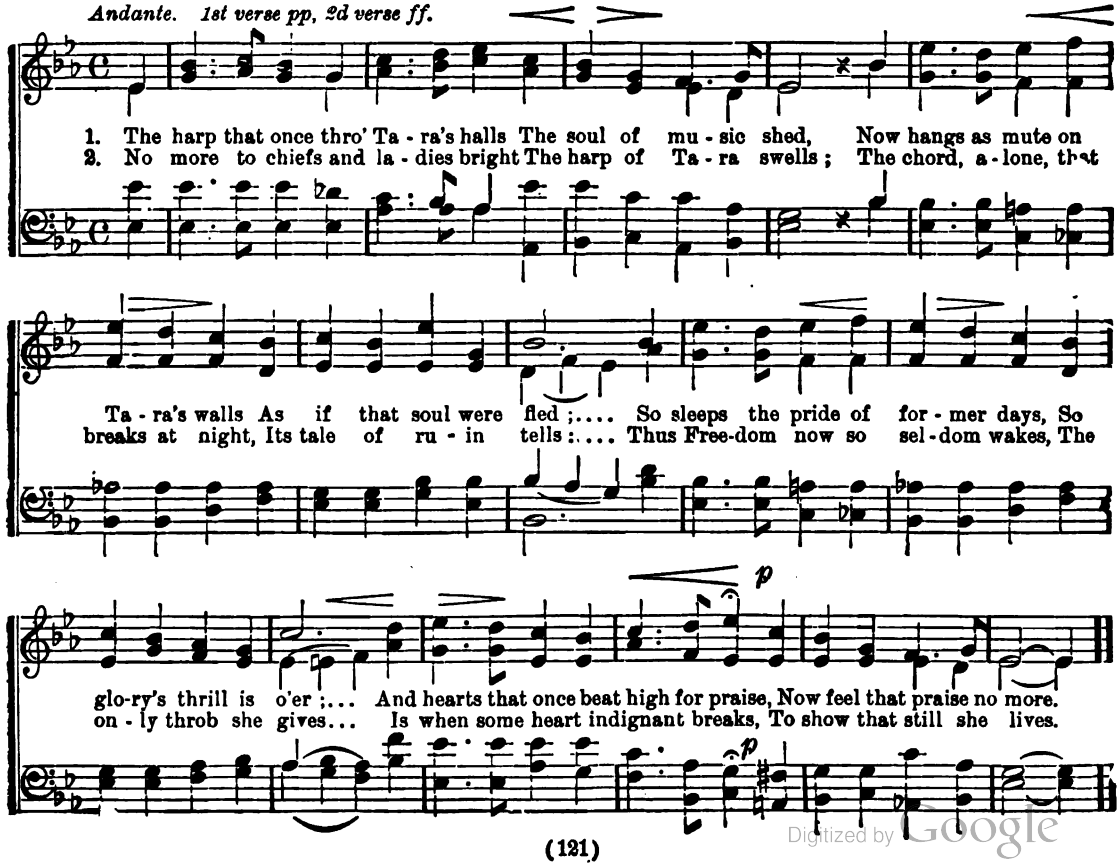
3 The white eagle's glorious flight
Shows us the direction,
He will grant us in the fight,
Victory and protection.
And a hero, etc.

2 Jus car parwal za miecz krwawy,
Jus krew polska plynie;
Lecz lud wolnej broniac sprawy
Zwyciezy lub zginie.
Gdy Skrzynecki, etc.

3 Wzniés sie wiec w dawnej swietnosci
Drogi orle bialy,
A wnet w szczesciu i wolnosci,
Ujrzys narodcaly.
Juz Skrzynecki, etc.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

Words by Thomas Moore. **Music by Molly Astore.**

Andante. 1st verse pp, 2d verse ff.

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord, a - lone, that
Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled;.... So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So
breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells;.... Thus Free-dom now so sel - dom wakes, The
glo-ry's thrill is o'er;... And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that praise no more.
on - ly throb she gives... Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives.

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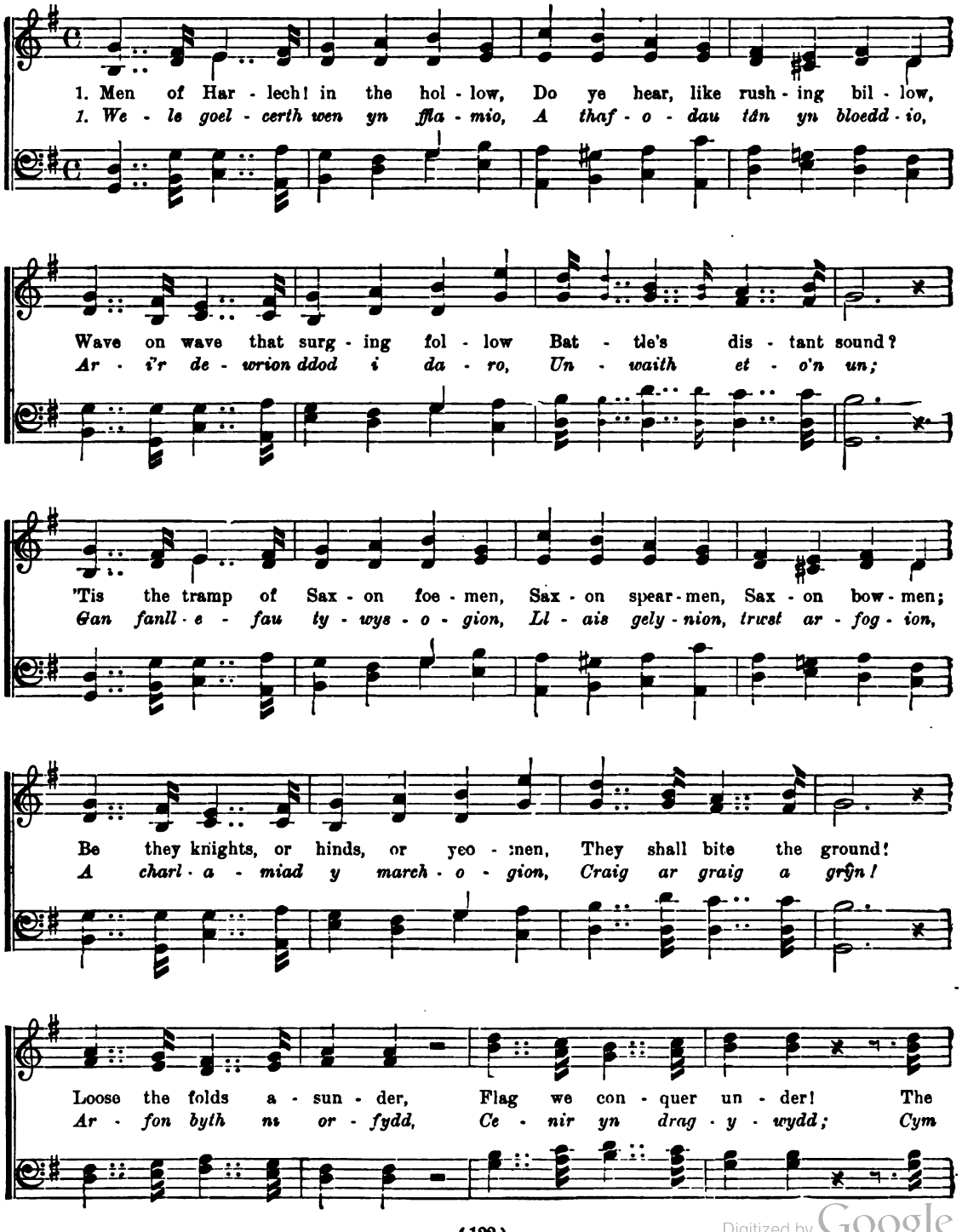
MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

Harmonized by Joseph Barnby.

1. Men of Har - lech! in the hol - low, Do ye hear, like rush - ing bil - low,
1. We - le goel - certh wen yn ffla - mio, A thaf - o - dau tân yn bloedd - io,
Wave on wave that surg - ing fol - low Bat - tle's dis - tant sound?
Ar - i'r de - wrion ddod i da - ro, Un - waith et - o'n un;
'Tis the tramp of Sax - on foe - men, Sax - on spear - men, Sax - on bow - men;
Gan fanll - e - fau ty - wys - o - gion, Ll - ais gely - nion, trwst ar - fog - ion,
Be they knights, or hinds, or yeo - men, They shall bite the ground!
A charl - a - miad y march - o - gion, Craig ar graig a grŷn!
Loose the folds a - sun - der, Flag we con - quer un - der! The
Ar - fon byth ni or - fydd, Ce - nir yn drag - y - wydd; Cym

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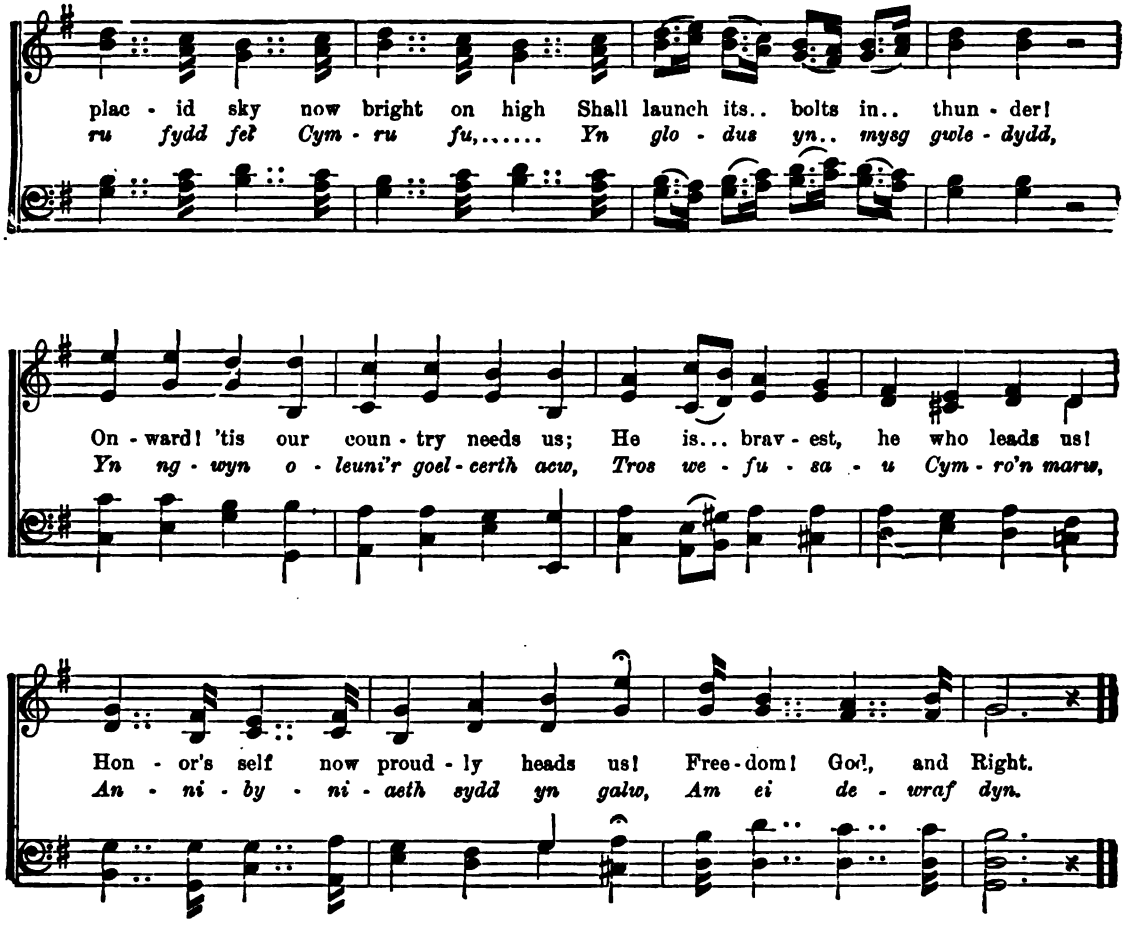
MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

plac - id sky now bright on high Shall launch its.. bolts in.. thun - der!
ru fydd fel Cym - ru fu,..... Yn glo - dus yn.. mysg gwle - dydd,
On - ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us; He is... brav - est, he who leads us!
Yn ng - wyn o - leuni'r goel - certh acw, Tros we - fu - sa - u Cym - ro'n marw,
Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Free - dom! God, and Right.
An - ni - by - ni - aeth sydd yn galw, Am ei de - wraf dyn.

2 Rocky steeps and passes narrow
Flash with spear and flight of arrow,
Who would think of death or sorrow?
Death is glory now!
Hurl the reeling horsemen over,
Let the earth dead foemen cover!
Fate of friend, of wife, of lover,
Trembles on a blow!
Strands of life are riven,
Blow for blow is given,
In deadly lock, or battle shock,
And mercy shrieks to heaven!
Men of Harlech! young or hoary,
Would you win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory!
Freedom! God, and Right!

2 *Ni chaiff gelyn ladd ac ymlid,*
Harlech! Harlech! cŵpd iw herlid;
Y mae Rhoddwr mawr ein Rhyddid,
Yn rhoi nerth i ni;
Wele Gymru a'i byddinoedd,
Yn ymdywallt o'r mynyddbedd!
Rhuthrant fel rhaiadrau dyfroedd
Llamant fel y lli!
Llwyddianti'n lluyddon!
Rwystro bâr yr estron!
Cwybod yn ei galon gaiff,
Fel bratha cleddyf Brython;
Y clédd yn erbyn clédd a chwery,
Dur yn erbyn dur a dery
Wele fâner Gwalia'i fyny
Rhyddid uiff a hi!

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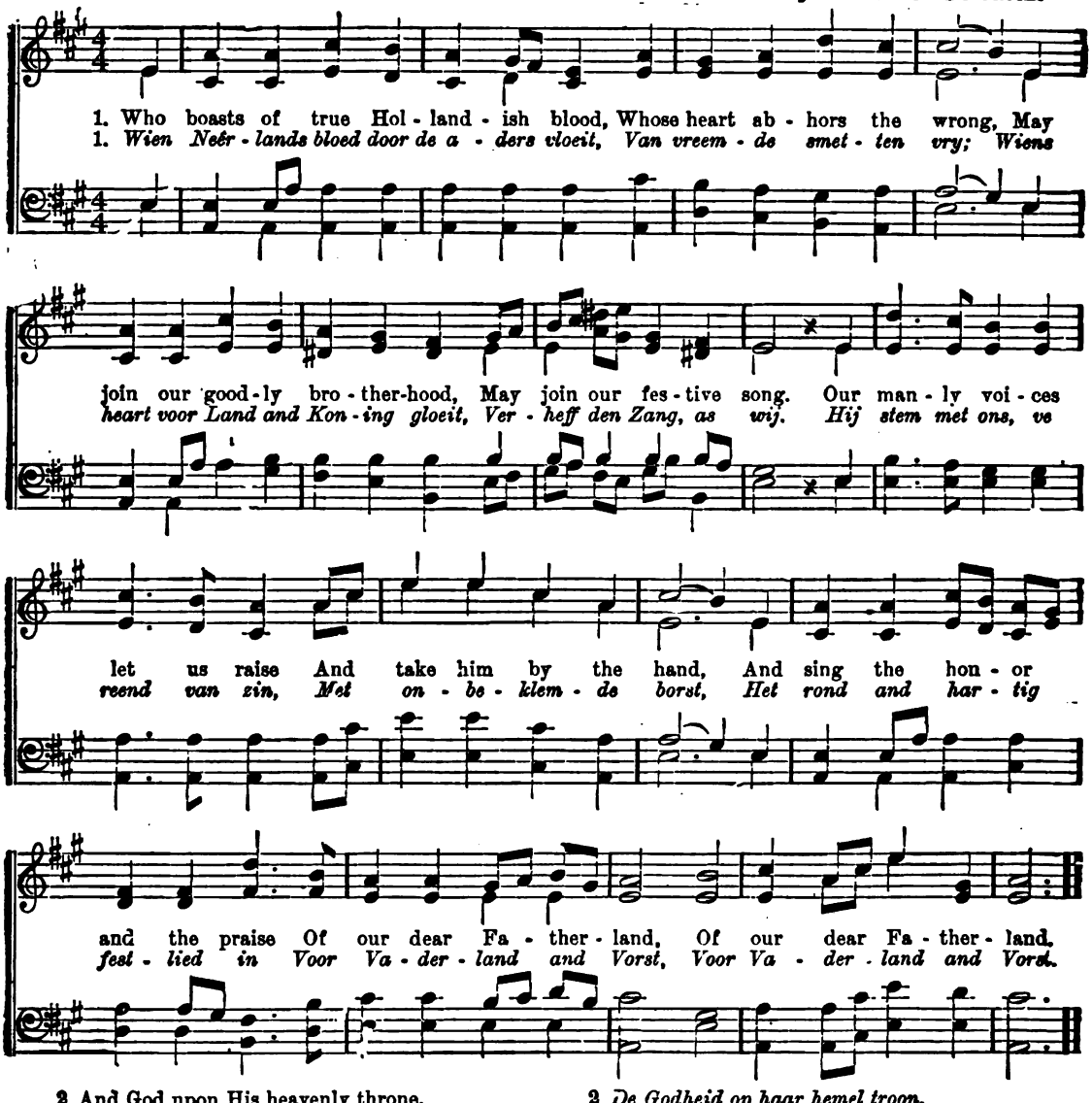
*HOLLAND'S NATIONAL HYMN.

Translated by Julian O. Schultz.

1. Who boasts of true Hol - land - ish blood, Whose heart ab - hors the wrong, May
1. Wien Neêr - lands bloed door de a - ders vloeit, Van vreem - de smet - ten vry; Wiens
join our good - ly bro - ther-hood, May join our fes - tive song. Our man - ly voi - ces
heart voor Land and Kon - ing gloeit, Ver - heff den Zang, as wij. Hij stem met ons, ve
let us raise And take him by the hand, And sing the hon - or
reend van zin, Met on - be - klem - de borst, Het rond and har - tig
and the praise Of our dear Fa - ther - land, Of our dear Fa - ther - land.
fest - lied in Voor Va - der - land and Vorst, Voor Va - der - land and Vorst.

2 And God upon His heavenly throne,
Whom angel-hosts adore,
Will listen to our heartfelt tune
Now and for evermore.
Next, after the celestial choir,
A kindly ear He'll lend,
Accept and grant our ardent prayer
||: For the dear Fatherland! :||

3 O God, protect our brotherhood!
The land, so fair and free,
Where once our little cradle stood,
And where our grave shall be!
O God, from whom all mercies flow,
We pray, Thy loving hand
A thousand blessings will bestow
||: Upon our Fatherland. :||

2 *De Godheid op haar hemel troon,*
Bezongen en vereerd,
Houdt gunstig vok naar onzen toon
Het heilig oor gekeerd.
Zy geeft het eerst, na't zalig koor,
That hooger znaren spant,
Het rond en hartig hed gehoor
||: *Voor Vorst and Vaderland!* :||

3 *Bescherm, O God, bewaak de grond*
Waarop onz' adem gaat!
Deplek waar onze wieg op stand,
Waar eens ons graf opstaat!
Wy smeeken, van uw' Vaderhand,
Met diepgeroerde borst,
Behoud voor't lieve Vaderland
||: *For Vaderland and Vorst.* :||

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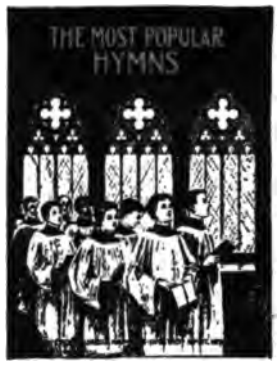
THE "MOST POPULAR" MUSIC FOLIOS

Published by Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, 31-33-35 West 15th Street, New York City

A happy inspiration seems to have guided the work of the compilers of the "Most Popular" music books. In no series of books does the choice from the great mass of material available betray such excellence of judgment and such nicety of distinction between what should be and what should not be included.

A collection containing one hundred and thirty-five of the old, familiar and favorite songs which seem to be in themselves a part of American home life. The varied contents including songs of sacred, sentimental, humorous, plantation, pathetic and patriotic character, include every really "popular" home song, and the folio is one which cannot be spared in any home where music plays a part in recreative hours. Price 50 Cents.

This book contains the words and music of hymns like Nearer My God to Thee, Rock of Ages, Lead Kindly Light, Almost Persuaded, I Need Thee Every Hour, In the Sweet Bye and Bye and over 100 others that we all know. Not one of the really popular hymns has been omitted as a glance at the list of contents will show. The music is arranged so that every one can take part in the singing. No collection like this has ever been published for general use. Price 50 cents.

Within the covers of this folio have been brought together the one hundred or more songs which are most closely identified with and loved by the American people. The songs have been classified under different headings such as "Songs of Patriotism," "National Hymns," "Songs of Loyalty and Sentiment;" and a special supplement has been included containing the National songs of other nations. Price 50 cents.

As indicated by its title this folio consists of over eighty beautiful sentimental songs gathered from the music of all nations whose system of musical notation is identical with ours. The contents is of an extremely varied character, including deeply sentimental songs and also compositions in lighter vein. No more ideal collection could be possibly imagined and it will in every way satisfy the lover of good vocal music. Price 50 cents.

A collection of 125 college songs which include not only all the old favorites, but also many new ones which have come into vogue during the past few years. Another special feature is the addition of a supplement containing the typical songs of the most prominent American Universities and Colleges, such as Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Columbia, Univ. of Penna., Ohio State Univ., Univ. of Michigan, Univ. of Chicago., Univ. of Illinois, Univ. of California and many others. Price 50 cents.

For a long time the college boys and college girls have been asking the publishers to collect and publish under one cover the most popular of the new college songs. The songs in this collection have been selected from songs of the Northern, Southern, Eastern and Western colleges and include a new college medley, three new boating songs, several new banquet songs and a number of beautiful serenades. Price 50 cents.

More than 20 humorous hits in addition to many others of a sentimental and serious nature including a number of splendid encore songs. When you purchase this book don't fail to try "The Good, Bad Little Boy," "The Lion Visits the Barber," "If We Didn't Have to Eat," "Stop That, John" and "The New Medley." This collection might well be called The Most Popular Glee Club Songs. Every song is a "winner." Price 50 cents.

Thirty absolutely new songs mostly secular but a few sacred ones by such well-known composers as Horatio Parker, Geo. B. Nevin, Henry C. Hadley, R. W. Atkinson, W. B. Olds, Walter Howe Jones and others. The vocal parts are simply, yet effectively arranged. Although all the songs have been selected with special reference to their suitability for four voices there are many of them which can be used with good effect by male choruses. Price 50 cents.

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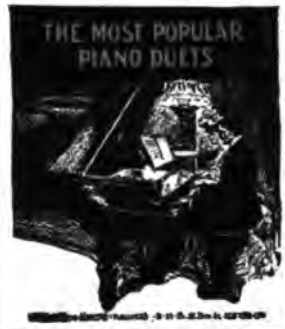
THE "MOST POPULAR" MUSIC FOLIOS

Published by Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, 31-33-35 West 15th Street, New York City

A happy inspiration seems to have guided the work of the compilers of the "Most Popular" music books. In no series of books does the choice from the great mass of material available betray such excellence of judgment and such nicety of distinction between what should be and what should not be included.

A collection of 35 standard piano pieces arranged and in some instances simplified by the famous American composer and musician George Rosey, intended especially for the use of second and third year piano students, and for the use of amateurs who wish to have good piano music which they can play without any great degree of technical ability. The contents includes a wide variety of compositions and is of such a nature as to appeal to every lover of piano music. Price 75 cents.



A collection of 19 piano classics arranged for four hands by the celebrated American composer and musician George Rosey. These arrangements are extremely effective and original, being different in the effect they produce upon the listener from any other published before. A wide variety has been carried out in the contents so that this folio will appeal to both lovers of semi-popular and strictly classical music. Price 75 cents.

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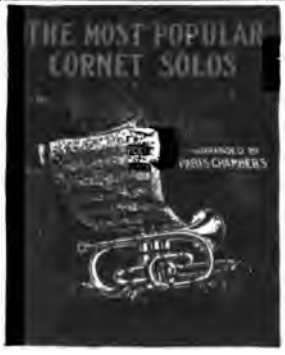
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